Collier's

AUGUST 21, 1948 TEN CENTS

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F. D. R., Churchill and Stalin face each other at last. Round one!

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

By Jack Pollack

PAGE 11

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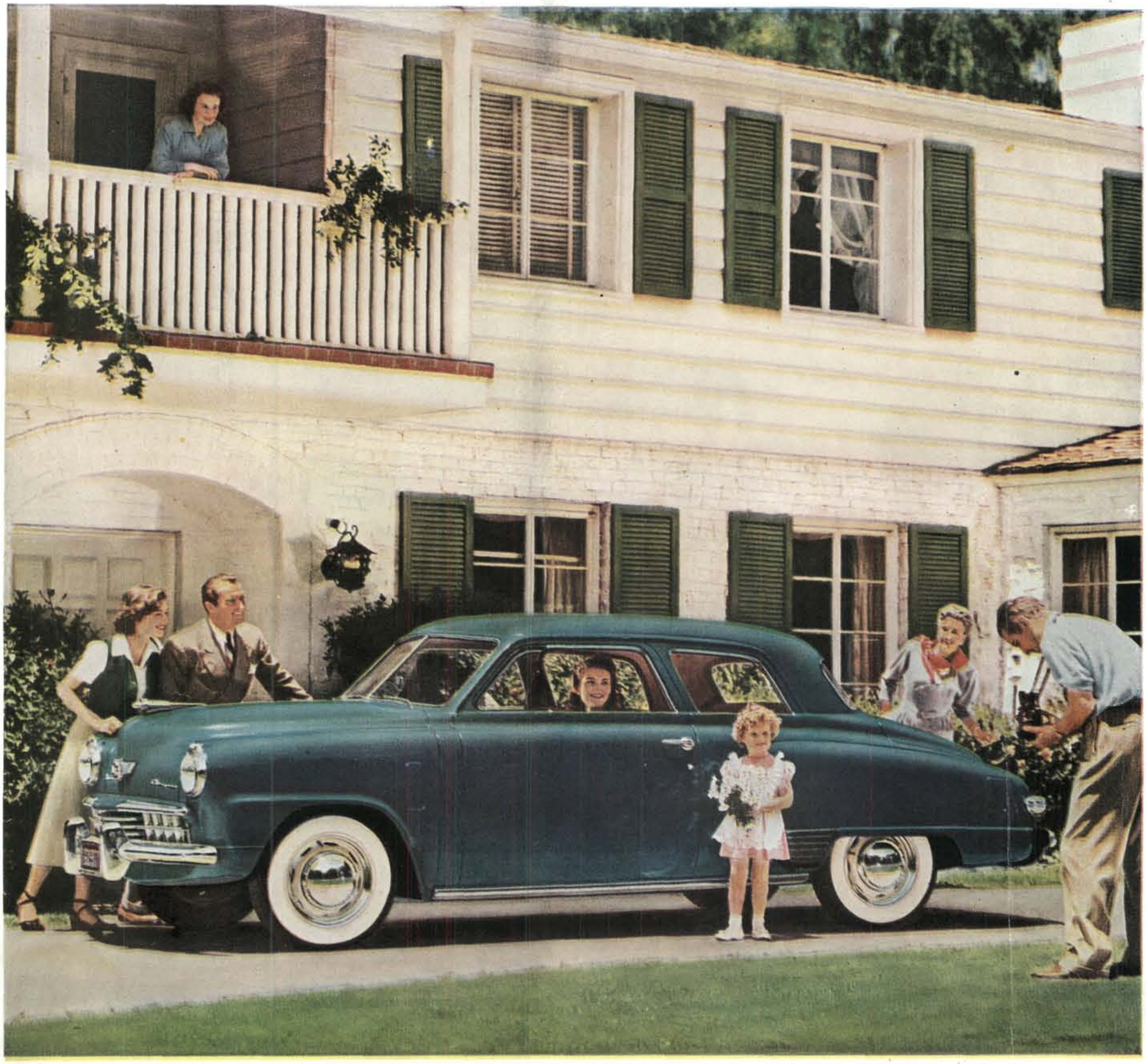

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STUDEBAKER

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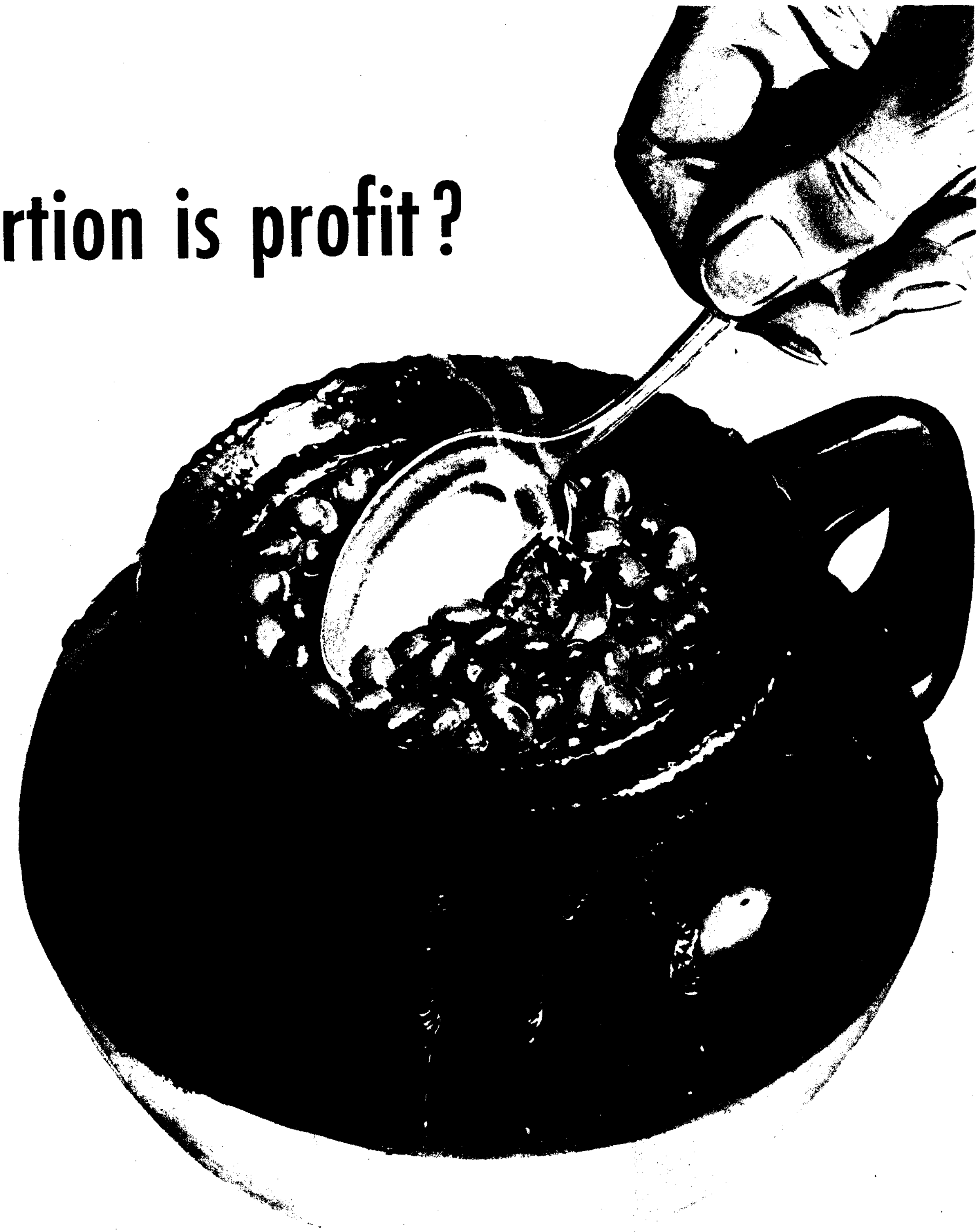
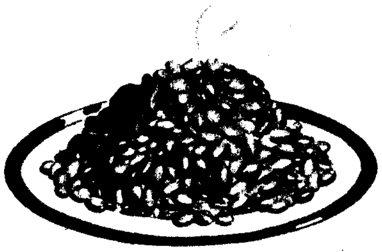
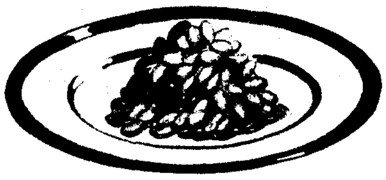
How big a portion is profit?

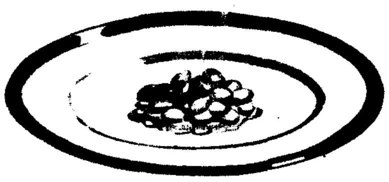




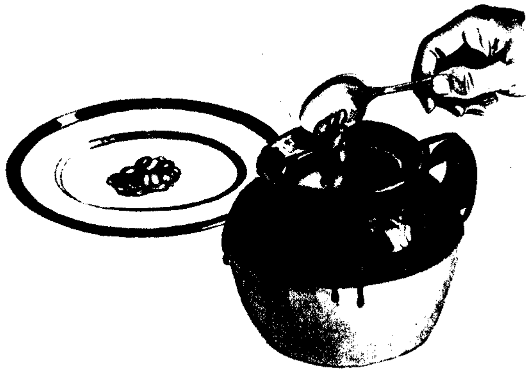
1. You hear a lot of talk these days about how much of the money that industry takes in goes for profit. Many folks have an idea that profits take a pretty big portion of the "bean pot."



2. The great majority of these same people—when asked what they thought would be a *fair* profit for business to make—said *from 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales.*



3. But the fact of the matter is: *Government figures show industry averages less than half that much profit!*



4. And remember, about half of what industry does make goes "right back into the pot" to help pay for the development and expansion that bring more products, more jobs, and greater security for all.

5. That's the way the American system works to give more people more good things than are enjoyed anywhere else on earth!

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FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS

COLLIER'S
August 21, 1948

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•

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Two Boys with Towels

THE WEEK'S MAIL

MARGARET ROSE

DEAR SIRS: Read in Collie Small's wonderful recounting of the charms of Princess Margaret Rose of Britain (The Blooming of Margaret Rose, July 17th) that her father, the king, gets only $1,640,000 a year salary, while Princess Elizabeth, as heir apparent, must struggle along on a mere $160,000. Meanwhile sister Margaret Rose gets not a red sou, and must depend on Dad for handouts. With the cost of living as it is, I am deeply touched and would like to contribute a couple of bucks for tiara polish, and moth flakes for little Margaret's royal ermines. Not much, but it should help.
JIM MCCLEAN, South Norwalk, Conn.

. . . Collie Small's name should be reversed, the dog, for daring to say that Margaret Rose is narrow-shouldered and bandy-legged.
JIM ADAMS, New York, N. Y.

. . . I have a scheme. . . . The royal family sues the United States for Collie Small's statement that Margaret Rose is bandy-legged. With the money, England pays off her debts, becomes solvent and forces the Socialist government out of office. The conservatives and prosperity return, India is recaptured, the Empire is restored, and Collie Small is knighted.
GEORGE HILTEBEITEL, Westport, Conn.

HIGHWAY MURDER

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial of July 17th (These Are the Worst Drivers) you call for nominations for the World's Worst Drivers. I hereby offer The Driver Who Straddles the Center Stripe; The Driver Who Passes on the Right; The Elderly Woman Slow Driver, and The Young Woman Fast Driver. . . .
KIRKLAND FESSENTEN, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . My nomination is He Who Refuses to Dim at Night, and the Famous Last Worder who says: "I won't dim if he won't!" . . .
PHIL GREGORY, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . The Drunken Driver. . . .
VINCENTE GREEVE, Flushing, N. Y.

CASSANDROUS US

MR. DAVENPORT: Accidentally came across an old issue of Collier's—October 4, 1941, to be exact. Couldn't help but be startled by the editorial—whoever wrote it is

(Continued on page 42)

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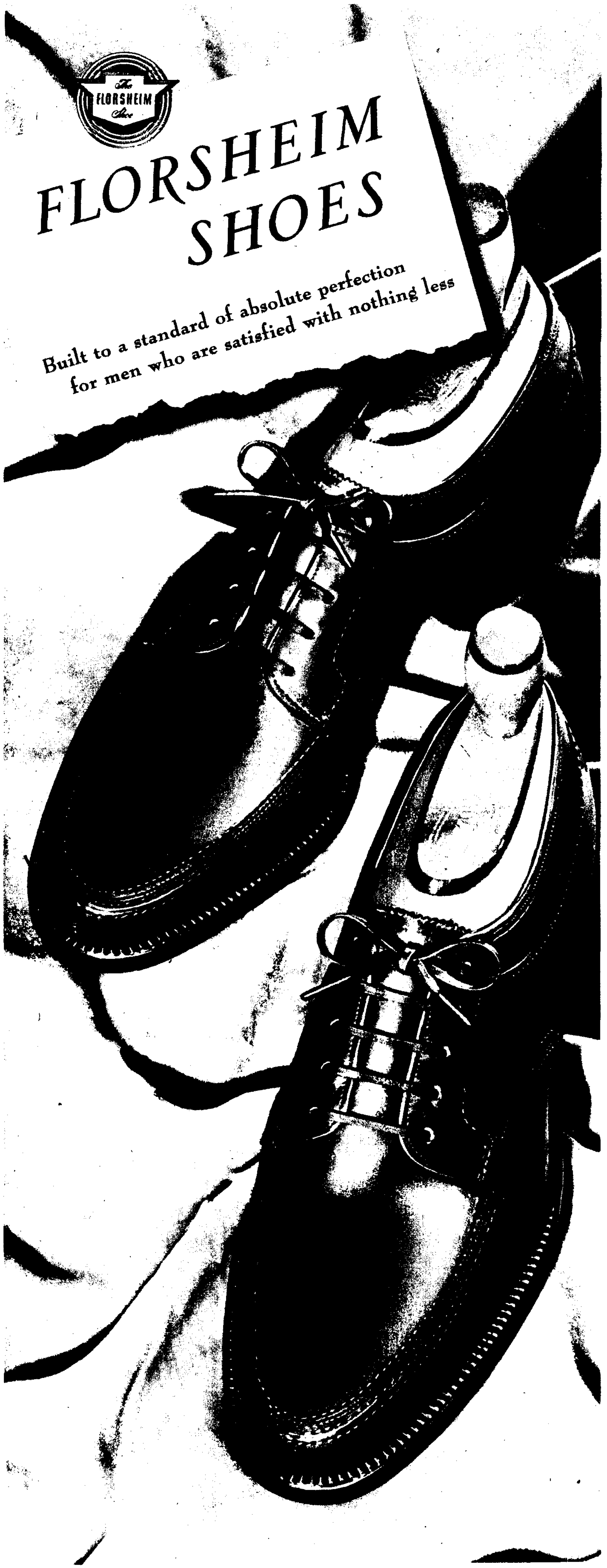
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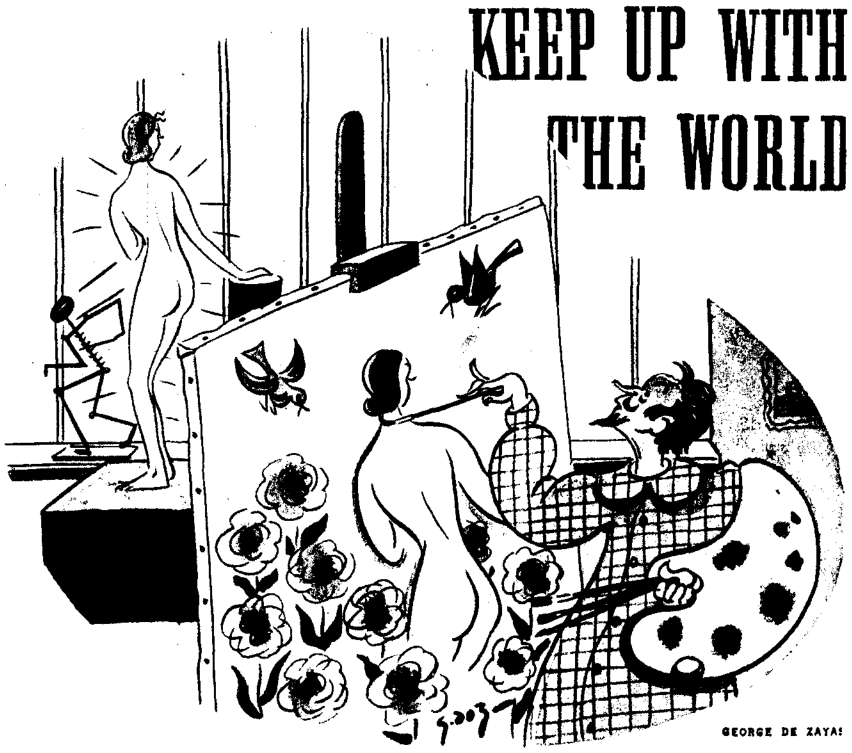
FLORSHEIM SHOES
Built to a standard of absolute perfection for men who are satisfied with nothing less

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

Blushing is not confined to the face and neck. Many members of primitive naked tribes often blush down to the waist, and some models, while posing in the nude, occasionally blush all over.

Some years ago at an auction of yearling thoroughbreds at Saratoga, a scrawny colt for which no one had bid was being led from the ring when a young man, for a gag, called out, "A dollar fifty!" and the auctioneer shouted back, "Sold!" The astonished bidder, having little money, turned the unwanted horse over to a trainer to keep and develop, for a half share in the animal. Botanic proved to be a consistent winner and his earnings and ultimate sale brought the two men a small fortune.

When informed that their King Sebastian had been killed in Morocco in 1578, the people of Portugal refused to believe it because they worshiped him as a god and considered him immortal. In fact, the conviction that he was alive and would come back some day was so deep-rooted that, after nine generations, many Portuguese still watched the night sky for his reappearance and incurred debts repayable "on the return of Sebastian."

Not long ago in New Jersey, a twelve-year-old girl died from drinking too much water. While playing "saloon" with other children, she consumed three quarts in 20 minutes, which proved fatal within 12 hours. So much of the water was absorbed by her blood stream that it filled her lungs and produced all the symptoms of actual drowning.—*By Belden Bly, Winooski, Vt.*

When the interurban electric railways were at the peak of their popularity about 1915, virtually every town in the northeastern section of this country could be reached by them. On these connecting trolleys some persons even traveled between New York and Chicago, although this particular one-way trip required them to change cars 976 times.—*By Mary E. Barron, Zion, Ill.*

Few hunting experiences are as incredible as the case in which the firin of a single bullet resulted in the deatl of three full-grown elephants, recorded and described in the 1925 Official Game Report of the Ugand Protectorate in East Africa. Whil standing on a steep slope, the first wa shot, fell and started to slide downward. An instant later, the secon stepped directly in the way and wa swept off its feet. A few yards farther the second crashed into the third and all three rolled to their death i the valley below.

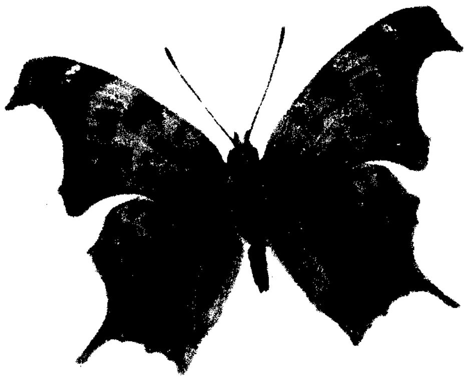
The greatest single contest ever presented to the people of the Unite States was held by a cigarette company in 1937 and required the entrant to solve a total of 90 pictorial puzzle that appeared in groups of six in 1 weekly advertisements. It attracte 2,000,000 contestants and the 1,00 cash awards ranged from $10 to th grand prize of $100,000.

The aurora borealis, or norther lights, may be seen on an average o 100 nights a year from the Nort Pole, on 243 nights from norther Canada, on 25 nights from Maine an on one night a year from Florida. O one night in every ten years, the display is even visible from centra Mexico.

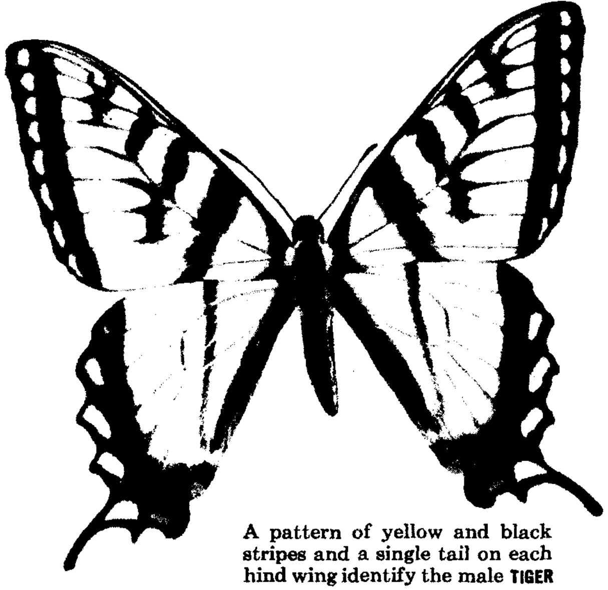
Celebrities of the 19th centur whose voices are preserved on phonograph records in the United State include Queen Victoria, Florenc Nightingale, P. T. Barnum, Edwi Booth, William Gladstone, Benjami Harrison, James Whitcomb Riley an Mark Twain.

Few of man's most strenuous activities consume as much energy, i the same length of time, as walkin upstairs. In calorie requirement, fc example, it exceeds sawing wood b 158 per cent, running by 110 per cer and even swimming by 86 per cent.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact a cepted for this column. Contributions mu be accompanied by their source of inform tion. Address Keep Up With the Worl Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17 N. Y. This column is copyrighted and n items may be reproduced without permissio



You can recognize an **ANGLE-WING** by the angles on the wing margins. With wings folded, an angle-wing resting on a tree trunk looks like a piece of rough bark.

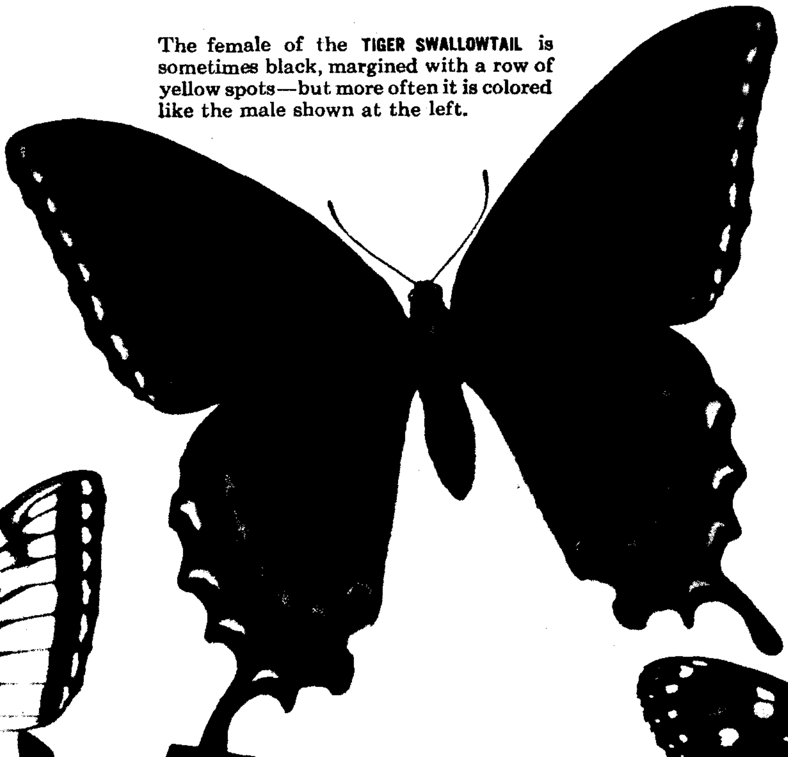


A pattern of yellow and black stripes and a single tail on each hind wing identify the male **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL**.

Black and white "zebra" stripes mark the **ZEBRA** butterfly, our longest-tailed swallowtail. It's common in our southern states.

The **MOURNING CLOAK** is distinguished by sombre purplish wings edged with yellow. You'll see it earlier in the spring and later in the fall than most butterflies.

The female of the **TIGER SWALLOWTAIL** is sometimes black, margined with a row of yellow spots—but more often it is colored like the male shown at the left.



When a butterfly flutters by

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify its species

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THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

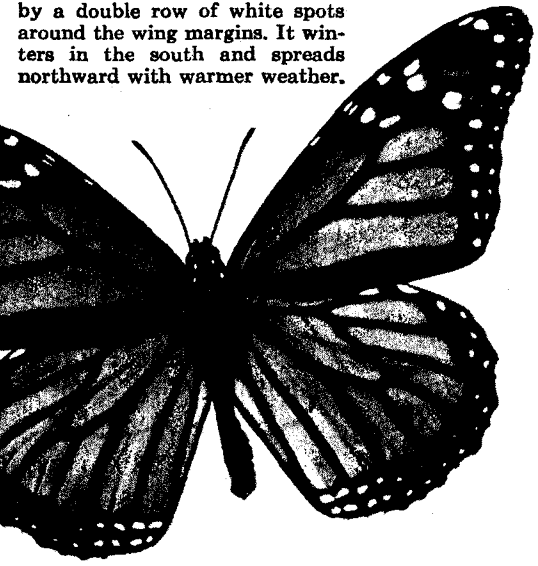
identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid

To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

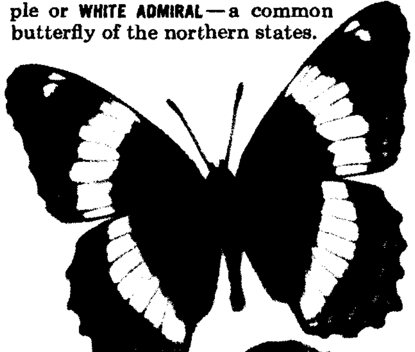
To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trade-marks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*

The characteristic pattern on the forewings has earned for this butterfly the name of **DOG-FACE**.

The **MONARCH**, our only regularly migratory butterfly, is identified by a double row of white spots around the wing margins. It winters in the south and spreads northward with warmer weather.



Broad white bands across blue-black wings mark the Banded Purple or **WHITE ADMIRAL**—a common butterfly of the northern states.



CONTAINS LEAD
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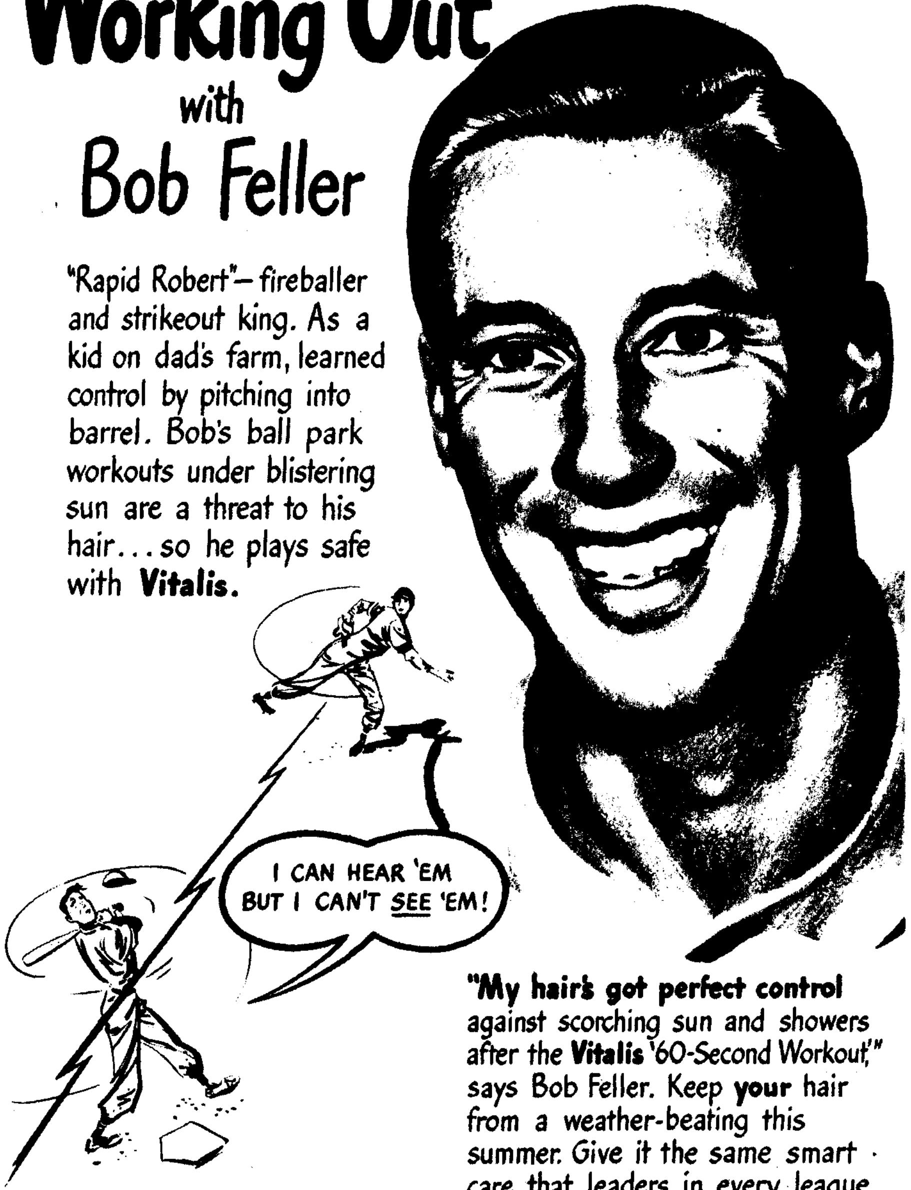
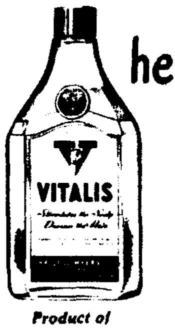
Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

Working Out with Bob Feller

"Rapid Robert"—fireballer and strikeout king. As a kid on dad's farm, learned control by pitching into barrel. Bob's ball park workouts under blistering sun are a threat to his hair...so he plays safe with **Vitalis.**


I CAN HEAR 'EM BUT I CAN'T SEE 'EM!

"My hair's got perfect control against scorching sun and showers after the **Vitalis** '60-Second Workout,'" says Bob Feller. Keep **your** hair from a weather-beating this summer. Give it the same smart care that leaders in every league do. Use **Vitalis** regularly.



Product of Bristol-Myers

here's how the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" keeps hair summerproofed and handsome

50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE!
10 SECONDS TO COMB!

Massaging **Vitalis'** pure vegetable oil on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks **naturally** well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—**Vitalis** contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use **Vitalis!**

P. S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application. *Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks*

Lester Dent about to wing his way on a short story assignment

AT THE age of eight, Lester Dent spent several frustrated weeks on the banks of the same treacherous river that plays a villain in River Crossing (p. 25). The Dents had been ranching happily north of Gillette, Wyoming, and when a neighbor settled about ten miles away, they decided it was time to move to less overpopulated territory.

Whereupon they and little Lester's assorted uncles climbed into a covered wagon and pushed West. "In a few weeks (I made the same trip recently in about four hours) we came to the Big Powder River and its quicksand," relates Lester. "Various uncles rode in, were lassoed, and hauled out. During the fifth week a wool train arrived—several great wagons drawn by twelve-horse hitches.

"The wool boss knew the way across, he said, and then he lost a wagon and five horses. You really get to know quicksand when you hear the sound a horse makes as he sinks out of sight in the stuff. The heck of it all," Dent mourns, "is I can't remember how we finally crossed."

However, free of quicksands, Dent in time became a telegrapher, pulp writer, and seeker of pirate treasure from a small schooner he owned. Right now he keeps and flies a light plane, has yet to make a forced landing. When he isn't grinding out whodunits, Dent acts as pix-snapper and negative-washer for an aerial photography venture he says started as a hobby and has turned into a small monster.

AL SANTORO, who recounts the fabulous Pot Shots of One Shot Ross (p. 24), became sports editor of the Los Angeles Examiner in a roundabout way. A New York City boy, Al's family early migrated to San Francisco where Al went into the newspaper business. He sold papers on street corners. After graduating from business college, Al set out to make millions as a bookkeeper, but when he gummed up a trial balance, he returned hastily to journalism.

At this distinguished craft he bought ham on ryes (with mustard) for the manager, swept up, and valeted bundles of fresh-laid newspapers into waiting trucks—all for $7.50 a week. But the ambitious Alger hero is not to be denied, and years and years and millions and millions of words later, Al finally wound up in his present position.

ARTHUR MAYSE writes 'em the Hard Way. Last fall, out experimenting for The Logger and the Lady (p. 22), he accepted a ride deadhead in the cab of a truck skinner named Mac, high in the Vancouver Island timberland. "We tilted downhill in front
fifty tons of fir, cedar and hemlock
Mr. Mayse tells us. "Down meant
miles of looping, twisting road i
spired by a roller coaster, a drop
2,000 feet to tidewater."

As brakes and transmission battl
the law of gravity, Mayse and M
discussed runaway trucks, failure
hook up the trailer air-brake hose
the prospect of jumping in event
trouble (they weren't good), bei
nudged from behind by a loose 4
foot log, and insurance rates f
truckers. "When we finally rolled o
to the booming grounds a few tho
sand thrills and chills later," relat
Mr. Mayse, "I asked Mac if it did
get his nerves. 'Some,' he told m
'after six months or so, you get stak
You lie awake thinking of the thin
that might happen before you g
those pay checks cashed. Then i
time you took yourself a little ho
day.'" For said holiday, see p. 22.

Incidentally, Mr. Mayse informs
girl flunkies, camp tennis courts
other softening influences haven't y
tamed the West Coast logger to t
point that he's willing to be called
lumberjack.

MR. LOUIS PAUL, who gives y
Plenty of Time for Love (p. 1
has a plaint. Seems he's not a Typic
Writer. "I'd give anything to we
rough tweeds and smoke a brier—b
haven't the teeth for it," he mour
"I'd love to tramp the moors with
wife and bird dog, raise prize dahli
and attend Connecticut town meetin
conscientiously. But I'm never sign
for Women's Club lectures; a
young writers never send me impos
ble MSS. to criticize—no matter h
famous I become. I don't lose we
ends, or keep a secret diary somed
to reveal the True Me, in the Not
books of Louis Paul. No newspap
will send me to Russia.

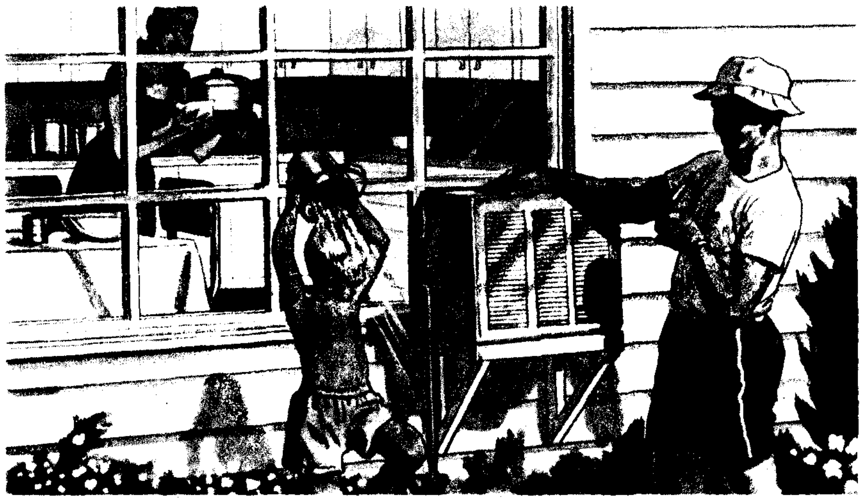
"I realize this is negative but I si
ply lack human interest. My hobbi
are polo and dancing but there's
the slightest chance of my ever a
tively doing either. As for Plenty
Time for Love," Mr. Paul adm
sadly, "this delightful yarn came
me as a highly reflex response to
need for money."

This week's cover: The Happin
Boys. The smiling laddies in the tow
ing are Paul, seven, and Philip, fi
Arsenault of Rochester, New Yo
They were photosnapped by their d
J. W. Arsenault, just after a vacati
swim at Sebago Lake, Maine, wh
their granddad has a place. Both th
young tykes are all boy, and they sw
enough to grow fins; Paul is mecha
cally inclined, and Philip loves
crayons. . . . TED SHANE

Tried these new ways to keep cool?

VENTILATED awnings and lawn umbrellas like these can't be beat for keeping cool in summer heat. Why? Because they're made of Kaiser Aluminum. Result: Amazing coolness. Plus smart good looks. *Plus* lightness, strength, long life, freedom from rust. This unique *combination* of advantages explains why Kaiser Aluminum has succeeded other materials in countless new applications . . . bringing you better, more modern living.

THESE VENETIAN BLINDS fasten on the outside, keep you cooler on the inside. Again, Kaiser Aluminum is the choice over all other materials—because it reflects the sun's heat, assures beautiful, long-lasting appearance. (Also note the window frames. They can't warp, rot, shrink, or rust—because they're made of Kaiser Aluminum!)



SOMETHING UNIQUE in cooling systems is this evaporative air conditioner. It can be installed easily in any window you choose. And because it's made of Kaiser Aluminum it has an extra value both to you *and* the manufacturer. To you, because it's light, strong, decorative and rustproof. To the manufacturer, because aluminum is so easily fabricated.

For another dependable source . . . choose

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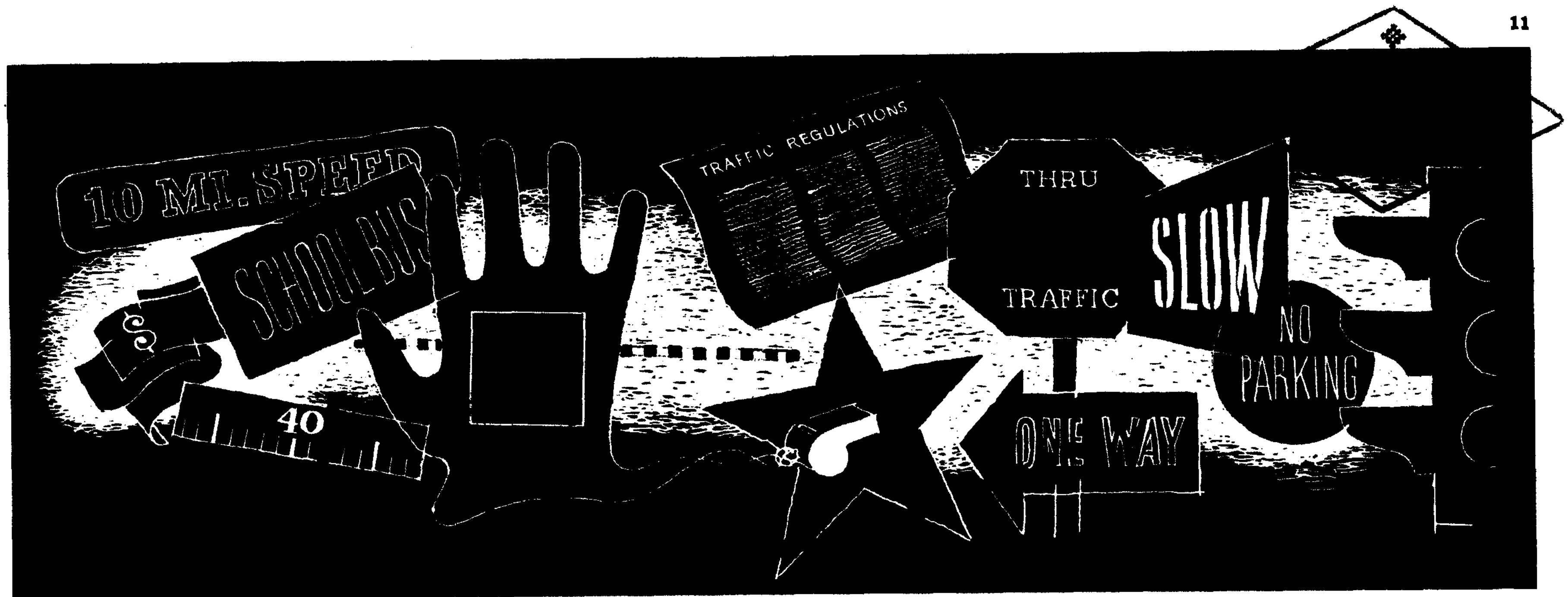


TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

The American Automobile Association reports soak-the-stranger traffic arrests are flourishing in many sections of the nation. Speed traps, roadside finings and threats of jail are making it tough for the motorist

BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

THIS year twelve to fifteen million American motorists will be apprehended for traffic violations. Most of these will be bona fide cases of deliberate or careless lawbreaking. But many of the arrests will be unjust.

With a record motoring season in full swing, the American Automobile Association reports that soak-the-stranger methods are flourishing in many sections of the country. They may operate for the tourist who does not hew strictly to the line of local regulations with which he is not familiar. Or, as has been the case in some communities, speed traps, roadside trials, and threats or violence are used.

No responsible citizen can object to honest, impartial traffic enforcement. But it is a national scandal when innocent motorists must worry about being swindled in the name of the law.

Even members of Congress have not been immune from this sort of treatment.

A Southern Representative who was motoring home one week end last fall was arrested for speeding as he drove through a certain township.

The congressman made no effort to use his legislative influence, but paid the $15 and started to leave. On his way out he remarked facetiously, "I think it's a dirty trick to drive a patrol car without identification." The remark was not taken humorously. Before the Representative could identify himself he was thrown into a jail cell. And there he stayed for several hours, even though the Constitution specifically forbids a legislator's detention for anything but treason, felony or breach of the peace when Congress is in session. Local authorities contended that the peace had actually been breached.

Strong-arm tactics are not uncommon. Recently a reputable St. Paul, Minnesota, businessman and his wife were motoring through a Southern township when their car began heating up. To let it cool off, they pulled over to the side. A police car drove up. Troopers began searching the businessman's baggage and found some whisky—illegal in a dry county.

"One cop hit my wife, knocking her against the car door and injuring her back," reports the businessman. "Inside the jail he knocked me down. I was refused permission to telephone a lawyer. They threw us into crowded, dirty cells overnight. There wasn't even a cot in mine. I spent the night on a cement floor. The sheriff came in the morning and let us out. We found the locks of our baggage torn out, all our belongings scattered, and a camera, fountain pen and some money missing."

Many other motorists have complained to the A.A.A. about a noticeable lack of Southern hospitality on the part of authorities enforcing traffic laws on Dixie's highways. An out-of-state doctor was recently bled for $20 in a Southern town. He grudgingly paid the fine and remarked that it was a "damn" outrage." Whereupon he was struck from behind, seized by the belt *(Continued on page 64)*

"Collier's is to be highly congratulated for presenting to the American public Jack Pollack's forthright and comprehensive article on ways and means used by all too many law-enforcement agencies in soaking the motorist—particularly the motorist who is traveling away from his home state.

"The spotlight of public attention thus thrown on the problem should be of immediate benefit. It should also invigorate efforts by all those engaged in the difficult task of redesigning and modernizing antique legal machinery."

—R. J. Schmunk, President,
American Automobile Association

● HERE ARE SOME HINTS on what to do when stopped for a traffic violation outside your state. They were prepared especially for Collier's by members of the Traffic Court Committee of the American Bar Association.

1. Don't be in a hurry to continue your trip. Take plenty of time to protect your rights.

2. Always get an official receipt for all fines, court costs and other money paid.

3. Whether guilty or not guilty of the charge, follow the procedure of the local courts. Remember: In many states, forfeiting your bail is similar to a conviction and, if reported, stands as such on your driving record.

4. If not guilty of the charge and if you honestly suspect that you are the victim of improper official conduct, make immediate plans to secure local counsel. In protecting your own rights you will help to prevent a continuation of such abuses.

5. If you're not satisfied you're getting a square deal, immediately consult the local prosecutor's office or a local attorney. If these are not readily available, do not hesitate to ask the local Automobile Club representative, other police agencies in the county or responsible local citizens for assistance.

6. Stop promptly when requested to by a police officer. Present your identification without argument. Listen carefully and courteously. Answer questions concisely and in a friendly manner. Don't try to talk your way out of your predicament. And don't try to bribe the officer.

7. Before the officer leaves, get his name, star number or identification. Unless the officer is in uniform, or immediately identifies himself, you should demand his identification.

8. If witnesses are available, be sure to get their names and addresses.

9. Always be careful not to violate traffic laws. Watch all traffic signs and signals and voluntarily observe all speed laws.

10. Remember: Violations committed on Saturdays, Sundays, holidays and at hours when courts are not in session will result in greater inconvenience to you.

"Probably no court is familiar to more people and subjected to more critical appraisal by them than the traffic courts of America," says Tappan Gregory, president of the American Bar Association. "Our Association has sponsored an active program of improvement in every phase of this type of litigation."

Between the tasks set by her Latin teacher and the

traps laid by her younger brother, Jane did not have

PLENTY OF TIME FOR LOVE

BY LOUIS PAUL

I'D LIKE to, Lucille, but—well, he's inhuman. Eighteen pages of Livy! I mean, after all, the whole thing's unconscionable. It's—"

"If you'd put down that telephone and do it, it wouldn't be so unconscionable," said Aunt Martha. "You don't even know what the word means. I want to talk to your father about having the furnace cleaned."

"G'by, Lucille. G'by, now. Aunt Martha wants to use the phone." Jane hung up regretfully. "Lucille wanted me to play some doubles." She sighed heavily. "I'm the victim of Kismet. The new Ancient Lit is inhuman, so I get him. Mr. Harrington. He's young enough, but he's inhuman. We call him Fisheyes. He keeps staring at you without blinking—honestly, Aunt Martha, it's gruesome."

The phone bell rang again. Jane lifted the receiver with a practiced gesture. "Who? Oh, hel-lo! But *naturally*. But of course! Lucille just called me, but she didn't say who—"

"Hang up that phone," ordered Aunt Martha. "You've been out every afternoon this week. I want you to help me with the curtains when you've finished your schoolwork."

"—but I think I'll have to stay in and grind on the Livy. G'by. G'by, Johnny. G'by. G'by. And thanks frightfully for asking me." Hanging up, she turned to her aunt. "Do you realize who that happened to be? Just Johnny Ballou, that's all. I guess he's the most popular athletic star Stapleton High ever had. He thinks I have possibilities."

Aunt Martha lifted her eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?"

"He thinks I'll make the interscholastic tennis team this year."

"Does Mr. Harrington think you have possibilities?"

"Fisheyes? Huh! All he needs is a toga to make him the noblest Roman of them all. Eighteen pages of Livy, when I could be out playing mixed doubles with Johnny Ballou." Jane shook her head sadly.

Oliver came bouncing in, slamming the front door hard enough to rattle every window in the rambling house. "Hello, everybody!" cried Oliver. "Ain't Aunt Eldreth home from givin' her piano lessons yet? She said she'd bring me some jelly doughnuts. Jever see a ole frog that'd croak when you ast him to?" Extracting a well-grown frog from his back pocket, he held it up in front of Jane's nose. "Croak, Franklyn. Go ahead." Franklyn duly obliged.

"Ugh! Take that thing away from me," said Jane. "Don't you know frogs'll give you warts on your hands?"

"Ha, ha," said Oliver. "I'd rather have warts on my hands than red fingernails. Woops!" Franklyn had popped out of Oliver's palms. He pursued the frog across the living-room rug and into the hallway.

"Aunt Martha, you ought to do something about Oliver. I mean—"

"Never you mind about Oliver. Get up and finish your Cicero—"

"Livy."

"Whatever it is. The parlor curtains are all washed, and I want you to help me get them on the stretchers in the basement. If Eldreth comes home early, I'll ask her to go over the Livy with you. Why your father continues to live in this drafty barrack of a house I'm sure I don't know. What did I come in here for?"

"You said you wanted to phone Papa about having the furnace cleaned."

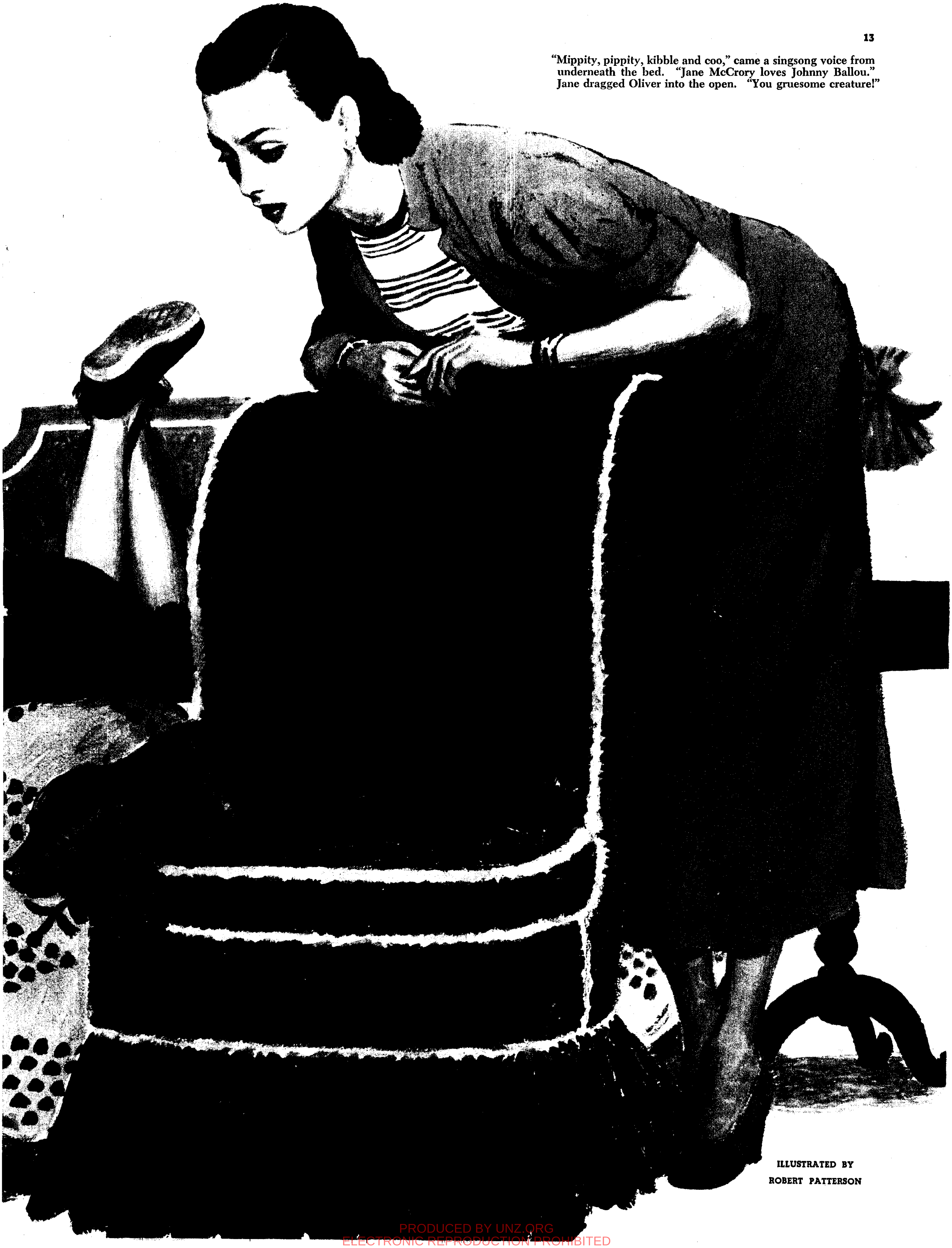
"Oh, yes. Every year he waits until the last minute."

Jane gathered up her books and climbed the winding stairs to her bedroom. Reluctantly she opened her Livy to the appropriate place. The words danced in front of her eyes, and she saw a vision of herself winning the interscholastic singles. Johnny Ballou's tall athletic figure came bounding over the court to congratulate her. Later they went strolling in Linden Lane. "But I *am* in love with you, Jane," he said tenderly. "I guess I always have been. When I saw you win the final round of the match against Andrews High, I realized—" Somehow the unblinking stare of Fisheyes came between herself and this fantasy. Jane sighed. Why did she have to have Fisheyes in Ancient Lit? Why was she burdened with an aggravating brother like Oliver?

Since life was just one series of tragedies after another, Jane considered the possibility of sacrificing love for a career. Perhaps she would become a great tragic actress. Standing before the mirror, she tried to think of a speech from some play, but no lines came to her mind. As a consequence she was compelled to improvise.

"Mr. Ballou, our love is doomed," she informed her reflection. "Ah, no— *(Continued on page 30)*

"Mippity, pippity, kibble and coo," came a singsong voice from underneath the bed. "Jane McCrory loves Johnny Ballou." Jane dragged Oliver into the open. "You gruesome creature!"



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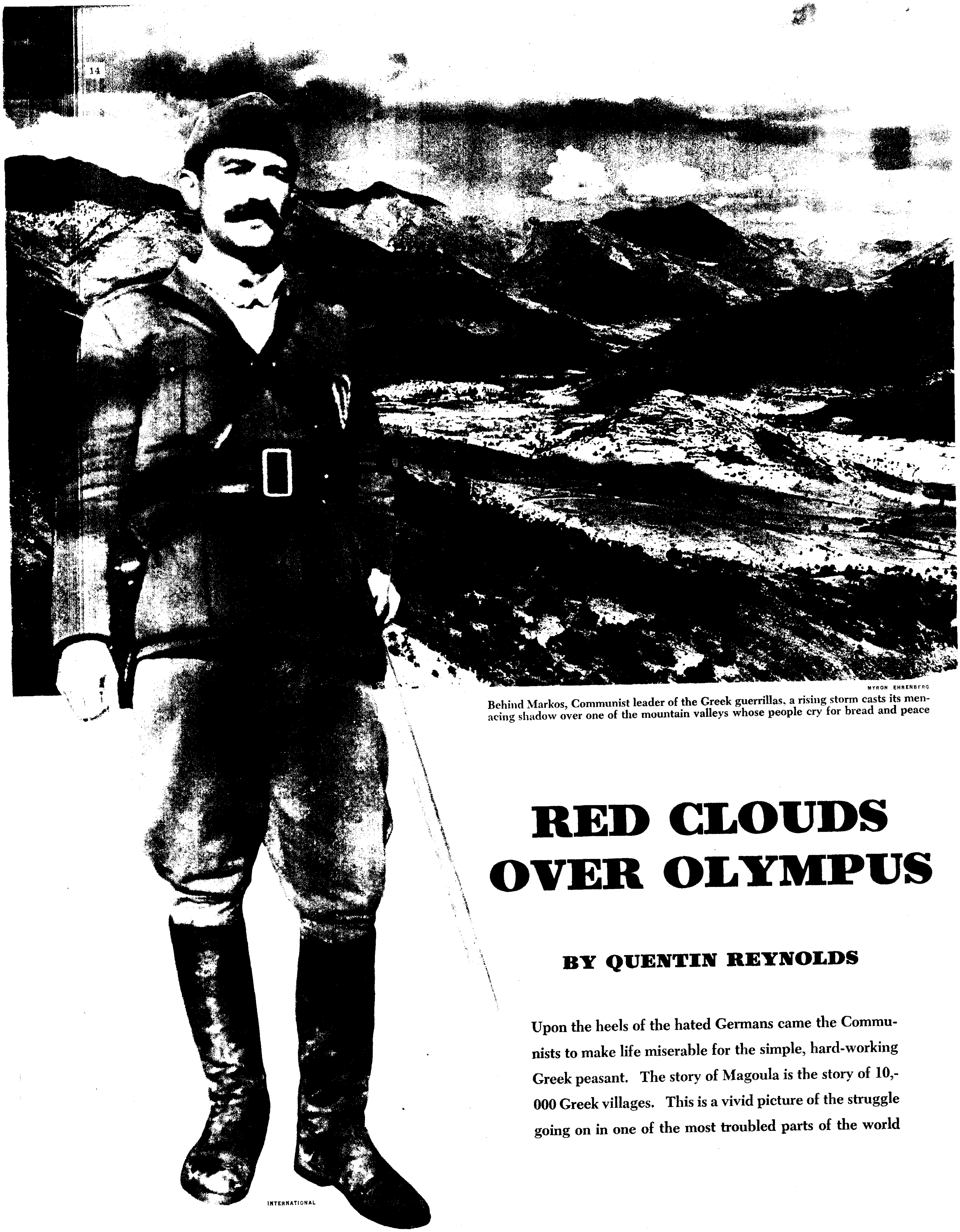
ROBERT PATTERSON



MYRON EHRENBERG

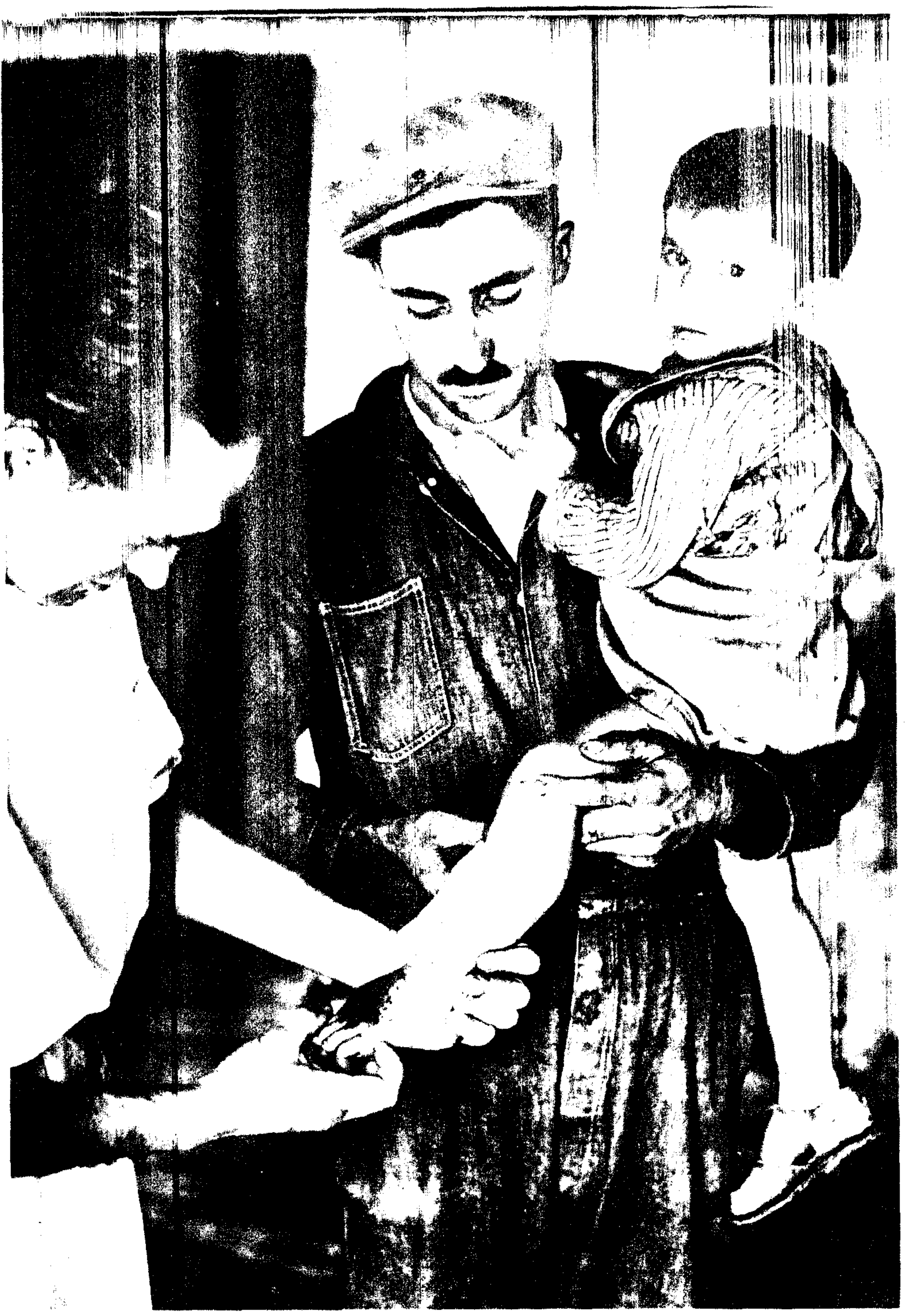
INTERNATIONAL

Behind Markos, Communist leader of the Greek guerrillas, a rising storm casts its menacing shadow over one of the mountain valleys whose people cry for bread and peace

RED CLOUDS OVER OLYMPUS

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Upon the heels of the hated Germans came the Communists to make life miserable for the simple, hard-working Greek peasant. The story of Magoula is the story of 10,000 Greek villages. This is a vivid picture of the struggle going on in one of the most troubled parts of the world



MYRON EHRENBERG

One of the traveling Greek War Relief doctors examines a young villager's foot. Those nasty running sores spell malnutrition—evidence of vitamin deficiency

MYRON EHRENBERG

The threadbare condition of this southern peasant typifies rural Greece today

ATHENS, GREECE

IT IS hardly likely that you've ever heard of the village called Magoula, or of a gray-haired woman with steady, dark blue eyes, named Filia Economou, who has taught in the one-room schoolhouse in Magoula for 29 years. It is doubtful if you've ever heard of Father Constantine Kokiniotis, the wise old bearded priest of Magoula, or of wiry, smiling, thirty-four-year-old Spiros Nikas, who is the village carpenter.

As a matter of fact, very few people in Greece have ever heard of Magoula. It is a 200-year-old agricultural village that leans against a rounded, rock-crested hill in southern Greece, and the 650 people who live there do not consider themselves important at all. Nor do the mighty government figures in Athens or the heads of the American mission think the people of Magoula important. They are all much too busy planning the destruction of the guerrilla army of Markos to bother about a small village and its 650 inhabitants. They are busy with the great cosmic problems of the day.

I think, however, that Magoula is important, because Magoula and the 10,000 villages of Greece like Magoula, which contain 70 per cent of the Greek population, are costing the American taxpayer hundreds of millions a year right now. That is an awful lot of drachmas.

We as a country are pouring that much money into Greece in an effort to keep the country from becoming Communist-dominated. We have armed the Greek military forces, sent our crack military leaders to Greece to "advise" the Greek army, and have put a hand-picked government into power in Athens.

There are a great many critics of our State Department who do not like this at all, but like it or not, one cannot criticize the State Department of any crime worse than realistic thinking and planning. If the military equipment and leadership which we have given Greece had been withheld, there is little doubt that Markos would be in the driver's seat right now. And the Russians (or reasonable facsimiles thereof) would be sitting snugly in such harbors as Piraeus, Kalamos, Salonika, Kavalla and others too numerous to mention.

From that point it would be only a matter of leisurely reaching out a huge paw and we would find Turkey being "liberated" from the dreadful toils of American imperialism.

This would be very embarrassing to our Western bloc in Europe and to our plans for the economic reconstruction of the Continent.

Broadcasting to the Little People

Let us consider the people of Magoula, for in the long-range picture they are more important than they realize. There are nearly 5,000,000 of them in Greece out of a 7,000,000 population, and it is to them that Markos has been directing three radio broadcasts a day from a high-powered station in Yugoslavia. It is true there are probably not more than 25,000 radio sets in all Greece and not one in Magoula, but the messages of Markos come to Magoula and the other 10,000 villages by word of mouth.

Come with me to Magoula and meet the folks and maybe we can find an answer or two that is impossible to find in Athens. It is a big day in the village. The church in the square, where you are baptized as a baby, where you go as a young man to be married, and from where you are buried, is the Church of the Analipsis. It is a holiday in Magoula.

The family of Spiros Nikas is up very early. Katina Spiros saw to that. Katina is ten, and last Easter her father gave her the first pair of shoes she had ever owned. Today she is allowed to wear them. Her younger brother, five-year-old George, is as excited as Katina and even the four-month-old nameless son gurgles happily.

Suppose we share the family's breakfast. It is the same every day—goat's milk and bread. Spiros Nikas owns a brown and white goat which is tied to a stake behind his house. He also owns five chickens. In normal times Spiros is a fairly substantial citizen. He is the only mason and carpenter in town and there is plenty of work for him. In fact, he usually makes about 150,000 drachmas ($15) a week. But now he has been put in charge of the village guard and every night he and 25 other men guard the roads to Magoula, for even here in southern Greece quick fierce raids by the guerrillas are not unknown.

Spiros receives no pay for his ten hours of guard duty but he does receives 17 oka (an oka equals 2.82 pounds) of flour each month, which is enough to keep the family in bread. He also receives seven pounds of sugar. These come from the Ministry of Supply, and the Ministry of Supply gets the flour and the sugar from the American mission. Spiros has to borrow money from neighbors to buy vegetables and meat but he only buys meat once in 15 days.

"I owe my neighbors a lot of money"—Spiros grins, showing fine white

(Continued on page 71)

The INSPECTOR Had a Wife

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

Madame Chafik did not have all the facts—but she was a woman, and perhaps she did not need them

CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, of the Baghdad Criminal Investigation Department, sat at the dining-room table in his modest house at the corner of Nathir-al-Ni'am Street and the Karradat Miriam. He was informally clad in a wide-sleeved, ankle-length gown of brown silk, opened at the neck to catch the breezes from the Tigris. The late evening meal had been cleared, and he was engaged in his hobby of detecting philatelic forgeries.

He announced, as he lifted a stamp with a pair of tweezers, "A Bermuda 'Perot.' It would be valued at four hundred dinars if genuine. But it is an excellent copy by a Swiss craftsman, and therefore worthless." The Inspector looked at the dark woman who stood at the window intently watching the moonlit street. "You are not thrilled by this addition to my collection, Leila," he complained.

Madame Chafik said tartly, "When you find a stamp worth four hundred dinars I will be thrilled."

"My hobby is relaxing," her husband defended himself. "It is also more dignified than your pastime of observing our neighbors. You were pleased to see Madame Dejani return by boat a few minutes ago?"

His wife turned quickly. "Now you mock me. How do you know what goes on in a street you cannot see from where you sit?"

The Inspector lighted a cigarette with irritating care. "I observed you look toward the river, where there is a landing for boats. Then you retired behind the curtains, which you would not have done if the person you watched had walked on the other side of the street. Finally you contorted yourself to peer in the direction of our neighbor's front door. You had already informed me that Mr. Dejani had gone away, and that his wife had accompanied him to the train. So it was simplicity itself."

Leila said, "He must have taken the Basra train. It was after six when the taxi came. There was only one suitcase, so I knew she wasn't making the journey with him."

"Your reasoning has merit. But are you sure Madame Dejani has now returned? May I know how you penetrated the shroud of outdoor robe which makes the women of Baghdad resemble animated corpses?"

"The passenger from the boat entered the Dejani home with a key. Who else could it have been if not our neighbor? You are foolish."

"I am still not satisfied." Chafik twinkled with mischief. "The railroad station is on this side of the river, and yet this person came back across the river."

"That is strange," admitted Leila, and brightened with new curiosity. "What has she been doing all this time? It is now nearly nine thirty, and the Basra train left at seven. Where did she go? Who—"

"Give me peace," said Chafik. "Such questions remind me of my unfortunate profession—"

"It puzzles me, too, why a woman of character should be devoted to a man who neglects her for an English adventuress—"

"Wife, wife!" said the little man in a shocked voice. "How do you know about Miss Violet Shaw?"

Leila answered evasively, "But it it known to all the ladies in the neighborhood. And once when I was visiting our cousin in the Alwiyah district, I saw Mr. Dejani driving in a carriage with a shameless foreign woman. I asked our cousin, who told me—"

"Enough! You hold dossiers as complete as my own at headquarters. I have now lost all interest in my hobby." The Inspector closed the stamp album and stood up, a slight figure, strangely dignified in the long robe. "I do not keep a mistress myself," he said. "If I did I would be more discreet. This Violet Shaw, who is actually a Eurasian from Bombay, is indeed an adventuress. Mr. Dejani is not a wealthy man, and her extravagances are leading him into difficulties."

"They dine almost nightly at the Zia Hotel and—"

Leila's new disclosures were interrupted by the telephone bell. Chafik's heelless slippers made a sad shuffle on the polished floor as he went to the bedroom. He took the instrument between finger and thumb.

A familiar voice said, "Sir?"

The little man lifted an eyebrow at his wife, who had followed him. He said with resignation into the telephone, "Speak." A few minutes later he said, "I come," and returned the instrument to its bedside stand. "That was, of course, my dour but admirable assistant, Sergeant Abdullah. There was a note of satisfaction in his voice. He announced a corpse."

"Murder?"

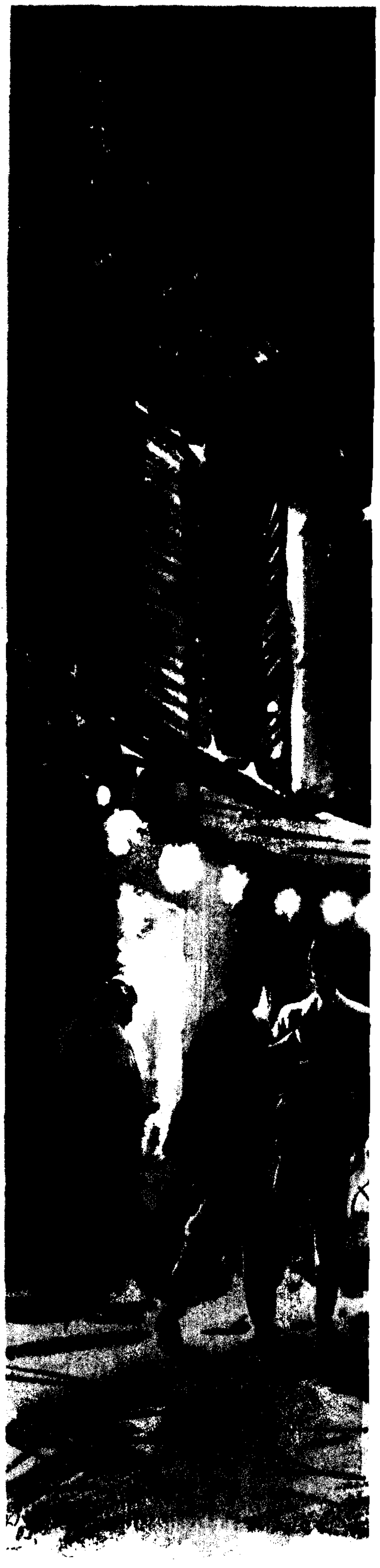
"He would not disturb me otherwise." Inspector Chafik began to dress quickly but carefully. "The corpse," he said casually as he adjusted his polka-dot tie, "is labeled 'Violet Shaw'—" . . .

The body was in a half-kneeling position on the floor; the head and shoulders and outflung arm rested across a divan, which was upholstered in black and scattered with orange-colored cushions. The woman had been wearing a canary-yellow wrapper and red slippers.

She had tried to accentuate her English features by fluffing out her straight black hair, and by using a light powder on her faintly dusky cheeks. But her figure, which was seductive, had been inherited from a Hindu mother and could not be disguised.

Inspector Chafik, who stood in the doorway, said, "Poor Miss Shaw! What was the cause of death?"

"Sir, she has been dealt several heavy blows on the left side of the



"The Merciful One defend us!" Daoud Shuman clutched the Inspector's arm. "I see her! But she is dead!"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

head. The weapon, which I have not located, was a blunt instrument."

Chafik went to the body and raised the head to examine the wound. "This is indeed ugly. The object had a round, beveled edge." He looked around the room and then bent over a table at the end of the divan. "There is dust," he said. "Observe, Abdullah, something with a round base, perhaps a lamp, stood here recently. Possibly the weapon we seek."

"Shall I make inquiries, sir, for a person seen leaving carrying a bulky object?"

"It is extremely unlikely the murderer was observed. The house is discreetly isolated; there are no neighbors to watch the coming and going of visitors." The Inspector placed his hand under the armpit of the corpse. "There is still warmth, but bodies do not cool quickly in the heat of Baghdad. The woman may have been dead some hours. I note she met death in an angry mood."

"Sir?"

"You can see for yourself," Chafik said sharply. "There is ash scattered over the divan and carpet. She constantly flicked her cigarette, as a person does when irritated!" He took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hands. "Miss Violet did not keep a servant in the house. Who, then, found her body?"

Sergeant Abdullah produced a notebook and read in a harsh voice, "The following is the statement of Mr. Daoud Shuman. Quote. 'At about eight twenty tonight I was walking on the Alwiyah water front in the company of my friend, Ahmed Faris, when I saw a lady resembling Miss Violet Shaw, who is well known to me. I was surprised, because she had previously broken an appointment with me, pleading a headache—' "

Chafik interrupted, "Briefly, what did Mr. Shuman do?"

"Sir, he went to speak to her, but she hurried away and he lost her in the crowd. Then he began to search for her. It would appear he has a suspicious nature. He went to various cafés and bars, but the woman had not been seen. He says. Quote. 'Then I went to the house. The time was about eight fifty. After knocking and getting no answer, I opened the door with a key Miss Shaw had previously given me—' "

"This is interesting, Abdullah, for a key was also in the possession of Mr. Dejani. So Mr. Shuman demanded an explanation and was confronted by a corpse. What did he do then?"

"His action was commendable. He telephoned us. He does not appear to realize he is a top suspect."

The Inspector winced. "A detective

(Continued on page 75)

Stalin and Roosevelt meet for the first time at Teheran. Those wide epaulets Stalin is wearing are gold, and the large white stars are fastened by red pins. As the Big Three settled down to talk, Stalin doodled and smoked incessantly. Hopkins reported that Stalin's voice was barely audible

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

PART XIII—FROM CAIRO TO TEHERAN

★

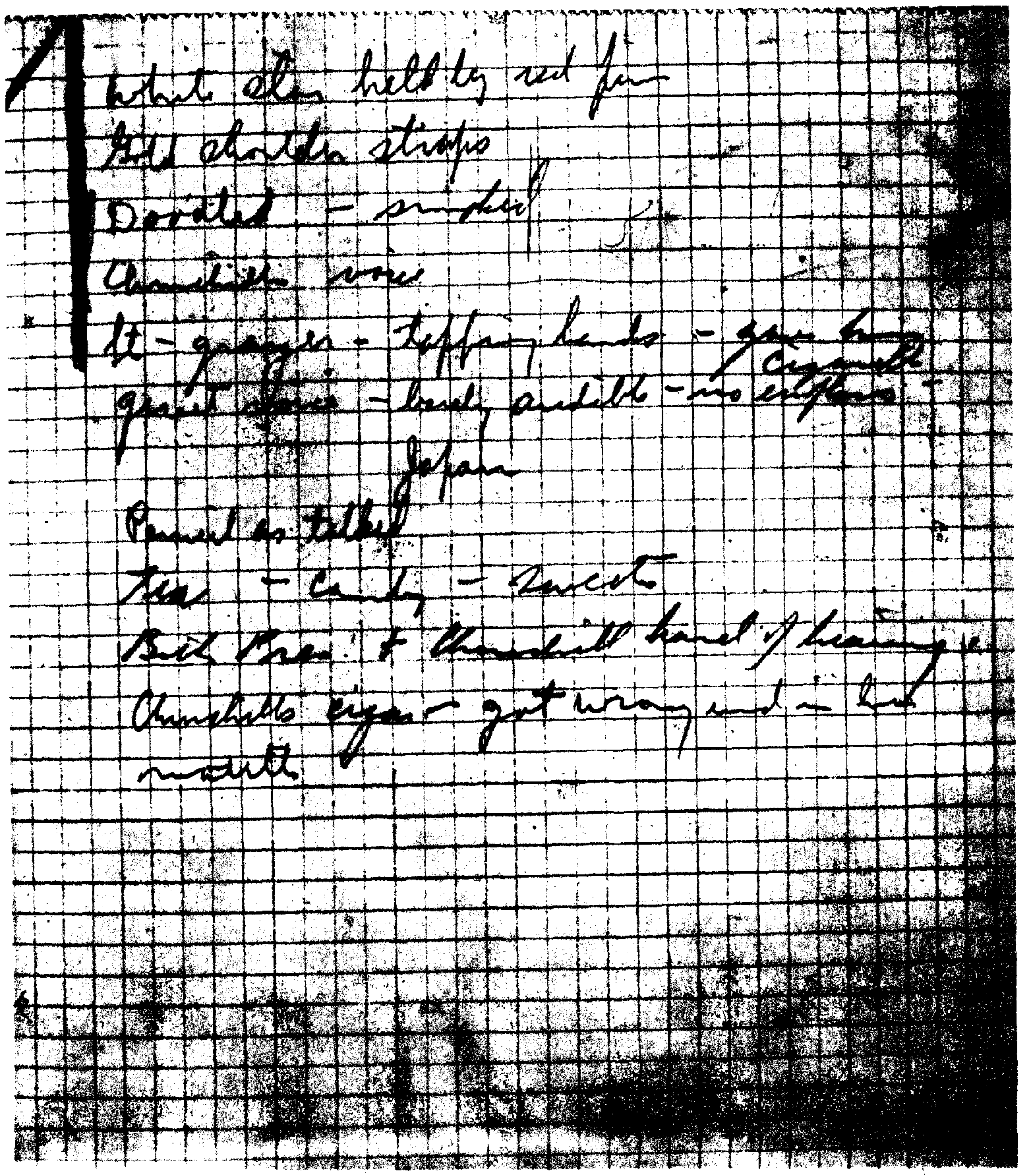
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Cairo plans for threefold thrusts in the Far East, and Churchill's hopes for a European campaign based on northern Italy die a-borning. But a few words from Stalin change the entire Allied strategy for global war

ON NOVEMBER 13, 1943, the President sailed from Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the new battleship, U.S.S. Iowa, which was commanded by Roosevelt's former naval aide and good friend, Captain John McCrea. Also traveling on the ship were Hopkins, Generals Marshall, Arnold, Watson, Somervell and Handy and Admirals Leahy, King, Brown, McIntire and Cooke. There were some highly important discussions among the Chiefs of Staff aboard the Iowa.

It was their experience that, while Churchill invariably gave his most enthusiastic and eloquent approval to OVERLORD (the Normandy invasion) in principle, he steadfastly refused to accept it as a scheduled fact, preferring to believe that German power could be worn down by attrition to the point of collapse, whereupon the Anglo-American forces in the United Kingdom could perform a triumphal march from the Channel to Berlin with no more than a few snipers' bullets to annoy them.

Whether or not these apprehensions were fully



white [illegible] held by red [illegible]
Gold shoulder straps
Doodled — smoked
Churchill voice
It — grasper — tapping hands — gave him
cigarette
great [illegible] — barely audible — no emphasis —
Japan
Pencil as talked
Tea — Candy — [illegible]
Both Pres & Churchill hard of hearing
Churchill's cigar — got wrong end in his
mouth

Hopkins' scribbled description of the Big Three at their historic first meeting is reproduced here. Churchill's accident with his cigar, referred to in the note, must have provided a lively interruption

justified, they were so substantial that the U.S. Chiefs of Staff drew up papers looking toward compromise arrangements in the event that their British opposite numbers, dominated by the Prime Minister, should present a solid wall of resistance.

On the second day out, there was an extraordinary episode which caused the Navy's most ominous warning, "This ain't no drill!" to be shouted from the bridge. (The statement is generally entered in the log, if one survives, as, "This is *not* a drill!"—but I believe that few sailors have ever said it that way in the heat of the moment.)

An American Torpedo on the Rampage

Hopkins wrote a description of this episode, as follows:

This afternoon the captain arranged for an antiaircraft drill. Three balloons are released—tied together—and the batteries of forties and twenties let loose when the balloons reach a proper height and distance from the ship . . .

The President was wheeled from the luncheon table to the deck just outside his mess—Wilson Brown, Ross McIntire, Pa Watson and I went along. The firing began—it seemed pretty good to me although the five-inch guns made a whale of a racket in spite of the cotton which all of us put in our ears . . .

Suddenly an officer from the bridge two decks above leaned over and yelled, "It's the real thing! It's the real thing!" The President doesn't hear well anyway and with his ears stuffed with cotton he had a hard time getting the officer's words which I repeated to him several times before he understood. I asked him whether he wanted to go inside; he said, "No—where is it?"

Just as I got to the starboard side to find out, everything fired at once at the wake of a torpedo about six hundred yards away—the firing lasted about thirty seconds. The wake went well astern.

It was a torpedo all right—but not from a German submarine. One of our destroyers had let loose a torpedo directly at the Iowa. The first the Iowa heard about it was a flash from the destroyer that a torpedo was moving toward the Iowa, and it was four or five minutes later that the message came that the torpedo was fired by our own escort.

The commander of the destroyer explained it as follows: The torpedo was in place but with no primer attached—the torpedo must have been unloosed because of the heavy seas in some unaccountable fashion. But Admiral King and Captain McCrea thought this pretty thin. An investigation is afoot.

Can you imagine our own escort torpedoing an American battleship—the newest and biggest—with the President of the United States aboard—along with the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Chief of Naval Operations? In view of the fact that there were twenty Army officers aboard, I doubt if the Navy will ever hear the last of it.

The records give the identity of the hapless destroyer, but I am not going to mention her name in these pages. Her skipper probably did not know who, if any, were the passengers aboard the Iowa. It was bad enough for him to know that one of his torpedoes had been loosed toward the great ship and caused her to maneuver to avoid being hit. It would have been worse, of course, had he been aware that the President of the United States was one of the possible victims. But, had he known that the President's party included Admiral Ernest J. King, he would undoubtedly have attached the anchor to his neck and plunged himself to the bottom of the sea rather than live to face the awful consequences.

The Iowa arrived at Oran on November 20th, where the President was met by Eisenhower and his staff and the three sons who were in that theater, Elliott, Franklin D., Jr., and Robert Hopkins. Roosevelt then flew to Tunis in the C-54 transport plane which had already been given the unofficial but enduring name, The Sacred Cow. The next day, Sunday, he went for a tour of the Tunisian battlefields with Eisenhower, who did not realize at the time that he was being subjected to most searching scrutiny and appraisal.

Roosevelt showed great interest in the site of ancient Carthage—which had once been subjected to unconditional surrender—and he concluded that the Carthaginian armies had probably avoided those forbidding mountains which provided very bad terrain for elephants. Roosevelt, in his casual, seemingly offhand manner, also talked about the future—particularly OVERLORD.

Field Generals Get Most of the Glory

He said to Eisenhower, "Ike, you and I know who was the Chief of Staff during the last years of the Civil War but practically no one else knows, although the names of the field generals—Grant, of course, and Lee, and Jackson, Sherman, Sheridan and the others—every schoolboy knows them. I hate to think that 50 years from now practically nobody will know who George Marshall was. That is one of the reasons why I want George to have the big command—he is entitled to establish his place in history as a great general."

Roosevelt also told Eisenhower of the plan to bring him back to Washington as Acting Chief of Staff. It is probable that Eisenhower expressed to the President his total lack of enthusiasm for a career in the Pentagon Building, but he was a soldier, and he would go where he was sent. Later, Eisenhower was somewhat less certain that these decisions had been finally made, for Admiral King told him of his personal belief that Roosevelt would in the end refuse to move Marshall from his present position.

When the Presidential party took off for the long flight to Cairo late Sunday evening, Eisenhower did not know what the future might hold for him and he remained in ignorance for more than two weeks while the memorable conferences were taking place.

On the fourth and last day of the first Cairo conference some forty-three American and British press correspondents formed themselves into a committee, of which the able Cyrus L. Sulzberger of the New York Times was chairman, and signed a round-robin letter to Hopkins which began:

The undersigned correspondents representing all Anglo-American and Dominion newspapers, agencies and radio chains are addressing this to you as an influential friend of the press.

We wish to express the strongest dissatisfaction with the manner in which we are being treated during the present important conferences. We demand that we be taken further into confidence of the authorities on an off-the-record basis and be given some idea of what everything is about in order to prepare our advance material.

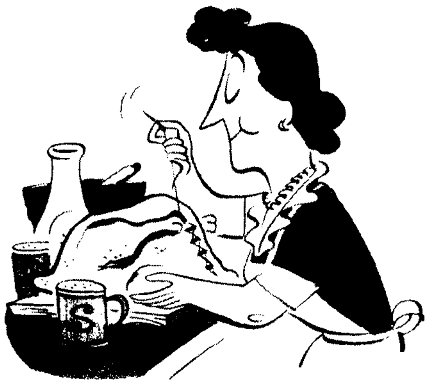
We request a conference with yourself wherein we could present some of our problems to a person known to be our friend, of sufficient influence and energy to help us out and of sufficient experience and understanding to be able to do so.

There followed specific requests, including one for a press conference with the President, Prime Minister and generalissimo, and for another conference in the event that a Russian delegation might arrive in Cairo after the Chinese had departed. It was suspected that Stalin himself might appear, it not then being known, of course, that the British and American delegations were going on to Teheran to meet him there.

Had Hopkins met the press, there was not much he could have told them other than the agreements that were subsequently announced in the official communiqué. There was *(Continued on page 43)*

SUNDAY DINNER

BY HANK KETCHAM



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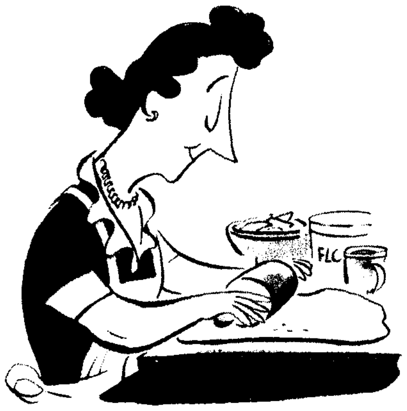

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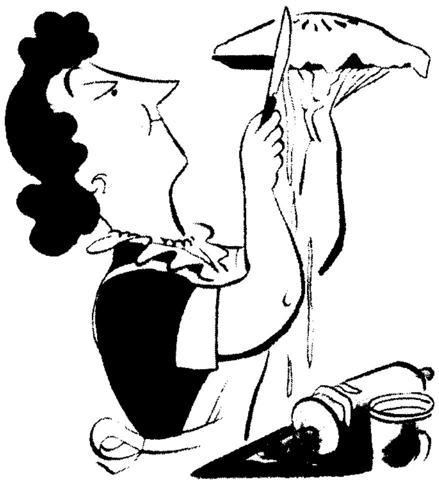

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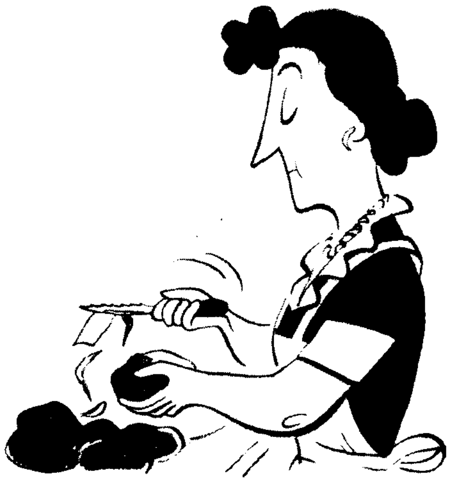

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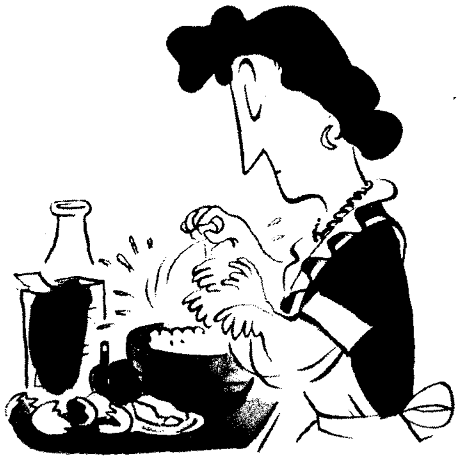

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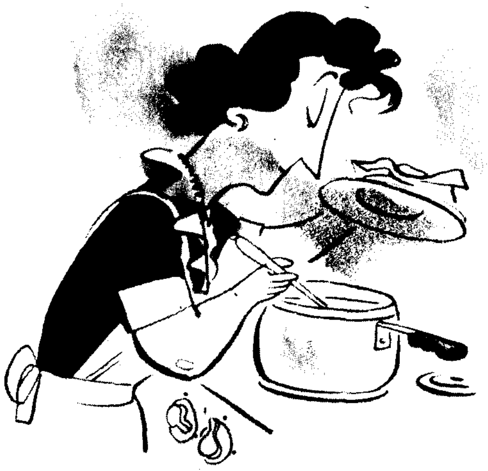

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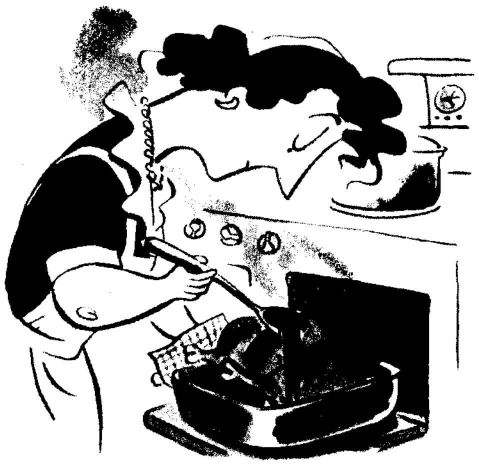

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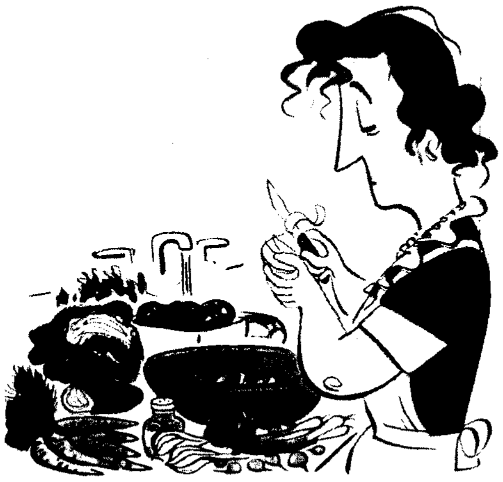

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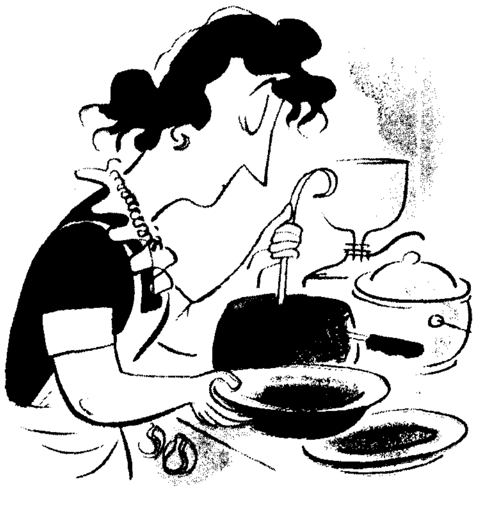

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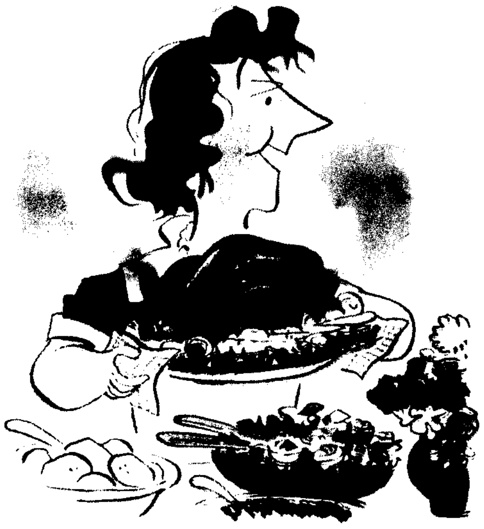

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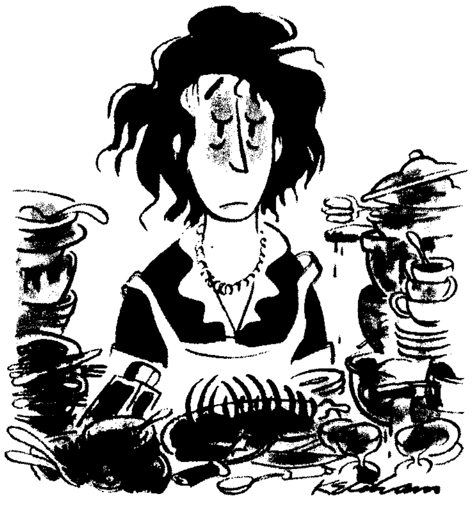

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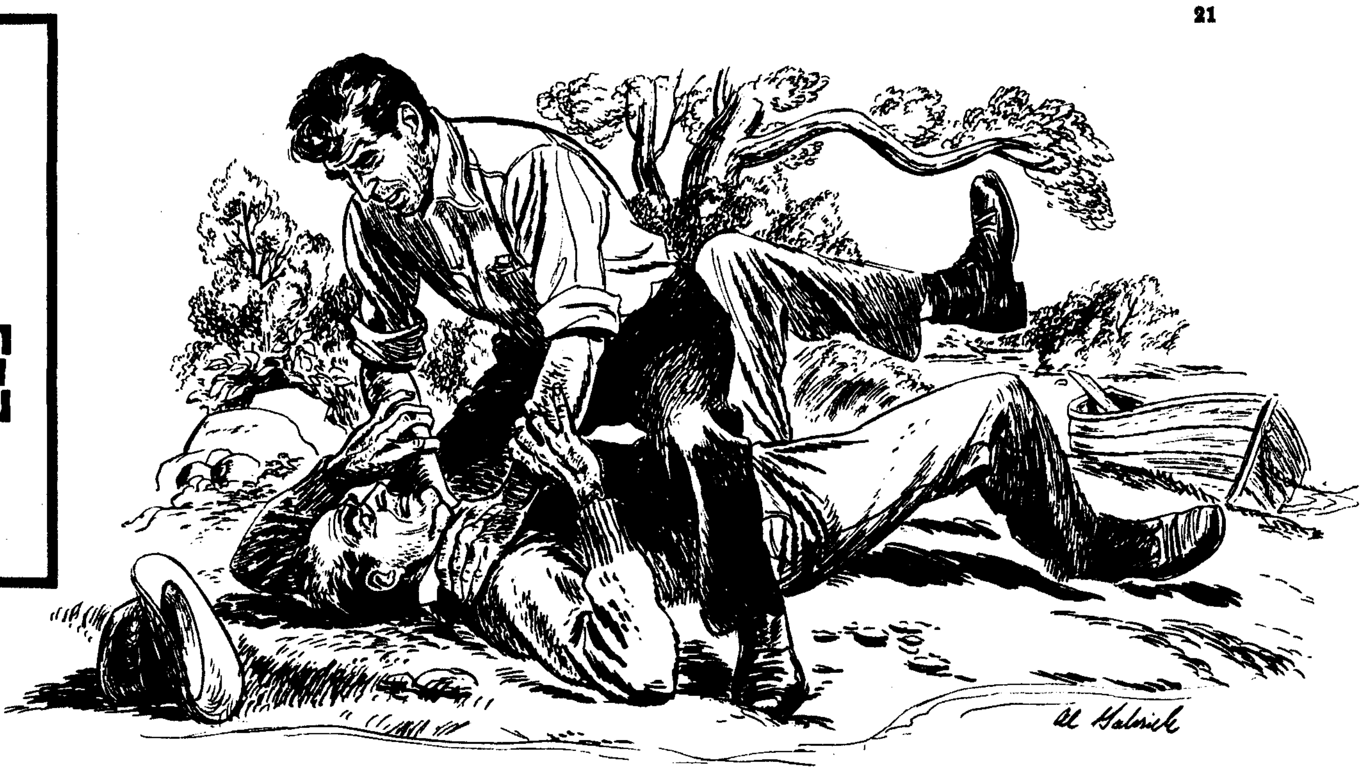
COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

THE FUGITIVE

BY VAL DUNCAN



Stymie let up a bit on the man's throat. "I didn't know you could help me. Now I'll show you I'm on the level"

STYMIE knew he ought to be moving instead of sitting there fishing. He ought to be traveling, still staying with the river, of course. Sure, he'd been lucky so far. Finding some kid's homemade fish pole had been a break and this spot had its points, too. It ought to be safe, for he had thorn cover all around him and in front was the broad sweep of the river.

It looked safe, but somehow it didn't *feel* safe. The leaves trembled as if they were afraid of something. Uneasy, he rubbed his beard stubble and touched the puffy blue spot on his cheek. That guy had hit hard. He looked at the split knuckles of his right hand. He'd given better than he took.

There was a noise to his left in the brush and he froze. He set the pole down silently and stared into the dimness. A shadow flickered and a young rabbit darted out, almost hit him, then bounded away. He let go his breath and swore softly.

Then he saw the boat, one man rowing into the little cove where he was sitting. Every once in a while the man looked over his shoulder to judge his steering. With that pale face, this guy wasn't a regular riverman. When he reached shallow water, the boatman jumped out and shoved the boat up on the mudbank. He saluted Stymie with a lift of his head. "Any luck?"

He was a hard-built guy, about Stymie's height, and with that barrel chest he could give you a tough time in a fight. He flipped the boat on its side like a toy.

"Too hot for 'em today," said Stymie.

The boatman watched water sluice out of the boat. "Scraped a rock. Water came in pretty fast."

"Tough," said Stymie. "Can you fix it?"

"Easy with a knife. Got one?"

He shook his head.

"Most guys fishin' have a knife with them."

"Pocketful of knives wouldn't make these babies bite today."

The boatman snapped off a small branch of a willow tree. With his fingernail he started to strip it down to white wood. "They're fishin' for plenty upriver today."

When the boatman bent to his work of fitting the wood in the crack, Stymie said: "And catchin' nothin', I bet."

"So far. But guys'll fish a long time for a thousand bucks."

He sat tight as the boatman dug up a stone as big as his fist and started to tamp the wood plug into place. Finally the man quit hammering. "Seen any cops around here?"

"Cops?" The word always stuck in Stymie's throat. "No."

The boatman straightened up. "Thought maybe some of 'em got down this far. Up around Brantville State Pen the hills are crawling with cops and troopers. Dogs, too. They've put up a thousand-buck reward. The guy who broke out is a killer."

"Crashed out of the state pen?"

"Sure," said the boatman. "Last night. That's fifteen miles from here. If he was heading this way, he'd be gettin' here around this time."

"It's tough traveling country. Specially following the river."

The boatman hefted the stone in his hand. "He'd want the river for water and to keep his direction straight. If he found the right spot he could hole up for days till things cooled off."

Stymie's eyes wandered around the little cove he'd picked out.

"Sure," said the boatman. "A little place just like this."

Stymie shifted position, tucking his feet flat under him. If he had to move fast, he had to be set. "You got things all figured out."

ROLLING the boat right side up, the boatman eased it back into the water and slung its rope over a limb of the tree. "Yeah," he said. "I'm kinda handy at figuring things."

"Must be nice to be smart like that. Guy that crashed out must have knowed how to dope things, too."

"Sure, but he won't figure it all the way."

The sun was higher now and beating down hot. Stymie wished he had a floppy hat like the boatman. The sunshine made the guy's face stand out very white. "You're talkin' like a cop."

The boatman was filling a pipe. "Maybe I am a cop."

"You don't look like one with that white face. They're lookin' for a guy with your kind of skin—"

"A cop who's got brains," broke in the other. "Who wears stripes on his arm, who don't get out much himself. On vacation at his brother's place five miles upriver."

"Lissen," said Stymie, his voice hoarse, "you think I'm a thousand bucks? Wise up, mister. A travelin' man can head into a little trouble with a railroad dick, can't he? And say," he hoisted a shoe, "you don't wear a hole that size in fifteen miles."

The boatman fumbled for a match. "Crashing out like that, you have a plant. A pal leaves some duds buried under a tree. Old duds, worn, maybe a fish pole, too."

"Or," said Stymie, "he's a pal with a boat, leaving it tied up so a white-faced con who's plenty smart can sail down the river, nice as you please. When he's spotted by a guy fishin' he pulls in fast and tries a cover-up with a phony line of talk about bein' a cop. He knows he's worth a grand to the fishin' guy."

The face was whiter than ever now and the mouth was drawn in a tight line. The boatman clamped down hard on his cold pipe. "Got a match?"

"Sure," Stymie felt in his pocket and brought out a little hoard of blue-headed matches in a twist of Cellophane. "Make it do," he said. "One's all I can spare."

"Thanks." He knelt down near Stymie's shoulder, scraped the match against the stone and cupped his hands around the bowl. They were the closest now they'd ever been. The flame was on the tobacco and the man was drawing hard to get a good light.

Stymie was on his feet in an easy spring. Out of the hand that held the matches flicked the blade of a spring knife that had also been in his pocket.

The boatman's jaw dropped and the pipe fell. His hand went back and the stone flew. It stung Stymie's arm and sent the knife spinning. The boatman followed fast, throwing a trick wrestling lock on him. Jujitsu. Cops learned that stuff. He felt the squeeze tightening on his neck. Air was hard come by. His head was being forced down to the guy's stomach. Then he saw the gold belt buckle. On it were the words, "Fallville Police Dept. Marksmanship 1942."

DRUMS pounded in his head but he was slippery. A twist and a foot thrown behind the guy and they were both rolling on the bank.

Stymie wriggled like a snared snake. His fingers found the man's throat and closed. He squirmed over that barrel chest and grinned into the bulging eyes.

"So you *are* a cop."

The man's tongue hung out like a thirsty dog's.

"Well, lissen—" Stymie bent close to the man's ear and let up a bit on his throat. "For the first time I'm givin' a cop a break. But only because there's dough in it. For both of us.

"Up to now I didn't know you were a cop, but now you can help me. I couldn't do it before by myself with no gun. Then when you came I thought maybe you were the escaped con—and you were thinkin' the same about me. Now, to show you I'm on the level I'm lettin' up on you. Then we go to work."

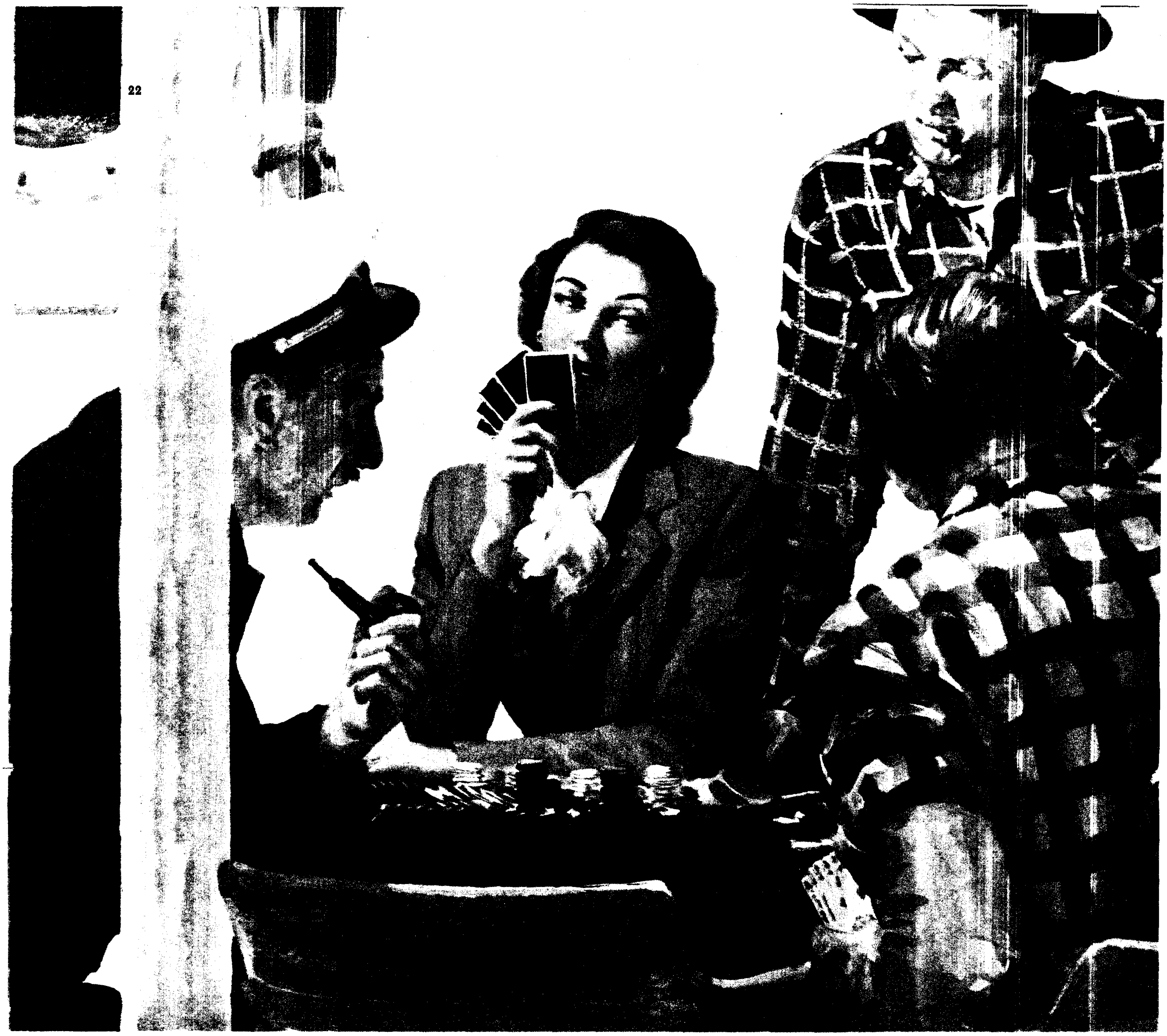
Freed, the man sat up, rubbing his throat. His voice was hoarse. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Stymie grinned. "All these years on the road, I know a coupla things, too. Just before you came, I saw a shadow in the thorn over there. Then a rabbit jumped out on me. A rabbit won't jump at one man unless there's another one scaring him behind. That con's in the brush. A thousand bucks waitin'. For us, see?"

"Yeah," said the cop, nodding slowly. "Yeah."

"Let's collect," said Stymie. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY AL GABRIELE



THE LOGGER AND THE LADY

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

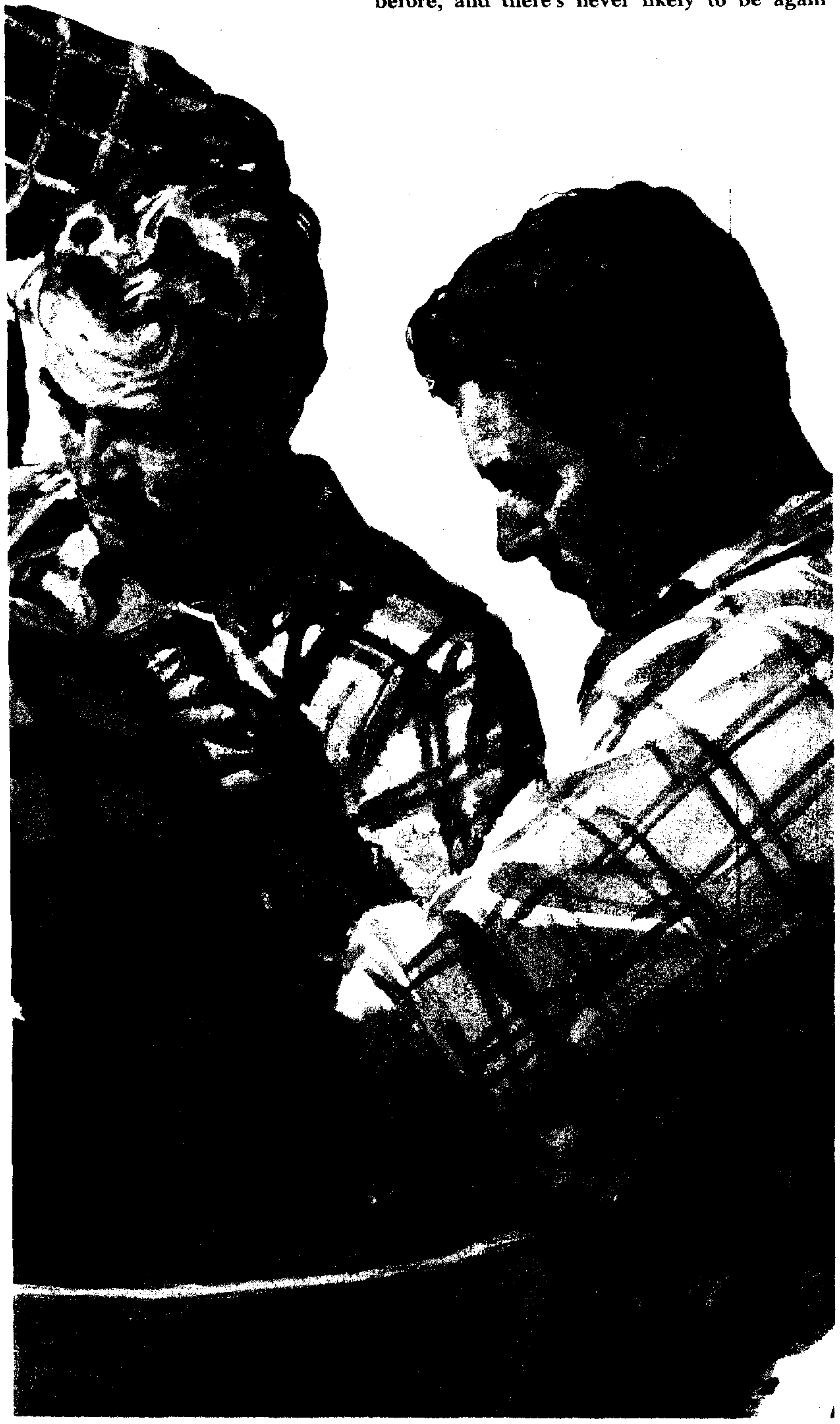
He couldn't believe that a beautiful girl would cheat—but then, he hadn't seen a white woman in six months

SHE'S a great old tub, the Marlum. The boys who follow the woods call her the Loggers' Hearse, and they say if you're hard up for a fight or a frolic you can always find one or the other, or both, on board her. She carries a bridal suite on her top deck and a lockup below. You never know who you'll meet on the Marlum, or what will happen after you meet him or her. Like the time this young truck skinner, Ric Truro, was coming down from the spruce camps with six months' pay and tangled with the poker-playing redhead in the Marlum's lounge.

Ric Truro didn't know she was a poker player, of course. He just knew it was six months since he'd laid eyes on a white girl in nylons—half a year of skinning a ten-speed truck down the grades with fifty tons of logs at the back of his neck—and that anyhow, the game was going to sleep on account of a bunch of farmers and home guards and married stiffs who wouldn't let him boom the ante.

"Excuse me, boys," Ric said. "If we're bound to play lady-style we might as well do it proper." He threw in his hand and crossed to where the girl sat reading in one of the red leather chairs with the light shining in

There never was such a game on the Marlum before, and there's never likely to be again



her hair, which was the color of new-cut cedarwood.

"Miss," Ric said, his brown town-going hat in his hand, "you look lonely. No offense, but how'd you like to sit in?"

The girl glanced up from her magazine. What she saw was shoulders a falling-ax-handle across, curly black hair that was going to make some barber scream like a cougar, and a set of features scrambled by spills and battles but adding up to a happy, homely face. She gave Ric a cool little smile; she had large eyes with the longest, darkest lashes you ever saw. "Thank you," she said. "No."

"Why not?" Ric asked her. "We're all sober and well-behaved. You can crack a book anytime, babe."

This time she really looked at Ric. Over his checked shirt he wore a conservative brown jacket that must have set him back fifty bucks. A nice happy-go-lucky tame ape duded up for town. Maybe, too, she heard the fifteen hundred dollars sizzling quietly in his hip pocket. Anyhow, she closed her magazine and got up. Her suit was light, kind of severe and businesslike, but her white blouse had a tricky bow at the throat.

"Very well," she said in her soft, cool voice. "I'll play, if you insist."

There never was anything wrong with Ric Truro's manners. He fetched a chair for her and set her in to the table mighty gallant with his pack of cigarettes handy to her elbow.

"I guess you wouldn't know how to play draw poker," he said, and grinned at her with the light flashing off his gold front tooth. "You'll pick it up in a few hands, though. If I do say so, you've got a good teacher, babe."

"I'm sure I have," the redhead said, and it seemed to Ric her smile had warmed up considerable. "As a matter of fact I used to play poker now and then, winter evenings with Daddy. Am I supposed to deal?"

She picked up the deck with slender white fingers. The cards flitted from her left hand to her right with a *wheet—wheet—wheet* like the sound of a razor on a strop.

One of the home guards shoved back from the table and reached for his billfold kind of hasty. "Evening's getting on," he said. "Just deal me out, eh, lady?"

"Me too," said one of the married stiffs. "I remember I told my missus I'd come back to the stateroom early."

That left only a rigging slinger from Menzies Bay, a Swenska falling-bucker off one of those Texada Island gyppo shows, one of the Marlum's crew, Ric Truro, and the red-haired girl.

"If you're ready, gentlemen," she said, and began to deal.

Highball play is nothing new on the Marlum, but they do say that game came near to hanging up a record. The redhead tucked Ric's bonus check into her handbag an hour after they started, and exactly two hours later by the lounge clock, Ric was clean as a barked fir butt. The rigging slinger and the gyppo bucker had pulled out when the girl suggested they switch to wild widow and take the limit off. They watched bug-eyed while she closed her bag with a snap like a rattrap on the last of fifteen hundred bucks.

"Thank you so much for the lesson, Mr. Truro," she said. "I don't imagine we'll meet, but if we do by some accident, my name isn't babe!"

SHE tucked the white handbag under her arm, and walked out of the lounge, leaving Ric Truro with a flat wallet and a breath of perfume.

The rigging slinger snickered, and Ric kicked the table out of the way and batted him in the whiskers. Not that he couldn't bear to lose, you understand. He just resented the suggestion that a girl who smelled so nice would go around clipping tame apes.

Even for the Marlum, they say it was quite a battle. The ship's second officer lost most of his uniform, and reinforcements had to be called from the engine room before they could toss Ric Truro into the poky. And there he sat, thinking of life and women, and women and poker, until the Marlum nosed alongside the North Coast Steamships Company pier in the morning.

The purser, a crab-faced old Scot, turned Ric loose. "Here," he said, and slapped an envelope into Ric's hand. "A lassie left this for ye. She has mair heart than sense, a'm thinking."

Ric tore open the envelope. Inside were his six company checks, his bonus and a scatteration of bills.

"We hae made deductions," the purser told him. "One table, two chairs and a porthole glass broken, and domoge to the second's uniforrrm. We didna' charge for oor winchman's teeth."

"Mac," Ric said, "what was that girl's name?"

"A gey queer thing," the purser said with his eye on the envelope. "I hae forgotten it quite."

Ric jogged his memory with the first bill that came to hand. "Why," said the purser, "now I ken! Janet, she's called. Janet Jamieson, and she's daughter to the late Jamie Jamieson, him that used to gamble up and doon the coast. He bought a wee logging ootfit at Summer Harbor ten years ago wi' money won at sinfu' games of chance upon this verra vessel. But her name will do ye no guid, Muster Truro, for she's a boss logger—"

"Like hell it won't!" Ric said, and jammed the envelope into his stranded pants. "I don't mind losing my stake, but I won't be insulted by her treating me like I was a kid that oughtn't to be playing for keeps. Boss logger or no, when I find that carrottop, Mac, she's going over my knee."

"Best arm yer fist wi' muckle strength then," the purser told him dryly. "I'll no gainsay ye're a braw lad in a roughhoose, but ye've yet to meet Blackjack Mike Halloran, her camp push. Do ye so much as look sideways at Janet Jamieson, and Blackjack Mike will make cat's meat of ye." He tucked Ric's five-spot into his brass-buttoned vest. "Awa' now!" he said. "Go fritter yer hard-earnt pay on drink and hussies and the like foolishness!"

THAT sounded like mighty good advice to a boy just down from the spruce country where it rains all day and all night. Ric Truro had friends in town, scads of them in every beer parlor, and he knew plenty of girls, blondes and brunettes and even a couple of redheads. But he couldn't seem to work up a proper interest in partying. By ten o'clock that night he was back in his Granville Street hotel, cold sober and without more than ten bucks frittered.

He slumped in an armchair with his feet on the window sill and watched the Marlum's lights slide away from the North Coast pier, trying to figure what had come over him. For all the fun he'd had since he hit town, he might as well been roosting in a bunkhouse. First off, Ric tried to blame it on his job. You skin a sixteen-wheeler up and down those sidehills long enough and it gets you, he thought. You know all the time what's due to pop someday when you hit a soft shoulder or your load slides or your air brakes let go on a grade. It's the job; it's making an old man of me.

He sat there chain-smoking, and he couldn't sleep worth a hoot that night for dreaming about the red-haired girl. In the morning he felt even worse. All while he was fiddling with his porridge and hot cakes and eggs and bacon he kept thinking about how sore he was at her, and how sweetly she'd smiled at him.

He was mooching along Granville Street, trying to remember had there been any rings on her fingers, when the Blundell & Ryan Timber Company man-catcher tapped him on the shoulder. Man-catchers, they say, are like ravens, paying no heed to a well buck but sticking close to one that's off his feed. They know better than to tackle a logger till his look and his walk tell them he's broke and is ready for the woods again. Right after Ric Truro told the man-catcher what he could do with his job, he knew what ailed him. He was broke. He had six months' pay in his pockets, but just the same, he was broke, because that dough belonged to the redhead.

With that settled, Ric felt a lot better. He had a quick beer with a hook tender in from Salmon River, then high-stepped across-town to Brady's hiring hall.

"Sign me out," he told Joe Brady behind the counter.

Brady, a skinny little dude with a bald dome and a green eyeshade,

(Continued on page 36)

Manager Wirt Ross talks a good fight when he's telling one of his heavyweight hopefuls how to handle his dukes

POT SHOTS BY
ONE SHOT ROSS

BY AL SANTORO

He's a fabulous character who runs a stable of pugilists in Los Angeles. When he was a squirt in Kentucky his pa named him Wirt and he had to shoot his way out of that with a squirrel gun. His buddies were people like Sure-Thing Slim and Chilkoot Charley

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

THE first time I ever mixed beer and stout with One Shot Ross, the Old Rebel, at Goodfellows Grotto on Main Street in Los Angeles, I sat in a chair facing the entrance. The Grotto, where Oysters Rockefeller have been served delicately to gourmets since 1900, is several doors down from the Main Street Gymnasium where ears are scrambled daily, but not delicately.

"Excuse me," said One Shot. "Do you mind changing places?"

I didn't mind.

"Ever since they shot Jesse James in the back I am careful never to sit down unless I'm fronting the door," said One Shot.

As a preface, this may serve to show that the story of One Shot Ross may not be recorded in capsule form. Ross, whose Christian name is really Wirt, has been a soldier, gambler and adventurer. Currently he is a manager of fighters. In the sports world he has scored undying fame as the entrepreneur who gave Henry Armstrong's contract to Al Jolson for a trifling sum only later to see Henry come down a fast fistic track to win three championships.

One Shot claims to have been a participant in many a dramatic episode, either as the central character, or at least as one of the supernumeraries in the wings. He is an authority on the Old West. And after blowing the collar off the third glass of beer and stout you may, with no difficulty, televise One Shot breaking trail through sweltering tropical jungles; beating a man to the draw in old Skagway, or, astride a fast quarter horse, riding at breakneck speed to grab the reins on the lead horse of a careening stagecoach bearing dust from the diggings. One Shot claims to have been a road agent once, although you get nowhere trying to pin him down as to when and where he last told anyone to stand and deliver.

"Oh, there's nothing against me on paper," he will say if you hint that he is a man with a record.

One Shot soldiered in the Spanish-American War, Pacific theater. His cronies in those "Remember-the-Maine" days were rugged individuals like Three Card Dallas, Poison Tom Ivy, Back-to-Back Crowley, Sure-Thing Slim, Pompadour Potts and Chilkoot Charley.

One Shot is six feet tall. He has a ruddy schoolgirl complexion, but there is snow in the thatch that covers his rooftop. One would judge he first saw the light of day threescore and ten years ago (One Shot makes a marginal note—"I'm 76"). Yet he seems ageless. He is mighty of shoulder and of girth, although not *too* portly. He stands straight as a ramrod, with a throwback of his shoulders that dates back to the days when Uncle Sam was paying him fourteen dollars a month and cakes.

In recent years One Shot has gone Hollywood, but only to a slight extent. His two-toned sport blouses cause the lifting of many an eye in the Main Street Gym. But the Hollywood stuff ends at his skypiece. Old man Stetson would writhe if he could see One Shot put the crusher on one of his more expensive numbers. One Shot pulls the lid down over his ears and sets the headpiece heavily askew.

He has a fondness for warm-colored neckwear, which usually supports one of his two diamond stickpins. These are barometers of his financial standing of the moment. Both stones are canaries. The large one is just under the size of a plover's egg.

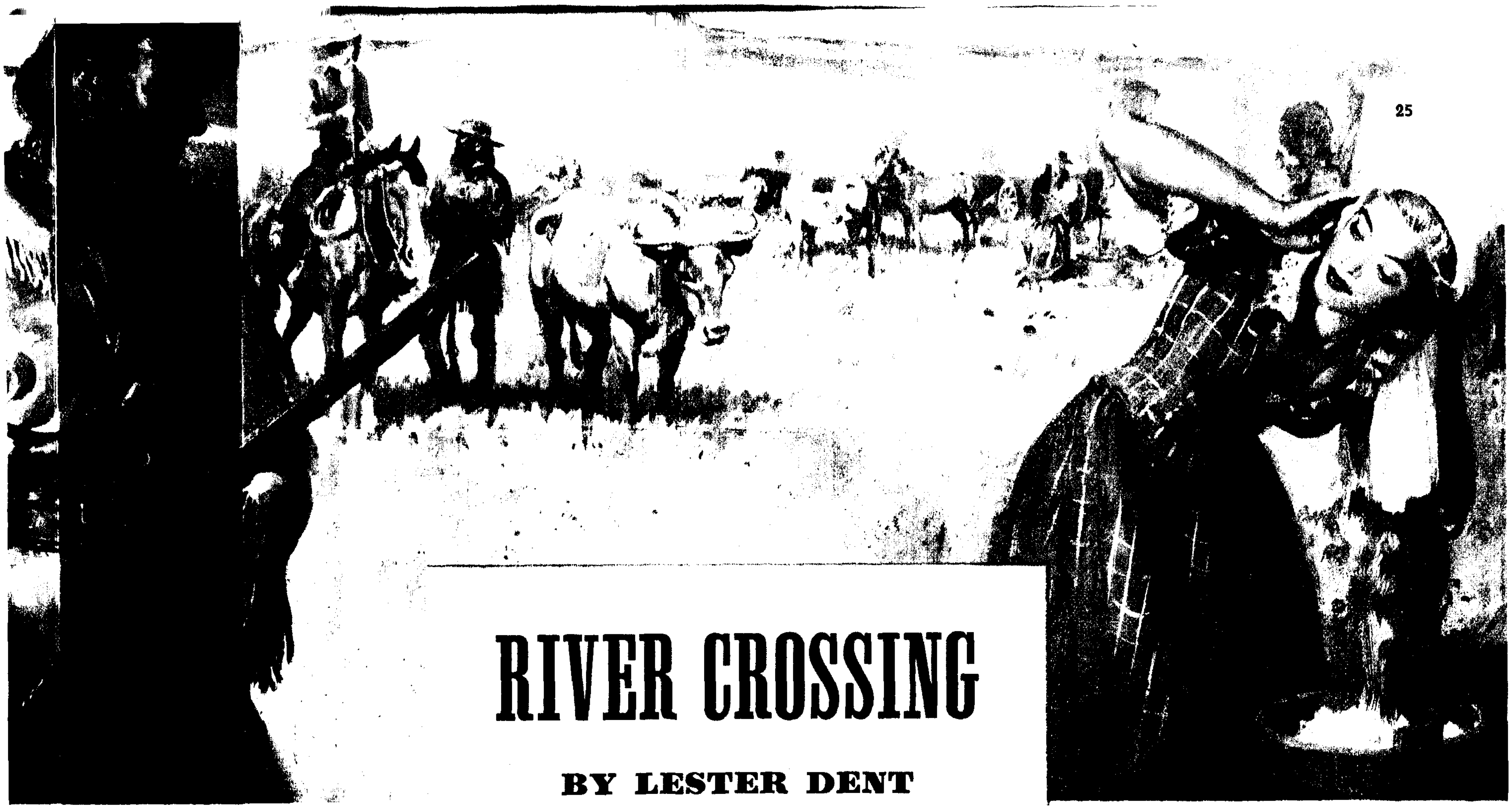
Before "Hammering Henry" Became a Champ

I first met One Shot in Oakland, California, years ago. He was managing Henry Armstrong, later to hold the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight titles. At that time Henry was merely fighting in one of the special events. One Shot was wearing a piece of ice in the knot of his flaming tie.

"I can see by your headlight that you are highballing along and things are all rosy and right with you," I said, having heard of his propensity for stickpin gems.

"Not too good," One Shot replied, using a tone designed to frustrate the possible floating of a slow loan. "The big one's in hock."

It must have been during one of the periods when the big headlight was at Uncle Ben's that One Shot decided to sell Armstrong's contract to Mammy-singer Jolson for a mere $10,000. After Jolson, too, had sold him, Henry earned thousands of dollars in the ring. With a thirty-three-and-a-third cut as manager, One Shot would *(Continued on page 66)*



Stack said, "I would like to know what happened to you at our meeting this afternoon?"

RIVER CROSSING

BY LESTER DENT

●

Everyone except Stack wanted to hang the old Indian for stealing the ox. But the ox had belonged to Stack, and in a hard country he was a soft man

NELS STACK left the wagon camp afoot and plodded slowly up the ridge against the sunshine that was so glittering and so surprisingly without warmth. Halfway up, Stack met Norfolk a Missouri emigrant, and he asked Norfolk, "What have they done?"

Norfolk reined in his horse. "Nels, they're going to hang the old Indian," he said. "They're waiting on you."

"Yes, they sent Tom Davis to tell me," Stack said. "I thought maybe they had got impatient."

He did not say more than this, but looked at Norfolk searchingly. Stack was seeking signs of shame in Norfolk, and he decided he saw some, enough to tell him that shame was the reason for Norfolk riding back to camp alone. Stack felt a warm rush of plain human approval, and he tried to think of a way of showing Norfolk that he did approve, but nothing came to mind. Norfolk would resent it anyway.

Norfolk said suddenly, "I don't see why the hell they're waiting on you, Nels. You'll only talk them out of it." Then Norfolk spurred his horse and rode on.

Now there, Stack thought, was a thing he'd observed before. A contrary thing. They threw their resentment at gentleness and humanity, even when they were overflowing with the same emotion themselves. If Nels Stack stood between them and the old Indian, which he intended doing, then Nels Stack would be cursed for softness. Stack was sure of this. He also knew that he was already labeled as a soft young man. Not a wise, humanitarian young man. A soft one. He had even heard himself called "Preach." But this had happened only a couple of times, since Stack was a moderately wealthy man, and in the West in 1857, riches were not associated with the clergy.

Stack figured it this way: The wagon train had been stalled here three weeks, thwarted by the river quicksands, and in hostile country, too, so everyone was plagued by desperation. Desperation begets fear. Hardness is the only feasible defense against fear in such a situation, and so Stack had moved apart by remaining gentle. It was not an easy lot for him.

Stack resumed his climbing, but he did not hurry. His body did not have the rawhide toughness of these others, but that was not why he did not hurry. The longer they had to ponder their hanging, the more crevices there would be for driving in wedges of common sense.

When he was breathing short, Stack paused to rest and look back at the river.

The river was behind and below him now. The river wasn't a mile wide and an inch deep, the way they'd heard. But it was a nasty river. It was the flat skin of a yellow snake. If it had any bottom other than quicksand, they hadn't found it. It seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to their trek westward, because nowhere was the water deep enough to float the wagons over, or even swim horses across.

Stack, when he heard hoofbeats, quickly turned. Relief touched him as he saw two women riding sidesaddle back to the wagon camp. They hadn't disposed of the Indian yet, apparently.

And then when Stack saw that one of the women was Laura Collin, his relief warmed into something more. When the women swung to pass him close by, Stack at once removed his hat and waited.

Laura Collin rode slightly ahead of Mrs. Davis, the other woman. It was, Stack had noticed before, a habit of hers to move in the forefront. Not apart, but out in front; there was a great difference about whether a woman was apart from other women, or was one of them, but standing prominently. The women liked Laura Collin. She would, before long, Stack imagined, become their leader and spokeswoman.

Laura Collin was, Stack had guessed, about twenty-four. She had more maturity than that about the mouth and eyes, and a lovely face; he liked the lean erect air she had, and the impression that he got that the bloom was still in her a well-filled cup. There was also—and here he was not guessing—considerable dark tragedy in her past. She had joined the wagon train on the Platte, when he was away on a business trip to the Black Hills. He had found her with the party when he returned, ten days ago, to find progress stalled by the river quicksands, and a state of considerable alarm.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Davis," Stack said politely. "Hello, Miss Collin."

"Mr. Stack!" said Mrs. Davis.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stack," Laura Collin said, and she gave him a measuring glance, a look that was plainly an attempt to weigh his value against the crisis of the moment.

Stack bent his head in a special way, wishing her to understand he appreciated her interest. Truthfully, it was the first time he was sure she had shown a clear interest in him. There had been other times when he suspected something more than the casual. But those times there'd been too good a chance that what he thought he saw was only the reflection of his own hope.

"Mr. Stack," said Mrs. Davis, "they're planning to hang the old Indian."

He looked at the older woman, wondered why she did not go ahead and have her tears, and said, "So I understand, Mrs. Davis."

"He's such an old Indian," Mrs. Davis said thinly.

"Yes, I know," said Stack gently.

"He's so pitiful-looking."

"Now, now, Mrs. Davis," Stack said. "You should ride to camp and forget about this."

"Mr. Stack, you own ten wagons, and you're a rich man," Mrs. Davis said appealingly. "You can stop them, can't you?"

Stack, knowing the kind of richness she meant did not come from owning ten wagons or a hundred wagons, grew *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

"THERE GOES RUSTY!"

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Taunton is a good name for this Massachusetts track. Here Rusty, the very fast mechanical rabbit, leads six hungry greyhounds a wild chase for the benefit of the bettors—and the cameramen

THE greyhound is an incredibly swift and incurably stupid animal that chases a fake rabbit around a race track, makes a fortune for various humans and gets nothing for his pains but a day without food. Anybody is entitled to love a greyhound but under our laws the affection is returned in only four states, with Massachusetts and Florida providing the bulk of the adoration.

The sport started in Emeryville, California, in 1919, when Owen P. Smith found the greyhound was a sucker from away back, so Mr. Smith invented the mechanical rabbit. The dogs, penned up in boxes at the starting line, can hear the gadget (named Rusty) as it careens around the track. When it passes over their heads the boxes are opened, the dogs take off and the race is run. Devotees of the pastime insist that greyhound racing is the most honest form of gambling because a dog may be dumb but he has no jockey to educate him.

It was not always so and skulduggery was in flower in the earlier days. Many a hound left the box so saturated with drinking water and stuffed with provender that he traveled only with distress. The laws, supervised now by the International Greyhound Association, are as inexorably fixed as a Balinese wedding rite. The dog eats nothing for twenty-four hours before a race and at 5 P.M. is turned over to the kennel masters (one from the state and one from the track).

The state racing commission then "Bertillons" each dog, checking his feet, color of toenails, scars, chest and side markings. Then the dogs are locked in pens guarded by state troopers. Nobody can get near them. At race time they are "Bertilloned" again and escorted to the starting line by uniformed gentlemen who look like Air Force officers.

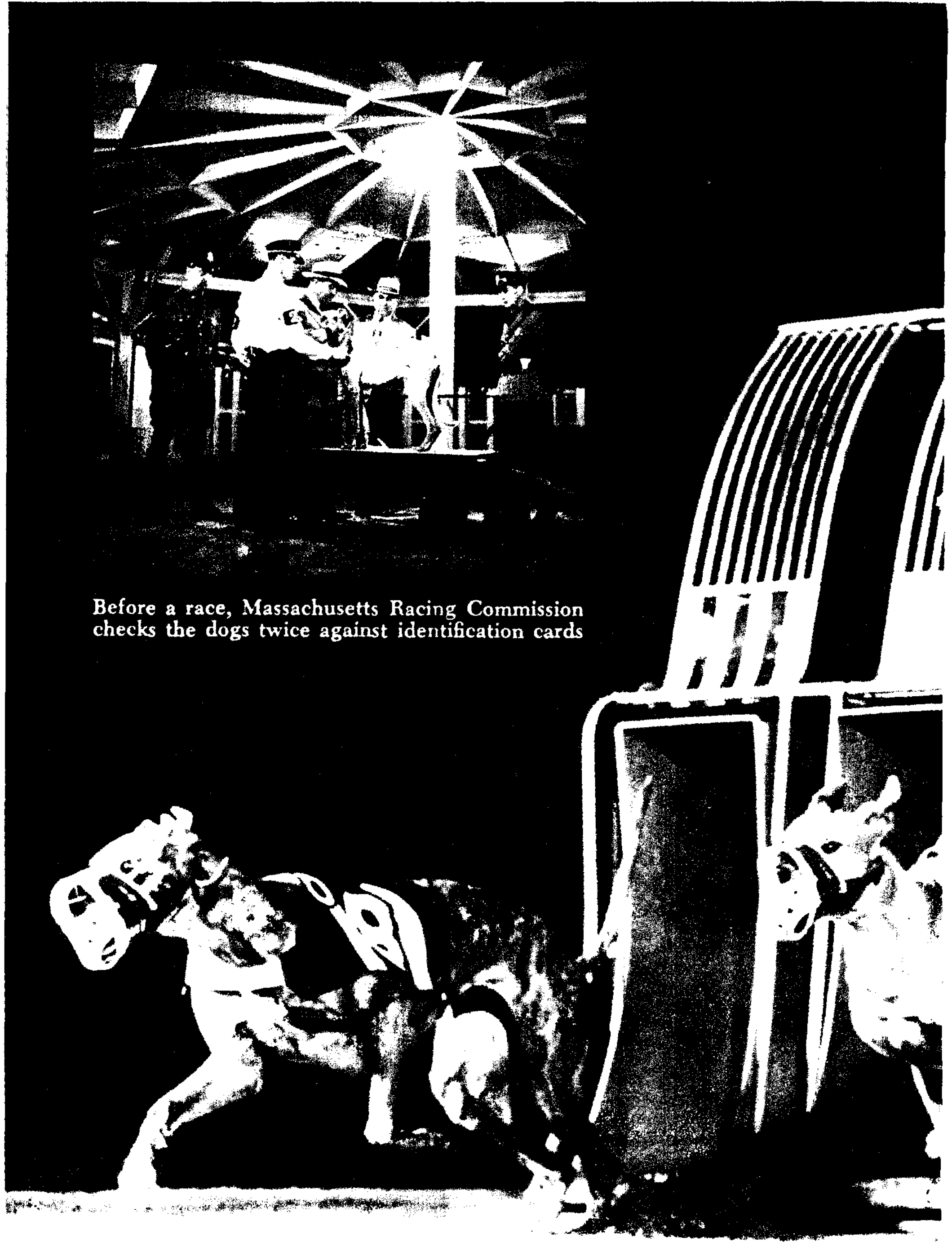
There are 18 tracks in this country, with St. Petersburg, Florida, the oldest; Revere Beach, Massachusetts, the largest, and Taunton, Massachusetts, which is pictured here, making claims to being the most beautiful. Taunton draws 10,000 on weekday nights and 14,000 on Saturdays. Mutuel machines are used for betting and the tote at Taunton goes as high as $354,000 on a Saturday night.

This country breeds about 6,000 greyhounds a year. They start racing when around fifteen months of age and go on until they are five years old. When sold they bring from $300 to $40,000—the price offered for the famous Flashy Sir. He won 62 out of 68 races during his career. Other great dogs were Never Roll and Lucky Pilot, who still hold most of the current records. The most renowned of all was Mick, the Miller, an Irish dog that won $50,000 in purses between 1929 and 1931.

Greyhounds race twice a week, get a good meal after the race and have their paws cleaned and their eyes washed by a veterinarian, and are said to be as happy as a greyhound has any right to be.

The best racing dogs weigh around 70 pounds, cover between 12 and 20 feet per leap and for an eighth of a mile are about as fast as a horse. They were first brought to this country by Western farmers and ranchers to kill jack rabbits. They did this acceptably and have also ruined many unwary bettors since.

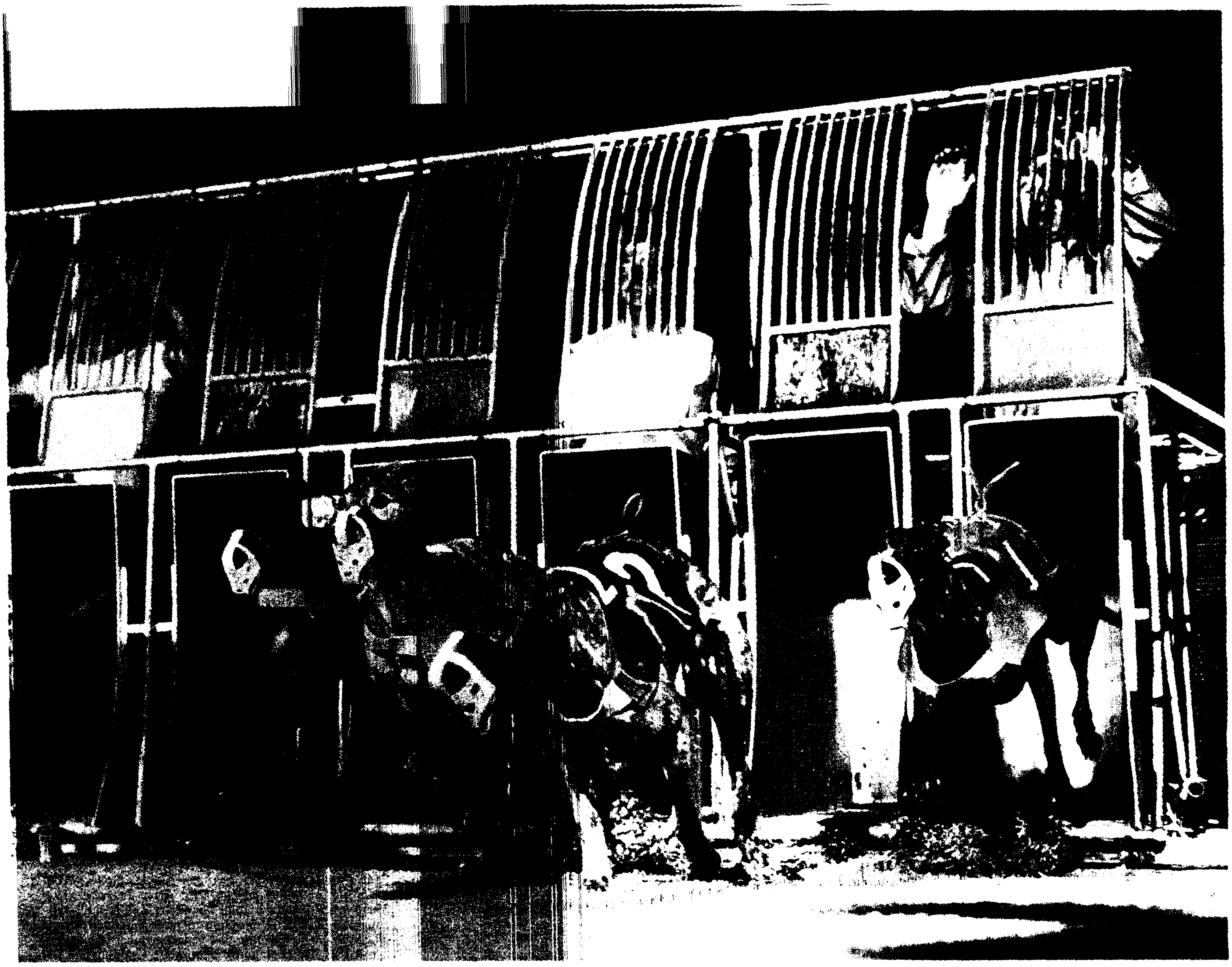
Dog racing is exactly like horse racing except that dog races take place at night, the track is much smaller and horses are not dogs, except upon occasion. Experts hold that dogs run more nearly true to form than horses but this may be an illusion based on misery. As a matter of fact, the swiftest of all four-footed animals is the cheetah. But who could build a sport on a name like that? ★★★



Before a race, Massachusetts Racing Commission checks the dogs twice against identification cards

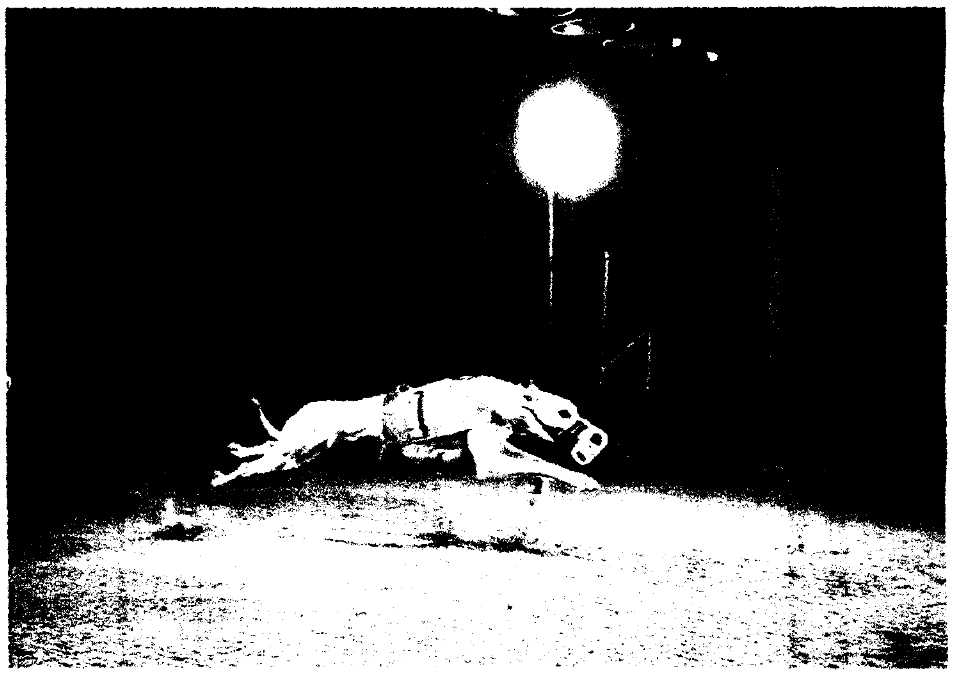
A second after the mechanical rabbit shoots by, the doors of the starting boxes spring open

The dogs race past the grandstand just after the start. They make one turn around the track and finish directly before the stands. The usual distances are 550 and 660 yards



Taunton uses this new English-type device, with the doors opening upward. Usually there are eight dogs in a race, but in this one, two entries were scratched

Around the last turn of the track, the greyhounds come flying, headed into the homestretch. At least three must finish before the judges can declare it a race



Number 1 streaks over the finish line well in the lead. The winning time of each race is recorded electrically by the time clock in the background

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

An Affair OF STATE

There's been a leak in a top-secret State Department project, in this third of a four-part serial. World peace may hang in the balance

★

BY PAT FRANK

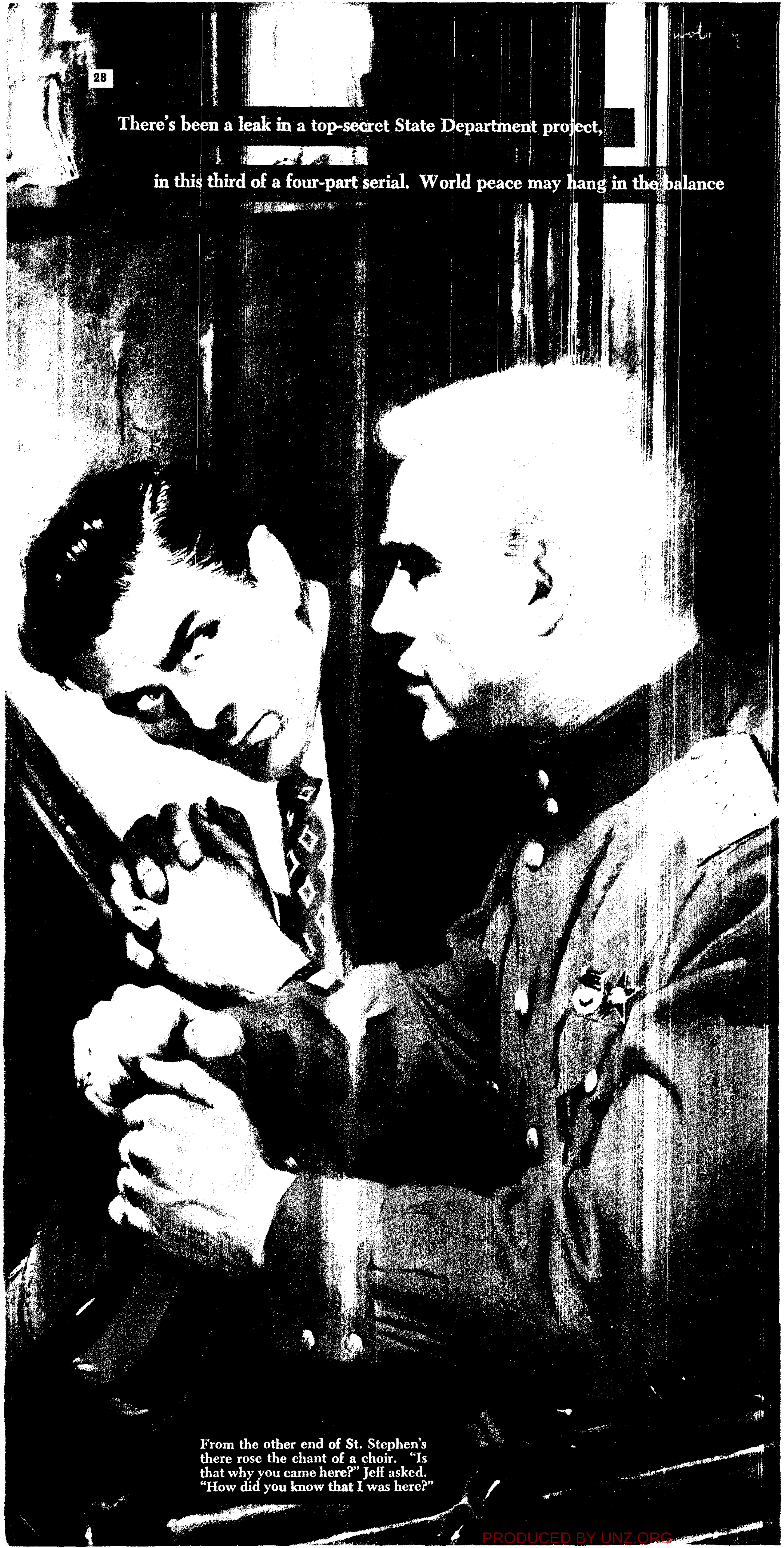
The Story: After seven years in the Army, Jeff Baker returns to the States in 1949, determined to do something to keep his country out of war. He makes application to the State Department and is accepted as a Foreign Service officer. An old friend of Jeff's father, Horace Locke, now in an obscure State Department position, promises to help Jeff. Susan Pickett, whom Jeff loves, will not marry him because she is afraid there will be another war and she will lose him. But when Jeff is assigned to Budapest, Susan promises to wait for him. In Budapest, Jeff meets the chief of the mission, Admiral Blankenhorn, an ambitious, military-minded man, who acts as if war has been declared already. Jeff also meets Fred Keller, who is head of the top-secret Atlantis Project, to which Jeff is assigned. The Project is an attempt to build up, secretly, an underground organization in Europe that would operate in the event of war with Russia. An attaché named William Quigley is in charge of security for Atlantis. Jeff's job is to contact theatrical people. Going home late one night Jeff finds a letter from Leonides Lasenko, a Russian whom he knew very well in Italy during World War II, pleading to meet him. Jeff meets Leonides, who tells him that he is a member of a group in Russia that is planning a counter-revolution, and he wants Jeff, at the proper time, to transmit this to his superiors. Jeff agrees. Quigley finds out about the meeting but does not tell the admiral. Jeff meets Rikki Teledy, a dancer, the most beautiful woman in Budapest; she is part of his assignment. One night Jeff takes Rikki to his room. When he asks her to be a spy, she gets angry and insists on leaving. They go outside and get in Jeff's jeep. When he steps on the starter a bomb that has been placed under the hood explodes.

IT WAS not a big bomb. It was an absurdly small bomb. It was a petard, of no more power than an old-fashioned July Fourth giant cracker, and perhaps not so much as the plastic Red Devil grenades used by the Italians, so it is said, to frighten the enemy to death.

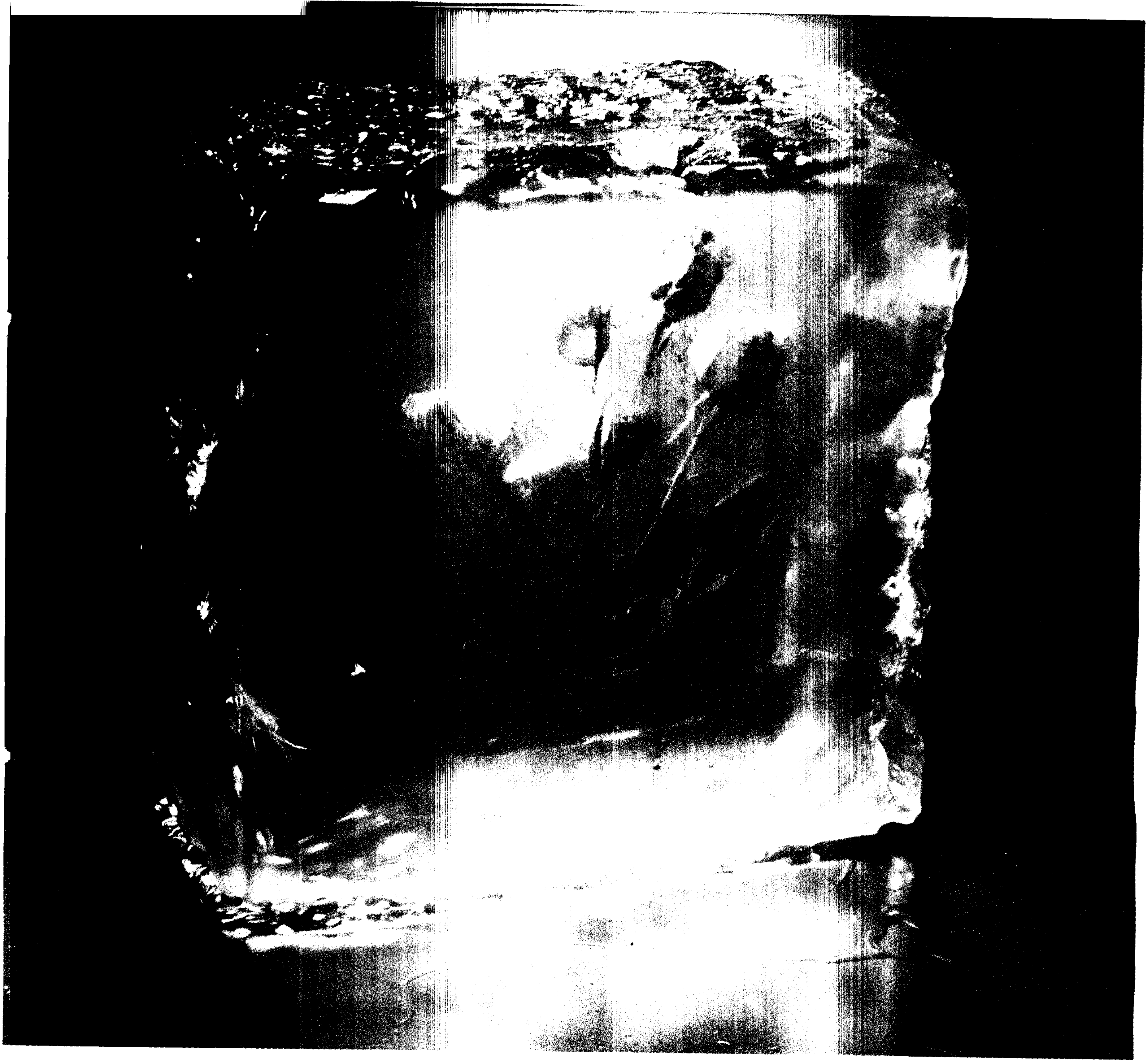
Its repercussions were felt in New York and Washington, but they were muffled by greater events and bigger bombs. The Inquirer Journal got an eight-column banner out of it for one edition.

> REDS BOMB U.S. DIPLOMAT
>
> BUDAPEST, Dec. 17 (UNS)—(delayed by censor)—Red goon squads today were blamed for last night's bombing of an American legation automobile, and the wounding of J. W. Baker, of Washington, D. C., legation third secretary. The bomb was planted in Mr. Baker's car while it was parked in front of his home. Baker will survive.
>
> Admiral Randolph Blankenhorn, American minister to Hungary, said, "This is an obvious attempt to frighten us out of the country. They won't get away with *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



From the other end of St. Stephen's there rose the chant of a choir. "Is that why you came here?" Jeff asked. "How did you know that I was here?"



Direct color photograph of actual cake of ice with fresh roses frozen inside.

Cooling Idea

THERE ARE THOSE who say it just wouldn't seem like summer without the famous Four Roses cake of ice.

So here it is again—a timely reminder of how gloriously cool and refreshing a Four-Roses-and-ice-and-soda can be.

If you'll follow our suggestion and try one—at home, or at your favorite bar—you'll quickly discover that you're sipping a highball that's very much on the special side, with a mellow magnificence and distinctive flavor all its own.

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Right now would be a wonderful time to find this out, don't you think?

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey— 90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
Fine Blended Whiskey

PLENTY OF TIME FOR LOVE

Continued from page 12

hear me out. When I have done, we shall part. But I shall carry concealed in my heart like a bleeding rose the—"

"Hello," said Eldreth, looking through the door. "Practicing a speech for a play?"

"Well, not exactly."

Eldreth went in. She was a tall woman of twenty-six or -seven, her dark hair worn in an almost affectedly severe arrangement.

ELDRETH HENNING lived with the McCrorys. She was a cousin of Papa's, a young widow of rather mysterious antecedents who had come to Stapleton when her husband lost his life in the Merchant Marine. She supported herself at present by giving piano lessons to the children of the town. She was not overtalkative, and Jane had endowed her with a hundred imaginary biographies.

"I once played in Medea," Eldreth said. "'He, whose well-being was my greatest happiness, the lord of my soul, has become the basest of men!'" Then she treated Jane to one of her rare smiles. "You shouldn't be pursuing the tragic Muse at your age. What's the matter now?"

"Oh, this Livy and Aunt Martha and Oliver and everything. Were you really on the stage, Eldreth?"

"Well, I was and I wasn't," said Eldreth cryptically. "Here, let me help you with the Livy."

The eighteen pages didn't seem too burdensome with Eldreth to help. Jane finally said, "Do you think a marriage between a girl and a much older man has any chance of success?"

"That all depends. How much older?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. About a year or so. He's a senior and I'm—I mean, the girl's a junior in high school."

Eldreth laughed. "I don't want to sound like Aunt Martha, but I'd say you had plenty of time yet to think about love."

"How old were you when you first fell in love?"

Eldreth went to the mirror and surveyed her reflection in it. "I had the leads in several college plays, and then a boy came along and somehow the stage didn't matter any longer. When you're that young, love is all cobwebs and dreams."

"Was he the one that died?"

"Yes. And now I've got more problem children on my hands than if I'd had ten marriages—you and Oliver being by no means the least of them. I stayed in here to help with the Livy, not to—"

Jane looked up, startled. "What was that?"

"What?"

"Eldreth, I absolutely and distinctly heard someone cough in this room. There's someone in here!"

"Mippity, pippity, kibble and coo," came a singsong voice from underneath the bed. "Jane McCrory loves Johnny Ballou. Ha, ha."

"Oliver!" exclaimed Jane, horrified. She dragged the culprit into the open. "How dare you, you—you gruesome creature!"

Oliver, disheveled but unperturbed, said, "I came in here because Franklyn is lost and I thought maybe he might of snuck under your bed. When you come in I figured I'd stay there because you get so excited about everything." He turned to Eldreth and asked innocently, "I'm in the third grade. Do I have plenty of time yet to think about love, Aunt Eldreth?"

"I've a notion to put you over my knee," said Eldreth, half joking.

Oliver managed to beat a dignified retreat. "G'by, everybody!" . . .

Papa was in one of his absent-minded moods at dinner. Absorbed in his profession as one of Stapleton's practicing physicians, he had been somewhat imposed upon until Aunt Martha had come to manage his household after the death of his wife.

"But you aren't *listening!*" Jane exclaimed at dinner table.

"Of course I'm listening, if only subconsciously." Papa smiled. "Something about a new friend of yours named Franklyn."

"Franklyn," explained Eldreth, "is a frog that Oliver's let loose in the house."

"It's time something was done about that child," Jane said. "He's inhuman."

"Well, young man," said Papa to Oliver, "why do you persist in doing these things?"

"Me?" said Oliver. "I dunno. I'm inhuman. Kin I have your pudding if you don't want it, Aunt Eldreth?"

CHALLENGE TO AUTHORS

In next week's issue, Collier's begins publication of the STAR STORY. A STAR STORY will appear in each issue. It will be, in our opinion, The Best Story of the Week. For every STAR STORY Collier's will pay $1,000 in addition to the purchase price. This is our Challenge To Authors and friendly salute to our readers.

FOR THE BEST IN FICTION READ COLLIER'S!

"Well, there it is," said Papa, amused. "He admits he's inhuman. I dare say he's beyond the help of medical science."

At this point the telephone in the hall began jingling. "I'll get it," said Jane.

While Jane was outside chatting, Papa turned to Eldreth: "Well, how do the lessons go?"

"Oh, all right," said Eldreth. "Sometimes I feel like an inquisitor. The little ruffians would rather be out kicking a football around, and here I am saying, 'No, no, no! B-flat, Mortimer.'"

"Oh, but definitely," Jane was saying on the phone. "I'll have to manage it, Lucille—you know the problems one has. The central wing at eight. 'By for now. G'by."

Papa had to go to a meeting after dinner. Eldreth said, "I'm going out, too. I've an appointment to keep." Then Aunt Martha announced that she had set her mind on seeing a new picture at the Bijou.

"But that leaves me here all alone with Oliver!" Jane said. "I just told Lucille I'd meet her in the library. We're going to study."

"Then call her up and say you spoke too hastily," said Papa.

"But, Papa! I mean, this is Kismet, it really is. Livy all afternoon, and Oliver all evening. Gosh, couldn't you take Oliver with you, Aunt Martha?"

"Oliver sees too many movies as it is," Aunt Martha declared.

When the others had left, Jane cast a baneful eye on her brother. "Honestly, I believe you take a delight in making my life miserable."

"Who, me?" Oliver cocked his head innocently to one side. "How come you haff to go to that liberry to study? Is it on account of Johnny Ballou is liable to haff to go there to study too?"

"Oliver McCrory, I could—honestly, I could wring your neck!"

"You know what?" said Oliver. "Sposen you went out and I jist never noticed it, why then you could come home early, and who'd know?"

Jane was in something of a quandary. The attraction of the library was very strong. After all, why should a grown boy of nine need a baby sitter? "All right. But what'll you do by yourself while I'm out?"

"Oh, I got a lot of work to do on my television set down in the basement."

"What television set?"

"It's a ole radio that don't work good. I'm still in the experimental state with it."

"Okay," said Jane. A wave of affection for Oliver welled up in her. "Here's a quarter. Tomorrow you can go out and make yourself sick on ice cream."

It was sheer coincidence that Jane failed to notice the familiar figures of a man and a woman crossing the lawn in front of the library.

"Where shall we walk?" said the man.

"Oh, in Linden Lane, I suppose," said Eldreth. "A phrase has been running through my head all afternoon. I was helping Jane with her Livy, and she wanted to know how old I was when I first fell in love. She has a crush on some kid named Johnny Ballou. I told her when you're young, love is all cobwebs and dreams. I'm wondering whether it isn't all cobwebs and dreams at any time."

"Maybe." He pushed some tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

"What's it like to you, Howard?"

"What is what like?"

"Love."

"H'm. You, I guess. I think about you. Your life. The kind of courage you have—unspectacular. Coming to this small town, giving kids piano lessons, making something whole out of something broken."

"Were you ever in love before?" Eldreth added hastily, "I didn't mean to ask that. Don't answer."

He smiled. "Yes. She was the most beautiful creature who ever existed. An Italian girl. She's dead."

"Oh! I'm sorry—"

"That's all right." He laughed. "She had been dead for thirteen hundred years when they found her. A peasant discovered the stone coffin in a field during the 15th century. All Rome went insane over her beauty, which was perfectly preserved. I was enchanted by the story when I came across it." He sighed with mock seriousness. "Perhaps you're right. Maybe love is cobwebs and dreams at any time."

She reached for his hand. "You're a wonderful person, Howard," she said. "I don't think anybody appreciates you—but me. I'm glad I came here and—well, and found you."

He laughed. "You're not quite as beautiful as Julia, but you're probably much more practical."

"Julia?"

"The Roman princess." . . .

Jane, meanwhile, had met Lucille in the center wing of the library. Ralph Condon and Johnny Ballou happened, as it were, to be doing some research in chemistry. The library seemed awkward, so they went for sodas at Motley's Drugstore. On her way home Jane could still feel the warm place where her arm had rested inside Johnny's. When they parted, a court match had been agreed upon for the following afternoon. The stars winked mysteriously at her as she approached her home. Her head more or less in the clouds, she ran into a man in a tweed topcoat.

"Awfully sorry," he said. His glasses had been knocked askew and he paused to adjust them. "Good evening, Miss McCrory."

"Fisheyes!" Jane stammered. "I—G-good evening, Mr. Harrington. This is my street. I'm on my way home from the library. Good night, Mr. Harrington."

"Good night," said Fisheyes.

IT WAS tough enough to endure the stares of Fisheyes during the day without bumping into him at night, she thought. People like that were inhuman. Her momentary irritation was cut short by the sudden knowledge that practically every light was on in the barrack. With a shock her mind adjusted itself to the fact that more than three hours had disappeared somewhere into the void. Something frightful had occurred in her absence, that much was plain. She dashed up the rickety steps of the front porch, her heart in her mouth.

"What's the matter, Aunt Martha?"

"Matter enough." Aunt Martha's expression was fixed in a mold as stiff as a plaster cast. Eldreth apparently had just come in.

Jane turned to Eldreth. "What happened?"

Eldreth shook her head absent-mindedly. Aunt Martha said, "I'll thank you to accompany me into the basement, young lady."

They went down the narrow stairway. Jane was horror-stricken by the sight that met her eyes. Sections of hot-air pipes lay all over the basement. Dr. McCrory was shoveling soot into a barrel. Oliver, holding the dustpan, was covered with black grime. But most terrible of all to behold were Aunt Martha's curtains on their stretchers. Papa looked up. "Ah, Jane. I presume you went to the library after all."

"Yes," said Jane. "I thought—"

"William," interrupted Aunt Martha, "may I ask what you intend doing about this young woman? Just *look* at those curtains I slaved over all afternoon!"

"Now, now," said Papa soothingly. "Let's not cry over spilled soot. After all,

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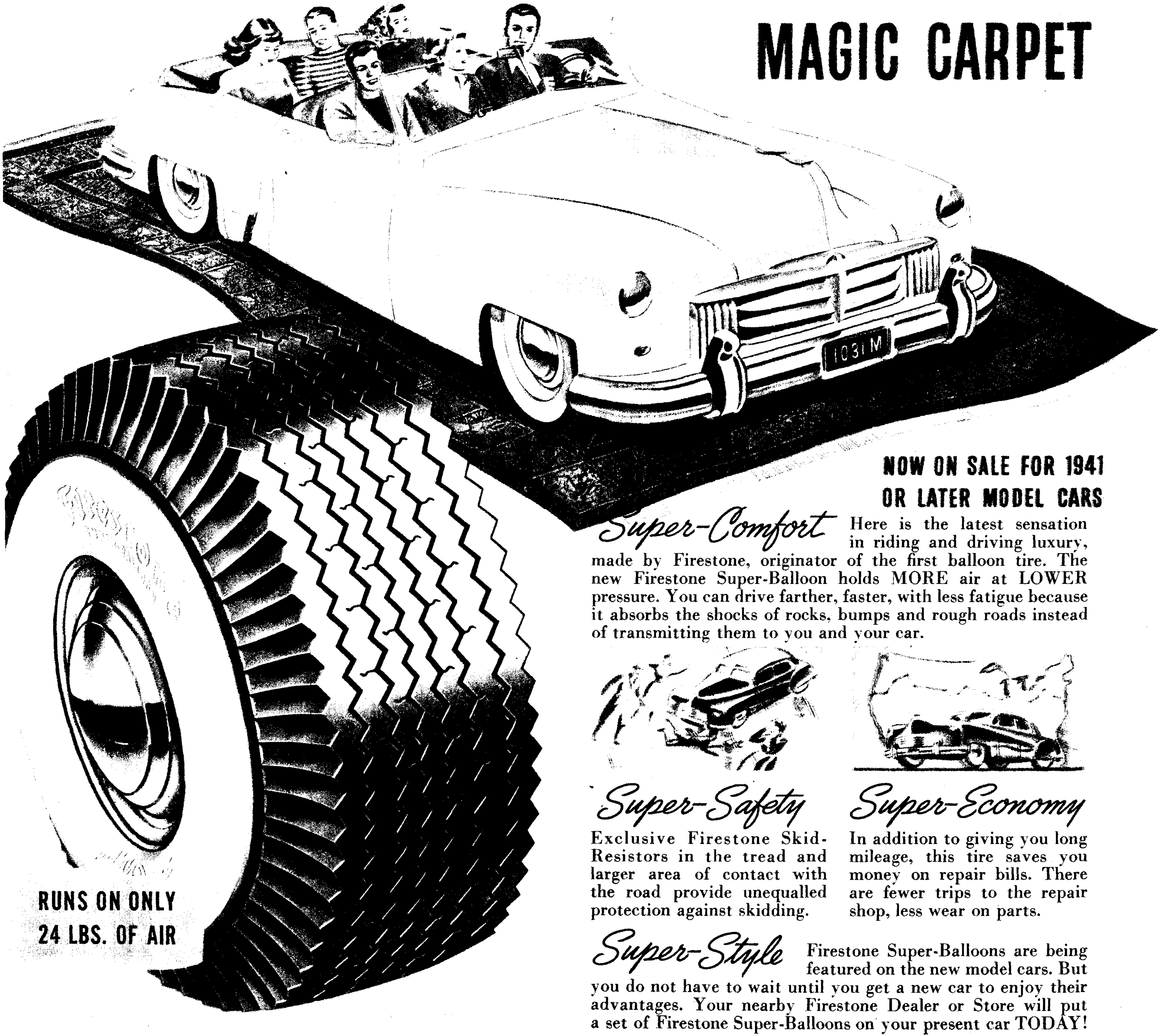

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He's the One Who's Wearing Blinders!
GOLLY, MOLLY! YOU DIDN'T USED TO SHY AT A KISS! WHAT MAKES YOU ACT SO SKITTISH LATELY?
EDDIE, ANY GIRL'S SKITTISH WHEN A BOY HAS A—A BAD BREATH HANDICAP! WON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST? PLEASE!
GIDDYAP!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

Oliver didn't knock the pipes down deliberately."

Oliver said, "I figured this frog, this Franklyn, must of snuck down the ventilator from Jane's room and got caught in the hot-air pipe. I was tryin' to bring in some television when I heard him croakin' up there. First I climbed inside the furnace and tried to reach him with my hand. Then I got up on a chair and banged at the pipe with that there broomstick. How did I know the pipes'd all come apart the first minute somebody went ahead and banged 'em?"

"Did you finally rescue the frog?" asked Papa.

"No, sir. I guess he got lost again in the shuffle."

"Just look at my curtains," Aunt Martha said to Eldreth. "I declare, this house lacks the slightest evidence of discipline." Turning to her brother she said, "If Jane hadn't gone out in pursuit of her own selfish ends this wouldn't have happened. Well, William, one satisfaction I demand: I must have it understood that Jane stays in tomorrow afternoon and rewashes these curtains."

"That seems fair enough," said Papa mildly.

AT THE thought of again being prevented from keeping her date on the courts with Johnny, Jane's heart turned into a leaden ball. "All right, Papa. I told you to do something about this gruesome little boy, but you wouldn't. Now I have to stay in and—"

When Oliver was washed and ready for bed Jane cornered him outside his bedroom. "Come here."

"Me?"

"Where's that quarter I gave you?"

"Oh, that." He fished it out of his pocket. "Indian giver!"

"You're Kismet, that's what you are!" Jane railed at him. "You're positively and absolutely inhuman. There's just really no point in talking to you. Go to bed!"

"G'night," said Oliver imperturbably. "I'm Kismet, that's who I am. Ha, ha."

Jane climbed into bed and turned out the light. In her mind she recreated Johnny Ballou's magic smile and deep laughter. Maybe his interest was not merely athletic and professional. Maybe— She leaped up, shrieking. Something cold had touched her forehead. "Papa! Eldreth!"

Eldreth came running in, followed by Oliver. "Aw, don't be a-scared," said Oliver reassuringly. The frog was sitting unconcernedly on Jane's pillow. "It's only Franklyn, that's all." . . .

Jane was unable to find words to describe her predicament to Lucille the following day. To add to her case against Fate, Fisheyes Harrington religiously avoided calling upon her after she had given her all to Livy. "It's definitely and completely unconscionable!" she complained to Lucille at lunchtime. "Washing curtains—and by hand! Why did everybody have to go out last night? Where was Aunt Eldreth? I think she's a mystery woman, Lucille. She goes out at night, and nobody ever knows where. What am I going to say to Johnny? After all, I mean, one can't stand up an athlete like Johnny Ballou twice in succession."

Lucille offered to come over and help her with the curtains. "After all, if a person's best friend is in trouble, well, I guess there's no sacrifice too great for that best friend to make."

Jane was touched. "I wouldn't think of it, Lucille. It's just too gruesome to think of. And all on account of a darned frog. What *will* I say to Johnny?"

"Don't say anything. I'll see if I can make up some excuse."

On her way home from school Jane heaved a series of abysmal sighs. It seemed as though fate had decided to choose her as its plaything. She wondered if Eldreth would be sympathetic to her problem. Probably not. Eldreth had her own mysterious concerns. She really wouldn't understand about love—elderly persons of twenty-six or -seven no longer vibrated to the poetry of romance. No, there wasn't anywhere she could turn for understanding. She sighed again, concluding that she had been made to suffer the whims of outrageous fortune silently.

When she arrived home Aunt Martha was out, but there was a note which read: *"Jane. I expect to find the curtains washed and dazzling white on my return."* Getting into one of Aunt Martha's ugly aprons, which went twice around her, she let the water run and dumped three boxes of soap flakes in the tub, swishing them into a foam with a pancake turner. Lifting the soot-stained curtains distastefully with her forefingers, she lowered them into the water. She was working the inert things up and down, her hair straggling over her forehead, when the sound of a masculine voice startled her. Through the spots in front of her eyes she made out the face of Johnny Ballou. Please, Lord, she prayed. Let this be a hallucination. But it wasn't.

"I hope you don't mind my dropping by." He wore a white sweater with a big red S on the chest, and his rackets were under his arm. "I wanted to see you a moment."

"Oh, not at all! I suppose Lucille was *kind* enough to tell you where I was and what I was doing?"

Johnny chuckled. "No. I haven't seen Lucille. I ran into Oliver on my way from school and he told me he'd knocked down some pipes and they were holding you responsible."

"Honestly, Johnny, that brother of mine is utterly impossible!"

"Well, I just wanted to say again that I think you have a good chance of making the interscholastic if you can get enough practice between now and next week. If you could get in a solid week of afternoons with me, I even think you might win the singles. So see what you can do. Lock Oliver in the coalbin or something. Anyway, since you couldn't make it this afternoon I thought I'd stop by and say 'chin up' or words to that effect."

"I'll try to get out, Johnny. I honestly and truly will. It's frightfully kind of you to be so encouraging."

"Okay. See you soon."

JANE hardly knew whether to feel happy or sad. A solid week of afternoons with Johnny Ballou! But what chance would there be to arrange for any such things?

"Who was that?" asked Eldreth, coming in as young Ballou made his way out.

"Just about the most popular athlete in the whole school, that's all. He thinks I could win the interscholastic singles if my afternoons were free for about a week. But I guess there's no chance. For one thing my Ancient Lit comes in the afternoons. I have to grind on that. Harrington has no soul. Honestly, Eldreth, he's inhuman. I mean, he just never gives a thought to anything but that dried-up Latin. It wouldn't be any use asking Fisheyes for a favor: He just doesn't live in this world."

"Fisheyes," said Eldreth. "Is that what they call the new Ancient Lit teacher?"

"It's those glasses, I guess. Anyway, he's inhuman."

"You like this Johnny Ballou a lot, don't you?" said Eldreth.

"Well, I mean, after all! When the greatest star we've ever had invites you out for a solid week of afternoons—I mean, 'like' isn't precisely and exactly the right word."

"H'm," said Eldreth speculatively. Then finally, "We'll see."

"See what?"

"Oh, I have a little idea. If it's a question of being excused from a week of Ancient Lit, maybe that can be arranged."

"But you don't know Fisheyes!"

"Possibly not. We'll see. I'm going out

again now. I'll talk to you about it again tonight."

Jane resumed her curtain washing. Her hopes were not too bright, even with Eldreth's encouragement. After all, what could Eldreth do? Oliver sauntered in, interrupting her thoughts.

"'Lo."

"You're just the one person I've been longing to see," Jane pointed to a spot a few inches from her feet. "Come here."

"What do you want?" said Oliver warily.

"Come *here!*"

He sidled over reluctantly, cautious of a forthcoming box on the ear.

"What do you mean by telling Johnny Ballou I was down in the basement washing curtains?"

"I didn't mean anything," Oliver protested. "Kin I help it if that's what you was doin'?"

"Oh, no. You never can help anything. It's time somebody told you the facts of life, Oliver. When somebody knows somebody that they think the world of, they don't want that person to see them washing curtains. It's—it's demeaning, it's absolutely and completely demeaning, that's what it is!"

"Ha, ha," said Oliver. "Washin' curtains ain't nothin' to see. I seen two lovers kissin' each other in the dark."

"What do you mean, you gruesome child? Who did you see?"

"Oh, not you. I was outside the other night lookin' for the ball I lost on the lawn. I got my head caught in the picket fence and couldn't get it out for a while. Then I seen Aunt Eldreth come along with a man, and she kissed him in front of the gate. About nine times."

"Eldreth!" Jane exclaimed. "You're simply and absolutely out of your mind. Eldreth never kissed any man in front of the gate and you know it. Don't you ever dare say such a thing to anyone again!"

"Okay," said Oliver. "G'by."

When Oliver was gone, she went back once more to her task. The whole thing was Kismet, she decided. She'd never win any interscholastic singles. There'd never be anything but sad memories between herself and Johnny. Cobwebs and dreams, that's all love was. . . .

As for Eldreth, she went directly to Mr. Harrington. "I'm sorry to come in on you like this, but there's something I want to discuss with you."

Mr. Harrington rose from behind his desk. He removed his glasses, and there were two little red marks where they pressed against his nose. "Of course."

"I wonder if it's possible to excuse Jane for a week from her Ancient Lit classes? It's much more important to her than it may sound to you or me."

"In what way is it important?"

Eldreth said, "She has a chance to win some contest or other, and to see more of a young man she seems very fond of. When you're young, these things make a great deal of difference."

The instructor took a pipe from his tweed coat and stuffed it full of tobacco. "Well, I dare say it can be arranged. Her work in Ancient Lit's been better than average. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"No. Of course not." She paused hesitantly, then finally spoke again: "Did you know that—well, that all the students call you Fisheyes?"

He laughed outright. "I'd feel insecure in this job if they didn't. A teacher without a nickname is practically no teacher at all."

"Then I can tell Jane it's all right?" He nodded. "Thanks very much, Howard. Shall I see you the same time tonight?"

"Of course. Goodby, my dear."

IT WAS between sets of doubles the following afternoon. What Johnny Ballou was wondering was why he and Ralph Condon were thoroughly sweat-soaked, while the young ladies seemed after their efforts as pink and fresh as powder puffs. Jane was wondering something entirely different. Changing courts, she had a few moments conversation with Johnny.

"I don't get it," she said.

"We'll take them this time, don't worry."

"I don't mean that. I mean Eldreth. Fisheyes is the toughest nut to crack in the whole school. Yet she goes over there to see him, and in five minutes has me excused for a whole week."

Johnny looked down at his partner with a certain air of amusement. "You're a delightful character," he told her. "Let's not spend all our time on tennis. Let's go one place and another when we're through. And let me have you over to meet Mother and Dad."

To conceal her inner excitement Jane said, "What do you mean, I'm a character?"

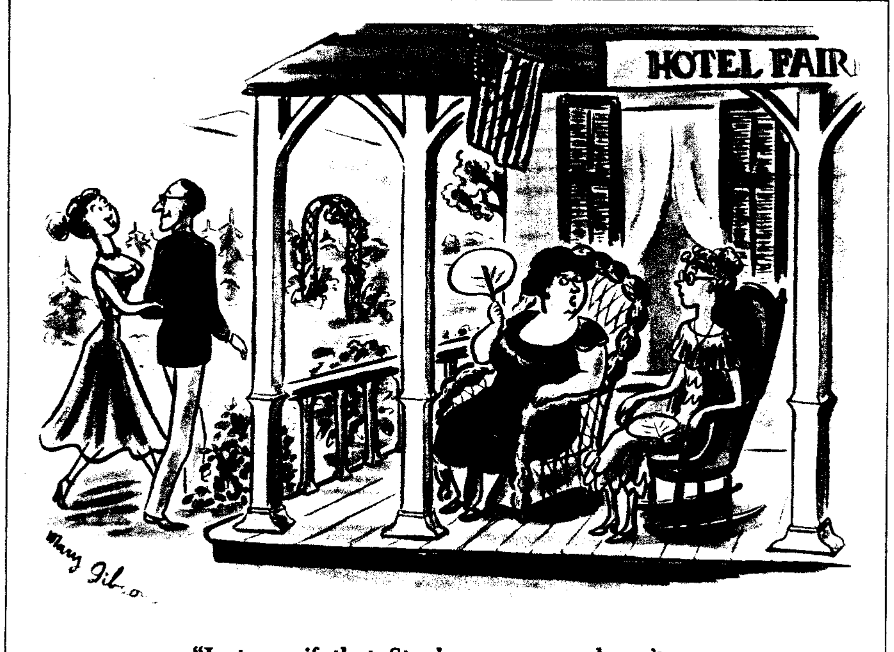
Johnny grinned. "Eldreth and Harrington. Everybody knows they're bound for the altar—everybody in town but you."

"Hey!" cried Lucille. "Is this tennis or afternoon tea?"

"Tennis," Johnny called. Turning to Jane, he murmured, "Let's get this over with, and then go for a spin to the beach in my jerker."

Jane nodded her head, still bewildered. "Cobwebs and dreams," she murmured absently. "That's what it is, cobwebs and dreams."

THE END



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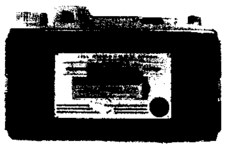

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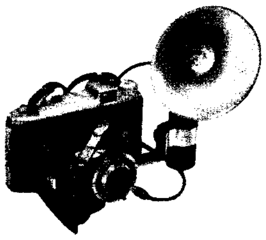

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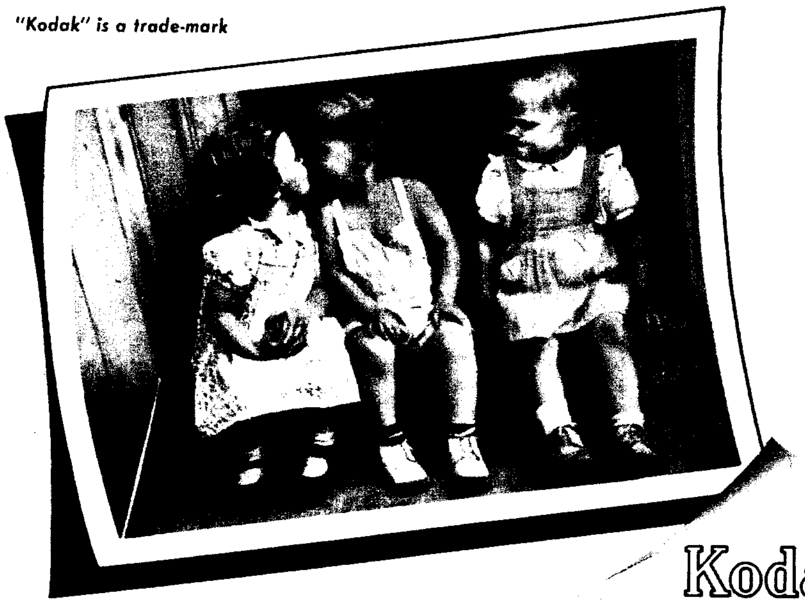

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THE LOGGER AND THE LADY

Continued from page 23

looked up. "Are you nuts?" she said. "You only blew in yesterday."

"That's right," Ric said, "and now I'm blowing out."

"If it's just that you got rolled again," Brady said, "I can get you an advance from Blundell & Ryan. What's eating you, Truro?"

"If you have to know," Ric said, short and cranky, "I got busted at poker. Make her out to Jamiesons' at Summer Harbor, Joe."

"Jamieson's?" Brady took his cigar out of his mouth, which is something he doesn't often do. "Mister," he said, "now I know you're bushed. Jamiesons' is a hell of a layout. The owner's a kid fresh out of college and her super's the thief of the coast. You don't want that."

"You heard me," Ric said. "Jamiesons' or nowhere."

"Then it's nowhere," Brady snapped. "I won't send a good man to that stump-ranch even if he has jolted a screw loose."

"Yes you will," Ric said. "I'm going to squat right here till you do."

And he did. Joe Brady was stubborn too, but when Ric had tramped in at opening time four days running and planked himself on the waiting bench, Brady cracked. He shot his cigar into his big brass spittoon and grabbed his phone and called Jamiesons' town office.

"I've got a boy here wants to work for you," he said, "don't ask me why. A truck skinner by the name of Truro."

WHEN he slapped the phone back in its cradle a couple of seconds later, he was wearing a sour grin under his eyeshade. "The answer is no," he told Ric. "Miss Jamieson says she don't need any truck skinners, especially skinners called Truro."

"I'm going to Summer Harbor," Ric said, and settled himself back on the bench. "Keep hitting her, Joe."

Morning and afternoon, Brady kept trying, and each time he phoned, the redhead gave him a brush-off. On the eighth morning he jammed his hat on over his eyeshade and reached for his jacket, and took Ric Truro out for a drink, something he'd never been known to do for a tame ape before.

"Now look," he said when he'd salted his beer and blown off the froth, "I'm going to talk to you like a father. Jamiesons' aren't just cheap, they're haywire. Janet Jamieson don't know one side of a tree from the other, and Blackjack Mike Halloran, her camp push, is running the outfit into the ground. You put this notion out of your head, Ric, and Blundell & Ryan will take you on as a salary man. You'll be pushing camp for them inside of a year."

Ric finished off his beer. "Let's get back to the office, Joe," he said. "Time we were hitting her again."

Brady phoned, and this time he was almost crying. "Miss Jamieson," he said, "this goof is driving me wacky. Take him off my hands and I'll give you a second-loader and four good chokermen to boot!"

He listened a minute, gnawing his cigar, then hung up. "Well," he said, "you win. And remember, mister, you asked for it. Catch the night boat." . . .

They didn't exactly welcome Ric Truro aboard the Marlum when he toted his packsack and suitcase up her gangplank at eight o'clock. The winchman spat through the gap in his front teeth, and the mate gave Ric a mean glare from the bridge wing.

"Back so soon?" the purser said, scowling through his wicket. "Ye'll no be wanting the same quarters, I trust."

"Any cabin at all," Ric told him.

"A'm refairing to the wee cage below," said the purser, "and it's there ye'll go do ye put so much as a look or a worrrd on the Jamieson lassie this trip. She has troubles enough wi'oot a great timber beast like yersel' fleering after her."

Ric's heart hit his ribs a double kick like a brakeman hopping off a long train. "She on board?" he asked.

"Aye," the purser told him dourly. "She and Blackjack Mike Halloran that's been explaining the company books to her in toon. And I repeat, Muster Truro, ye'll let her strictly alone. She's a lady, and ye're no but a tame ape!"

She wasn't in the lounge and she wasn't in the coffee bar, but along toward evening Ric found her on the main deck up past the forward cargo winch. She was watching the sunset from the Marlum's rusty bows with a white coat over her shoulders and her cedar-colored hair blowing back in the west wind.

"Hello, babe," Ric said.

She stiffened, but when she turned she didn't seem at all surprised. "Mr. Truro," she said, "I think we should understand each other. I hired you for one reason only—because my superintendent tells me we need truck drivers. If you make a nuisance I can fire you just as easily."

"No you can't," Ric told her. "Not till I've worked out my return fare. I figure we should understand each other too. For instance I'm curious to know if you clipped me in that poker session the other night."

"Of course I didn't," she snapped at him, every word an icicle. "It wasn't necessary. I simply applied the principles my father taught me. I wanted to drive a lesson through your thick skull."

"You did that all right," Ric said. "You taught me not to play poker with pretty redheads." He hauled out the envelope, crumpled and ratty by now, and shoved it at her. "Here you go, babe. She's fifty short, but you can knock that off my first month's time."

"No!" she said, and whipped both hands into her coat pockets. "I hate gambling. I won't take it!"

"Sweetheart," Ric told her, still pleasant and polite but kind of edging up on her, "you may be fresh out of college and a boss logger, but you'll take this or get spanked."

Her eyes went round as saucers, and she squeezed as far into the bows as she could get. "You keep away from me," she gasped at him. "If you dare touch me, you—you big gorilla, I'll—"

Ric Truro reached for her and his heart kicked him again, only a lot harder this time. Then he was holding her close and had planted one kiss on her lovely mouth and was lining her up for another. A hand clamped on his shoulder. He swung round, real reluctant, and saw a fist the size of a choker hook coming for his chin, but not in time to duck.

When he woke, he was sprawled in the Marlum's lockup with his suitcase on his chest and his packsack for a pillow.

Hell, he thought, his head still fuzzy, this place is getting to feel like home.

BRIGHT and early next morning, the purser banged on the lockup door. "Summer Harbor," he told Ric. "Here ye leave us, Muster Truro."

"Who slugged me?" Ric asked him. He'd never been hit that hard before, and all night, when he wasn't puzzling over why he'd kissed the redhead when he meant to paddle her, he'd been wondering who owned that choker-hook fist.

"Why, Blackjack Mike Halloran, of course," the purser told him while he fumbled with the key, "as I warned ye he would. He was for putting the boots to ye as ye lay there sucking wind, but the lassie stoppit him, a'm sorry to say."

"Well," Ric said, still rubbing at his jaw, "that's something, Mac. She wouldn't do that if she hadn't taken a shine to me. Anyhow, she kissed me right back."

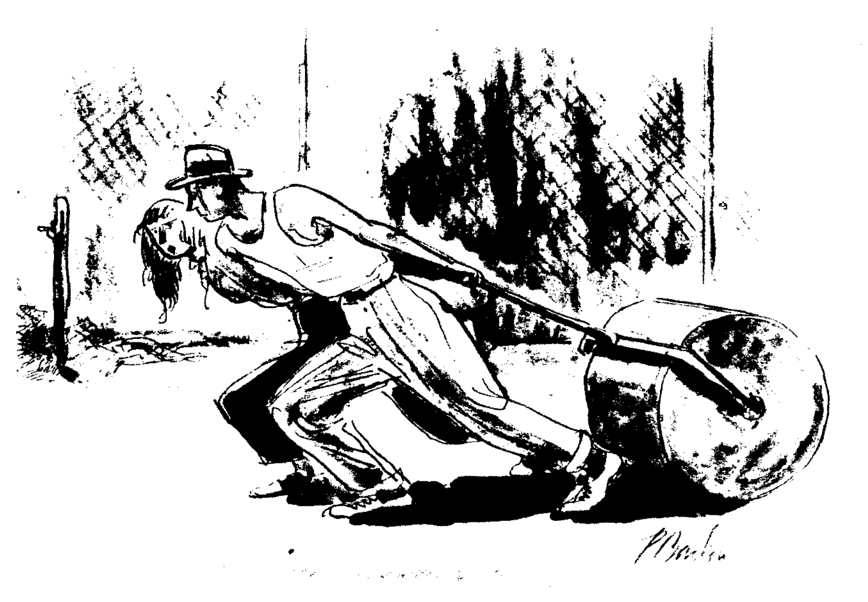
"Nothing o' the sort!" said the purser, and he sounded downright scandalized. "She's a lady. An orphan in a worrrld full o' such wicked limbs as Halloran, who has gi'en her camp so evil a name that no proper mon will sign oot to Jamiesons'. Just brawlers and wild fiddle-footed kelpies like yersel'."

"Then why don't she can this Halloran?" Ric asked.

"Because he has a contract, ye gowk," the purser told him, "and his contract has two years still to run. And before his time's oot, the company will be bankrupt from his mismanagement, ripe to be bought wi' money he's already thieved from it."

"Mac," Ric told him, solemn and slow, "that kid needs someone to look after her. I'm electing myself to the job." . . .

Ric Truro had worked on all manner of claims, but he'd never run into anything so haywire as that Summer Harbor show. He saw loggers there that he knew were blacklisted all up and down the coast. Dudes like Pete Kyle, the company scaler, for example, a crook Ric had last seen hightailing for the Marlum at Race Point landing three



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jumps ahead of a faller's ax. And soon as ever he saw Blackjack Mike Halloran, he judged that Joe Brady and the Marlum's purser had been singing off the right page.

That was right after Ric had spotted his trailer under the loading boom on his first trip up from the beach. He was killing a smoke in the truck cab when a dude who looked closer to seven feet high than six tramped in from the haulback bight. He was wearing a black-and-white checked shirt with a furry chest bulging out of it, pants stagged at his boot tops, and a red rain-test hat tipped back on his hair. And when he hollered, his voice sent the ravens kiting for the green timber.

"Hey!" he yelled at Ric. "What the hell kind of short-logger's load you call that?"

"Nothing wrong with her that I can see," Ric told him, sitting easy in his cab.

Blackjack Mike didn't answer him, just jumped to the brow-log of the landing and heaved the poor old creep of a head loader aside. He grabbed the loading tongs and slung them into a boom-stick butt. The leverman on the donkey engine hoisted away, all in a rush as if he was scared not to, the second loader threw his tongs, and Ric felt the trailer settle hard on her rub irons as the boom stick jolted into place atop his load.

"There!" Blackjack Mike bawled at him. "That's what we call a load on this claim, Mister. Wheel her away."

A highball skinner doesn't have to take sass even from an owner, but Ric hadn't yet figured how he could help the redhead keep her outfit off the rocks. So he just stamped out his cigarette, while Blackjack Mike gave him a nasty grin from the brow-log, and set his truck rolling down the grade with that oversize boom-stick peaker wagging ten feet past the top of the cab.

Jamiesons' road drops twenty-two hundred feet in the nine miles between green timber and tidewater, and except for two or three flats, she's just one long widow-making hill. But as he highballed down with his load, Ric hardly thought once of the big brown logs pyramided behind him. His mind just kept churning away at how he could run Blackjack Mike Halloran off the claim.

He was still studying on it, and getting nowhere, when he rounded a bend in the canyon stretch and saw an upbound jeep not forty feet below. There was room to pass, but logging trucks are just about the biggest rigs that roll on rubber, and a driver that's not used to them feels like a bug about to be trampled by an elephant when he meets one head on. Even while Ric gave his sixteen wheels the air, he knew the jeep wasn't going to make it. He leaned into the steering wheel and swung his truck out toward the edge, knowing there wasn't more than a logger's prayer between his off tires and a four-hundred-foot dive into Summer Creek. The jeep scraped past, but Ric heard part of his load go bouncing and crashing into the canyon.

HE STOPPED on the next little flat, and hopped out for a look-see. The boom-stick peaker and three other logs were gone, and Ric Truro sure did hate to lose a log. But he wasn't worrying about that, because as he stared at what was left of his load, it all of a sudden came to him how Blackjack Mike was thieving off the redhead. Only three of those logs carried the company brand stamped into their butts, and a log without a brand is money in the bank for anyone who can weasel it out of the booming grounds at tidewater.

Ric was still staring when feet scuffed in the gravel behind him, and he turned to see Janet Jamieson, panting and breathless as if she'd run a quarter mile, which she probably had. She was rigged out in green corduroy slacks with the cuffs rolled logger-style, and little caulked boots with fringed false tongues, and a high-necked white sweater.

"Look, babe," Ric said to her, "you've got other trucks, but the Lord only gave me one neck. What's the idea?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess it really was my fault. I—well, I had things on my mind. You're all right?"

"Sure." Ric patted the running board and she sat down beside him as if her knees were weak too. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I was afraid—that is, I thought Mr. Halloran might have hurt you. After last night, I mean."

"S'pose he had?" Ric asked her.

"I don't know," she said. "That's the trouble, Mr. Truro."

THEY sat on the running board looking down at their boots for quite a spell. Then Janet said, "Will you please kiss me again?"

Ric said, "Huh?"

"Don't get any silly ideas," Janet said. "It's just scientific curiosity. I've been in a—a disorganized state since last night. Mr. Truro, and I can't take steps to correct it until I know the reason, can I?"

"No," Ric said. "I guess not. I've been sort of disorganized too, I'll admit."

So he kissed her, and she kissed him back, then he put his arms around her and kissed her again, and he'd have kept right on kissing her except she set her hands against his chest and pushed him away.

From Installment No. XIV of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "When Churchill asked what territorial interests Russia might have in the future, Stalin was quoted as having replied, 'There is no need to speak at the present time about any Soviet desires—but when the time comes, we will speak.'"

"Well?" he asked her.

"It was nice," she said, "but it wasn't conclusive. Perhaps if there'd been a moon."

"There'll be a moon Saturday night," Ric said. "A full one."

"Not Saturday," Janet told him. "On Saturday nights I go dancing at Race Point with Mr. Halloran."

Ric got up off the running board as if a yellow jacket had jabbed him. Having Blackjack Mike for her camp push was one thing, but partying with him was something else again. "You mean you go dancing with that thief?"

Janet got up too. "Mr. Truro," she said, "I won't have you speak of my superintendent that way. My father had every confidence in Mike Halloran, and so have I!"

"Yeah," Ric told her, "and look what's happening to your outfit. Babe, you may be red-hot at poker, but you don't savvy any more about logging than your daddy did."

"Exactly what do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that bull raven up yonder is feathering his nest with your logs," Ric said.

"He is not!" she blazed at him. "He couldn't be. I check our figures very carefully, and every foot we cut goes to the mill."

"How about the feet your scaler don't tally?" Ric shot back at her. "Shake the sawdust out of your head, babe. Everyone on the coast knows you're being thieved off except you, and I guess you're too stupid to see it!"

For a breath he thought she'd swing on him. Then she said, "Mr. Truro, you told me I couldn't fire you till you'd worked out your return fare. You'll have earned your fare by quitting time. The Marlum calls at six o'clock south-bound, and if you're not on her I'll have Mike Halloran put you on."

He yanked the envelope with the redhead's poker winnings out of his pocket and jammed it into the waistband of her slacks. Then he swung up to the cab and kicked off the brakes, and he hardly slowed till he hit the log dump at the beach.

YOU damn' fool, Ric told himself, waiting on the landing that evening while the Marlum poked her nose around the point, you almost ran your neck into a noose. You're lucky to be clear of this without winding up in the married quarters!

But that didn't work either; and he was moping in his cabin, getting worse disorganized every minute, when the Marlum's purser rapped on his door.

"I have a message for ye, a'm sorry to say," the purser told him. "Ye're wantit in the lounge."

"Tell him I'm sick, whoever he is."

"It isna' a him," the purser said, "and ye can just tell the lassie yersel', Muster Truro."

She was sitting at the center table in that same light suit with the tricky bow at her throat. Blackjack Mike Halloran and Pete Kyle the scaler were across from her, and while it was plenty cool in the lounge, Ric saw they were both sweating.

"No offense," Janet said to him, with a long, steady look, "but would you care to sit in?"

Ric was so disorganized by this time that he could hardly have told you his name if you'd asked him quick, but he hauled up a chair.

"Mr. Truro," Janet said, "I've shaken the sawdust out of my head. You'd be surprised how many unstamped logs I found in my booms when I investigated." She gave them all a cool little smile, and said, "If you don't mind, gentlemen, I'll deal."

The cards went *wheet—wheet—wheet* through her slim white fingers. Blackjack Mike smeared more sweat off his face. The scaler reached a shaking hand to an ash tray and fumbled the lighted end of a cigarette into his mouth.

There never was a game like that on the Marlum before, and they say there's never likely to be again. By the time they put in at Race Point, the redhead had Blackjack Mike's contract in her handbag, and in another hour she'd cleaned Pete Kyle right down to the loose silver in his pockets. At Campbell River, Blackjack Mike was too broke even to write another check, and Ric, who'd been holding even all this time, of a sudden began to win. With the lights of Comox in sight, he found that as well as having better than two thousand bucks in checks, he was a boss logger holding a half interest in Jamiesons', won off the redhead with the only royal flush he'd ever been dealt in his life.

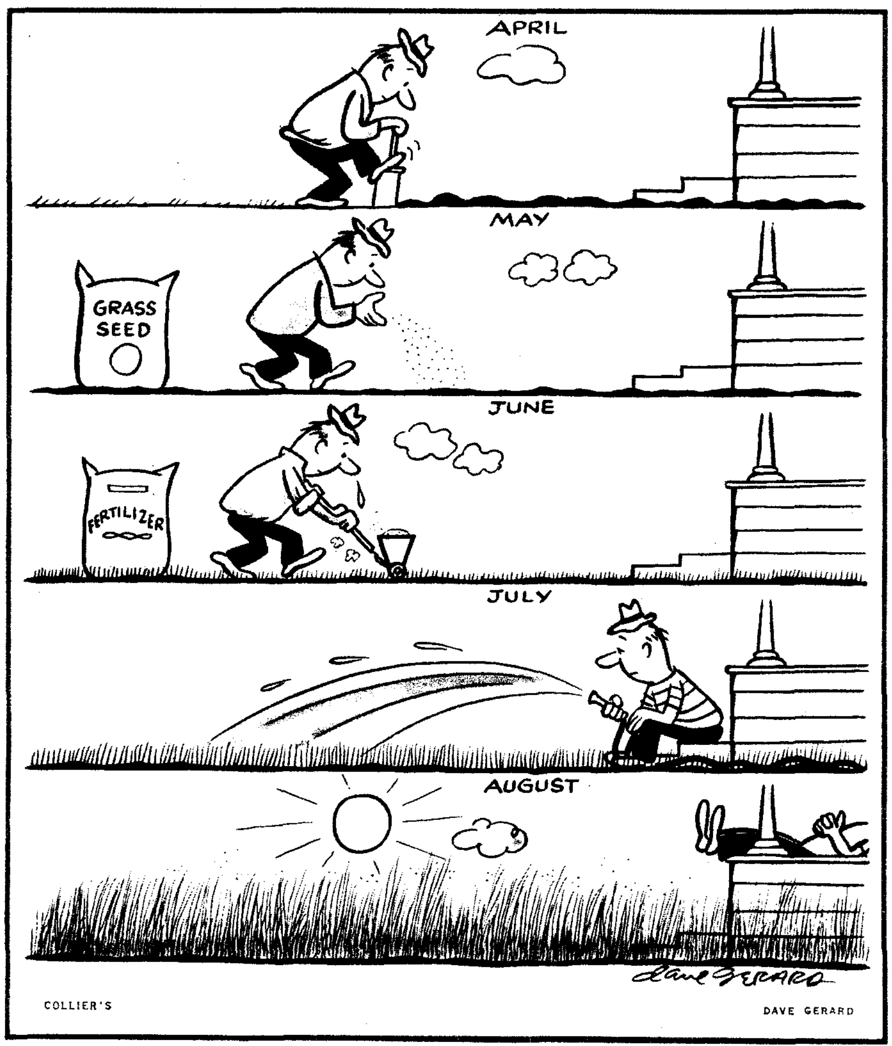
"So much for that," Janet said. She straightened the deck, and there was nothing at all cool about her smile. "One other thing, Mr. Truro. I've changed my mind. It was—very conclusive."

And that's all there was to it, except after the redhead had walked out of the lounge, leaving just a touch of hyacinth behind her, Blackjack Mike got back enough of his nerve to hint she'd had those cards pretty well trained, and of course a boss logger like Ric Truro doesn't stand for any such talk about his girl. They say it was the best battle ever staged on the Marlum. They battled from Whaletown clear to Blubber Bay before Ric came up from under the wreck of a table and laid Blackjack Mike cold with a fire extinguisher.

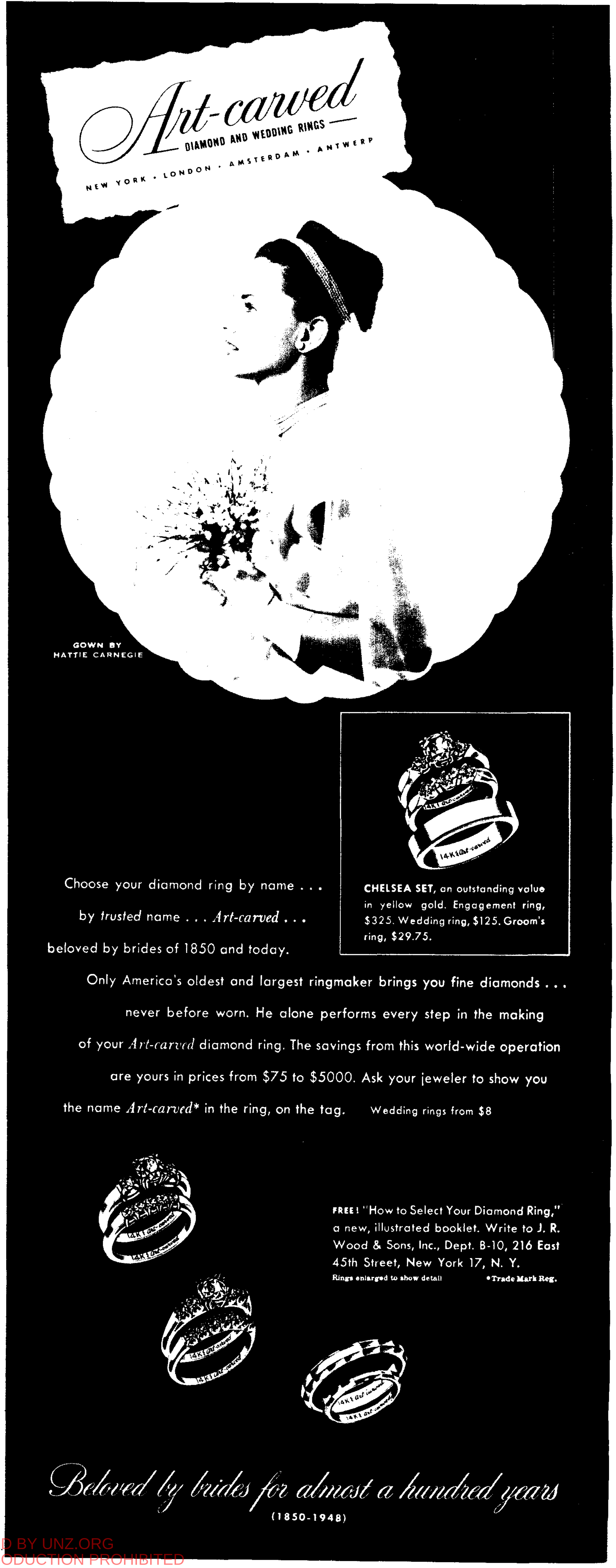
"It grieves me to say it," the purser told Ric as he turned his key in the lockup door, "but there's other quarters bespoken for ye next trip up." Hard as it was to believe, the look on his ugly little red face couldn't be anything else but a grin. "A'm refairing to oor bridal suite, Muster Truro."

She's no liner, the Marlum, but she's a great old tub just the same. Anything can happen on board her—and you'd be surprised how often it does!

THE END



COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD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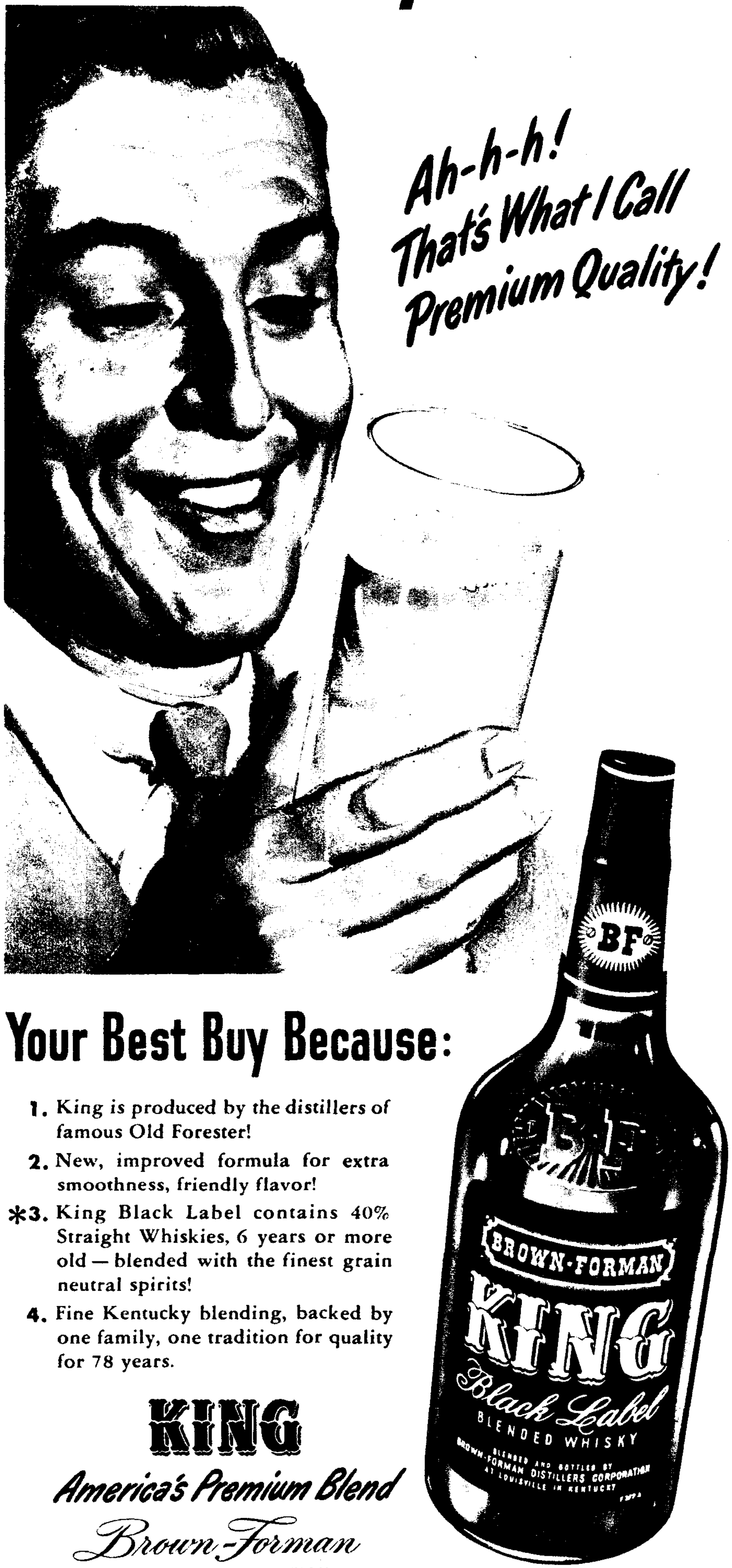
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

certainly seeing his worst fears realized. I quote from it: ". . . Will Joe Stalin be as charitable toward democracy in that great day as he is in the day when the two biggest democracies are rushing to the help of his hard-pressed regime? Or will he try to slip his Communist ideas in whole or in part into the peace treaty or treaties? Will he go on subsidizing subversive Communist groups in other countries; or will he subscribe wholeheartedly to the Roosevelt-Churchill doctrine that every country has the right to the form of government its people prefer?

"Let's not forget Joe's kind words for democracy in the summer of *1941*. Let's remind him of them, vigorously, when and if he shows signs of going back on them."

RAYMOND G. HAMEL, Lawrence, Mass.

SCHOOLBOY FAY

GENTLEMEN: It seems to me that a great national weekly like Collier's, with its former great sporting writers like Walter Camp and Grantland Rice, could do much better than this William Fay, who is currently doing sports for you. In his column of July 10th he complained of Manager Eddie Dyers' decision to use Schoolboy Rowe as a pinch hitter because he (Rowe) batted ninth in the Phillies' line-up. May I ask just where the hell any other pitcher (American or National) bats?

WINSTON H. REUFFER, Lansing, Mich.

THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I read with interest and disgust the first installment of Collier's story about the gypping of G.I.s in the housing racket (Scandals in Veterans' Housing, July 3d).

Your article cannot but create a generally false impression.

The real responsibility for the quality of houses built under FHA authority rests upon the government itself. FHA is charged with the duty of *inspecting* houses not only *while* they are in process of construction, but also *after* they're finished.

The monthly payments required of the buyers of such houses are far below the current rentals of comparable houses offered to tenants. Disregarding quality and durability, "buyers" are, in ultimate analysis, getting mighty cheap housing.

The real pay-off—the big scandal—will come when the "Guv'ment," meaning the taxpayers, has to take the tremendous losses that will eventually be incurred.

E. A. GENE HARRIS, San Antonio, Texas

. . . It seems to me that during the past year so much publicity has been given to the unscrupulous and profit-grabbing people in the building industry that the sincere, established builder has become the forgotten man.

WILLIAM F. SIEGEL, River Edge, N. J.

. . . It seems to me that the conditions described are a fair sample of the sort of thing one could expect if the government went into big-scale housing, as so many people think it should. Too many persons in this country sit in their easy chairs and yell for the government to do this, that and the other; one of these days they'll wake up to find the government running their business and their lives as well.

WILBUR W. DE ATLEY,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . Examples very similar to those reported by Mr. Maisel occurred here in Albuquerque. Repeated complaints by the local inspector for the State Contractors' License Board brought no results.

Your story of no vents for heating appliances, improper floor joists, no subflooring is an old one. Let me add roof flashing made out of old baby-powder cans!

I suggest that veterans who do not get immediate results—not promises from local officials—should take the matter in their own hands with competent and courageous legal assistance. Even the American Legion won't always help.

NAME WITHHELD ON REQUEST

JUMP OFF JOE

EDITOR OF THE WEEK'S MAIL: The letter in The Week's Mail, June 19th, commenting on Jim Marshall's Out Where the West Ends makes quite a fable of the way Jump Off Joe, Oregon, got its name. Jump Off Joe was named for General Joseph Lane; not for a bus driver. In 1854 and 5, Gen. Lane was sent to southern Oregon when the Arroke Indians went on the warpath. A band of Indians took after Lane on a scouting party and they raced back toward the troops. They came to a stream with high perpendicular banks, too wide to jump. Two men who were ahead jumped down the bank and hid in the overhang. When they heard Lane hesitate, they called: "Jump off, Joe." From that day in October, 1855, that stream has been called Jump Off Joe.

MRS. ELVA WHEELER PERSON,
Burbank, Cal.

USONIA

DEAR EDITOR: Re the suggestion by L. A. Clark (The Week's Mail, July 10th) that our United States of North America should have a distinctive name of her own, and not be referred to as simply America. I propose that the initials U.S.O.N.A. be taken as a name, standing for United States Of North America. It would be very apropos.

The people of our country could be called Usonians, as easily as Americans, and with no chance of being misunderstood. Let us have a national christening celebration for USONA, our own UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

F. A. MACLOSKEY, Paris, Ark.

NOT UP TO SCRATCH

DEAR GENTLEMEN: Anent chiggers, etc., (Inhuman Nature, July 10th), since kerosene can blister (my dad once doped a colt covered with ticks with it, and the colt died), washing and scrubbing vigorously with any strong soap, leaving the lather to dry for an hour before washing again, always gets nearly every chigger I accumulate. My mother said they used to skin chickens in the summer—they had so many chiggers on them.

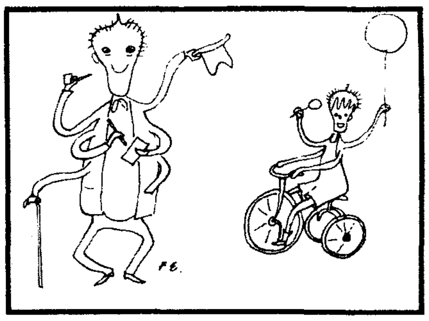
Those who sweat a lot while working are least troubled by the minute beasties.

But I'll bet the most savage mosquitoes are in Yellowstone Park. To protect the visitors to the park, the guvmint should provide food for them, or pipe the noisome effluvium from the geysers at the Little Plasmahounds and run them off.

GAY MORRISON, Malvern, Ark.

. . . Where in the world did your artist get the tick that posed for that picture? All the ticks that I have ever seen in fifty years of tick hunting were eight-legged brutes.

FREDERICK MACCOY, Berkeley, Cal.



Artist Fred Eng drew the 6-legged brown dog tick, not the 8-legged spotted fever tick. There are many varieties of ticks. Mr. Eng has redrawn two species.

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

not much more that he could have told them even after V-J Day when the security bars were down. For while this first Cairo conference had plenty in the way of "color"—the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the extremely chic costumes of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, about which the correspondents could write much more skillfully than Hopkins could—its principal news value was the mere fact that it was held; aside from the declaration assuring the freedom and independence of Korea, the effect of these meetings on the progress of the war or on history was negligible.

Plans for a Campaign in Burma

The military talks produced a semblance of agreement on an expansion of the ANAKIM plan to drive the Japanese out of Burma and reopen the long-sealed land communications with China: There was to be a determined ground offensive in the north by Chinese, British and newly assigned American troops under Stilwell's field command, coupled with large amphibious operations in the south directly under Mountbatten.

Churchill viewed the proposals for large operations in Burma with scant enthusiasm; he considered Burma solely as an outpost of the Empire, rather than as an area of strategic importance. He wanted to drive the Japanese out of it, not so much for the purpose of gaining access to China as to avenge a mortal insult to imperial prestige, and he did not relish the idea that the Americans or, more especially, the Chinese should have any share in the credit for its liberation. He always went along with the proposition that the supply route to China must be reopened in order to sustain Chinese morale and to keep this gigantic mass of humanity in the war, but it is apparent that he did this out of deference to Roosevelt's sentiments.

Roosevelt, however, was determined that this conference should be a success from the Chinese point of view and he was supported firmly by the military judgment of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. Here was certainly an instance of a sharp division between the British and the Americans on nationalistic lines.

In Eisenhower's command, harmonious and wholehearted co-operation was possible because British and American objectives could be summed up in one word—"Berlin." In southeast Asia, on the other hand, the British and Americans were fighting two different wars for different purposes, and the Kuomintang government of China was fighting a third war for purposes largely its own. I believe it may be said, without descending to a low level of chauvinism, that Roosevelt was the only one of the leaders in the entire war against Japan who adhered to the main military objective of destroying the enemy's power and compelling his surrender by the most direct means in the shortest possible time.

Hopkins did not set down his views on this subject of Allied disunity in respect to the Far East and the reader will have to take my word for it that I have given a faithful reflection of them. He could not ignore the fact that such disunity existed, nor could Roosevelt, Marshall, King and Arnold, for there were too many emphatic and repeated reminders of it. Hopkins was certainly vehement in his denunciation of any American who by word or deed tended to aggravate it while the war was on, but he was also one who believed that the record is worse than valueless which, like the royal sun dial, tells only of the "shining hours" of sweetness and light.

Despite Churchill's obvious reluctance to commit considerable British forces to the proposed campaigns in Burma, Roosevelt at this time went down the line in supporting the view of Chiang Kai-shek, Stilwell, and possibly also of Mountbatten. Therefore, when the generalissimo and Madame departed for Chungking on November 28th, their hopes were high. These hopes, however, were short-lived. The agreement at Cairo did not stick for more than ten days, and it was not until after American forces had started to strangle Japan from the Pacific, in the last six months of the war, that the first trucks started to roll over the Ledo or Stilwell Road from Burma into China. By then it was too late to matter much.

During these days at Cairo, Roosevelt had to spend many hours on the enormous mass of White House papers that had accumulated during his week at sea and been flown from Washington. Included in this were twenty-nine Congressional bills of which he signed twenty-seven and vetoed the other two. It was always necessary for the President to act on these bills within ten days—he could not delegate his authority to anyone in his absence—and this was the consideration which limited the scope of his travel. No previous President could have gone as far from Washington while Congress was in session as Roosevelt did because only the development of the air transport (including the establishment of the intermediate bases) made it possible for documents to be delivered and returned within the ten-day period.

A State Department Career Man

During these days at Cairo, Hopkins formed a friendship with Charles E. Bohlen, a young State Department career man who had been brought along by Harriman from the embassy in Moscow because of his fluency in the Russian language. Hopkins asked him all manner of questions about the Soviet Union and was surprised and impressed by the objectivity and lack of bias as well as by the considerable scholarship revealed in his answers. Hopkins told Bohlen in characteristic words of the low opinion he had formed of many of the Foreign Service men that he had encountered in his travels, describing them as "cookie-pushers, pansies—and usually isolationists to boot."

Bohlen gave so vigorous and intelligent a defense of the State Department, and explanation of the hopeless handicaps under which its personnel often must work, that Hopkins subsequently persuaded the President to appoint Bohlen to a post in the White House where he would act as a liaison officer with the State Department, thereby filling a really long-felt want. From then on, Bohlen's star was very much in the ascendant, and he later became counselor of the department under Secretary Marshall.

On Thursday evening, November 26th, Roosevelt was host at a Thanksgiving dinner at his villa, the residence of Ambassador Alexander C. Kirk, near the Pyramids of Giza some miles west of Cairo. The guests included the Prime Minister, his daughter Sarah, Eden, Winant, Steinhardt and Elliott Roosevelt and Robert Hopkins. Roosevelt proposed Churchill's health and expressed his particular delight that this year he could share the Thanksgiving celebration in company with his great friend, the Prime Minister.

At this point, he seemed to have reached the conclusion of his remarks,

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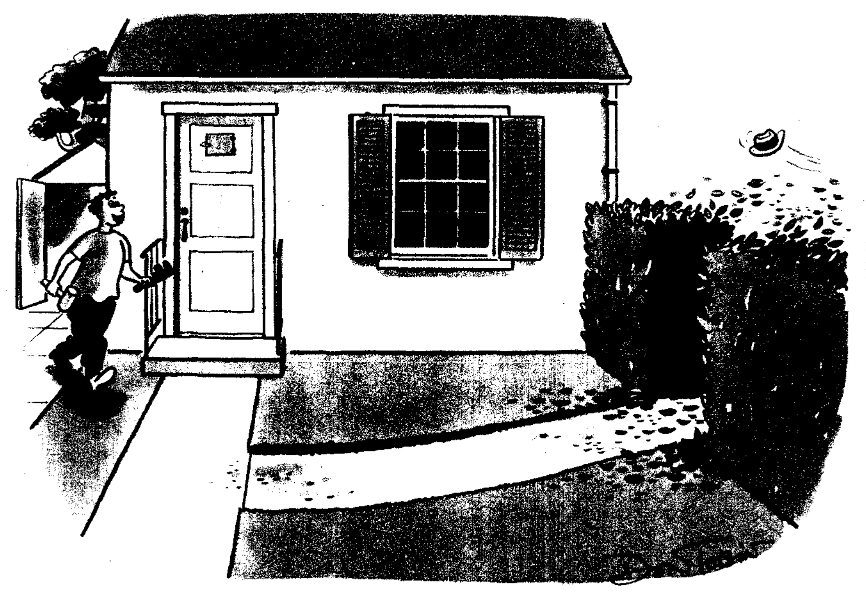
and Churchill arose to respond, but Roosevelt told him that he had not yet finished. He then went on to say that Thanksgiving was traditionally a family festival and that this year Britain and America formed one family which was more united than ever before.

There was a meeting at Cairo of Roosevelt, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff (Hopkins being the only other civilian present) at which a general survey was made of future European operations in anticipation of the forthcoming discussions with Stalin at Teheran. Churchill gave a lengthy résumé of the general situation, reviewing the long series of Allied successes in the Mediterranean which, in recent weeks, had turned into a succession of disappointments on the Italian front. He urged that, despite the heavy German reinforcements, the Allied campaign there should be pushed more vigorously than ever with a view to capturing Rome—for "whoever holds Rome holds the title deeds of Italy."

He placed particular emphasis on the assurance that he had in no way relaxed his zeal for OVERLORD but he recommended that this major operation should not be such a "tyrant" as to rule out every other activity in the Mediterranean. Among the various activities that he mentioned was the capture of the Island of Rhodes, which had been the ultimate objective of the recent, ill-fated Dodecanese campaign.

The U.S. Chiefs of Staff had no doubt as to just what all this signified. They felt certain that the persistent Prime Minister was resuming the advocacy of strategic diversions into southeastern Europe and away from northern France. They prepared themselves for battles at Teheran in which the American and the Russians would form a united front.

At Teheran, Roosevelt, Hopkins, Leahy, Brown and Major John Boettiger (the President's son-in-law) at first occupied quarters in the American legation. This was at some distance from the compounds of the Russian and British legations, which were close together. Harriman told Roosevelt of Stalin's concern over the strong possibility that there were many enemy agents in the city and the distinguished visitors might be subjected to what was described as "an unhappy incident" (which meant assassination) while driving between their separated residences.



"Hey, Pop, how do you like the way I hopped up that ol' power mower? Hey, Pop! Where are you?"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Secret Police Acted as Servants

On the day after his arrival at Teheran—this was Sunday, November 28th—Roosevelt agreed to accept Stalin's invitation to move to a villa in the Russian embassy compound where complete security could be enforced. It certainly was enforced, for the servants who made the beds and cleaned the rooms for Roosevelt's party were all members of the highly efficient NKVD, the secret police, and expressive bulges were plainly discernible under their neat white coats. It was a nervous time for Michael F. Reilly and his White House Secret Service men, who did not like to admit into the President's presence anyone armed with as much as a gold toothpick.

Roosevelt arrived at his new quarters at three o'clock in the afternoon and 15 minutes later Stalin came to call. This was the first meeting of the wartime leaders of the Soviet Union and the United States. Aside from the President and Marshal Stalin, the only two present at this meeting were the interpreters, Bohlen and Pavlov.

Roosevelt greeted Stalin with the statement, "I am glad to see you. I have tried for a long time to bring this about." Stalin, after suitable expressions of pleasure at meeting the President, said that he was to blame for the delay in this meeting; that he had been very occupied because of military matters. Roosevelt asked Stalin how things were going on the Russian front, and Stalin gave a realistic picture of the situation which was somewhat less favorable at the moment than information available to the Western Allies had indicated. Roosevelt said that among the main topics for discussion at Teheran were measures which would bring about the removal of 30 or 40 German divisions from the eastern front and Stalin agreed that such a transfer would be most helpful.

Roosevelt then said that by the end of the war, the American-British merchant fleet would have achieved such proportions that it would be more than the two nations could possibly need, and he felt that some of these ships should be made available to the Soviet Union. To this Stalin replied that an adequate merchant fleet would be of great value, both to the Soviet Union, and for the development of relations between the Soviet Union and the United States after the war, which he hoped would be greatly expanded.

There was considerable discussion of French affairs during which Stalin surprised the President by expressing the opinion that it was Pétain rather than De Gaulle who represented "the real physical France." There was no doubt in Roosevelt's mind that Stalin considered the collaborationists more important than the fighters of the resistance movement in expressing French sentiments.

Mention of Indo-China brought the conversation around to the Far East and Roosevelt told Stalin of his conversations with Chiang Kai-shek and the plans for offensive operations in Burma. He cautioned Stalin against bringing up the problems of India with Churchill, and Stalin agreed that this was undoubtedly a sore subject.

This meeting lasted 45 minutes but, like all conferences with the Russians, most of the time was taken up in the arduous process of translation. At four o'clock, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff arrived for the First Plenary Session. Also present at this first session were Hopkins, Eden and Molotov—and it should be noted that throughout the Teheran Conference, Hopkins acted, in effect, as Secretary of State. Stalin's only military aide was Marshal Voroshilov, and Leahy and King represented the U.S. Joint Chiefs. Marshall and Arnold were not present; they had misunderstood the time of the meeting and had gone off on a sightseeing tour around Teheran.

Stalin and Churchill agreed that the President should take the chair at this first meeting and he opened it by saying that he was glad to welcome the Russians as "new members of the family circle" and to assure them that these conferences were always conducted as gatherings of friends with complete frankness on all sides. Churchill said that here was represented the greatest concentration of power that the world had ever seen and that in the hands of those present was the happy future of mankind; he prayed that they might be worthy of this God-given opportunity. Stalin said that this fraternal meeting did indeed represent a great opportunity and it was up to those present to use wisely the power which their respective peoples had given them.

Roosevelt then expressed the American point of view toward the war. He had the impression that Stalin knew very little about the progress of the war against Japan and he therefore dealt with that subject first. He said that the United States was more directly affected by the war with Japan and that the United States forces were bearing the chief burden in that area with, of course, help from Australia and Britain; the greater part of the U.S. naval establishment was in the Pacific and over a million men were being maintained there.

He listed briefly the operations as planned, and summed up the aims of these operations as follows: (1) to open the road to China and supply that country in order to keep it in the war, and (2) by opening the road to China and through increased use of transport planes to put ourselves in position to bomb Japan proper.

The President then said he would take up the most important theater of the war in Europe. He said he wished to emphasize that for over one year and a half all military plans had revolved around the need to relieve the German pressure on the Soviet front; that largely because of the difficulties of sea transport it had not been possible before Quebec to set a date for the cross-Channel operations. He pointed out that the English Channel was a disagreeable body of water and unsafe for military operations prior to the month of May, and that the plan adopted at Quebec involved an immense expedition and had been set at that time for May 1, 1944.

At this point, Churchill interposed the remark that the British people had every reason in the past to be thankful that the English Channel was such a disagreeable body of water.

Roosevelt went on to say that although he was not in favor of any secondary operations which might tend to delay the cross-Channel invasion, OVERLORD, he and the Prime Minister had been discussing possible future operations in Italy, the Adriatic and Aegean Seas, and from Turkey as a base in the event that the Turks might be induced to enter the war. He also mentioned the proposal to supplement OVERLORD with an operation in southern France.

Stalin then spoke of the war in the Pacific, making no bones of the fact that the Soviet government welcomed all Anglo-American successes against the Japanese. He explained that the Russian forces in Siberia were sufficient for purely defensive purposes but that they would have to be increased threefold before they could be strong enough to engage in offensive ground operations against the Japanese—and he added that when Germany was finally defeated, the necessary Russian reinforcements could be sent to eastern Siberia and then, he said, "We shall be able by our common front to beat Japan." (This was the first assurance given to Roosevelt or Churchill to that important effect. It changed the whole strategic picture.)

The Way to the Heart of Germany

Referring to the Italian campaign, Stalin said that great benefit had resulted from the freeing of the Mediterranean to Allied shipping but he did not believe that further advances up the peninsula would be of much avail, for the Alps presented an almost insuperable barrier, as the heroic Russian General Suvorov discovered in his time. He said the entry of Turkey into the war might be helpful in opening the way to the Balkans, but that the Balkans were far from the heart of Germany, and the only direct way of striking at that heart was through France.

Churchill gave assurance that it was now planned to put one million men on the continent of Europe in May, June and July, 1944. He said that the original force for OVERLORD would consist of 19 American and 16 British divisions, that being the maximum number that Britain could afford because of its manpower limitations. The additional divisions for the subsequent exploitation of OVERLORD would come in a steady stream from the United States.

He said that there might be delays in the launching of OVERLORD—the great bottleneck at the moment being the shortage of landing craft—and that pending such delays the Allied forces should not remain idle. He then reverted to the desirability of getting Turkey into the war, as he did over and over again with a persistence that was both admirable and monotonous.

Stalin expressed the opinion that it would be unwise to scatter forces in various operations throughout the eastern Mediterranean. He said he thought that after the capture of Rome the forces used there should be sent into southern France to provide a diversionary operation in support of OVERLORD. He even felt that it might be better to abandon the capture of Rome altogether, leaving 10 divisions to hold the present line in Italy, and using the rest of the Allied force for the invasion of southern France. He stated quite plainly, and repeated it several times, his conviction that in any case Turkey would not agree to enter the war.

Churchill said that he could not believe the Turks would be so "mad" as to reject this opportunity to join with the united nations under the most favorable circumstances, but Stalin observed that there were some people who apparently preferred to remain "mad."

This first meeting ended at 7:20 P.M., having lasted three hours and 20 minutes—and thereafter Roosevelt signed four more Congressional bills and a proclamation and worked on his mail until dinnertime, eight thirty, when he was host to Stalin, Molotov, Churchill, Eden, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr (British ambassador in Moscow), Hopkins, Harriman and the three interpreters. This dinner represented a major achievement by the Filipino sailors, who had moved only four hours previously into a strange kitchen

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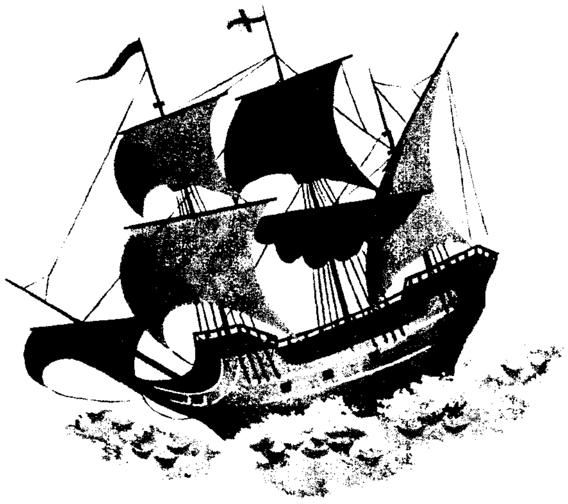

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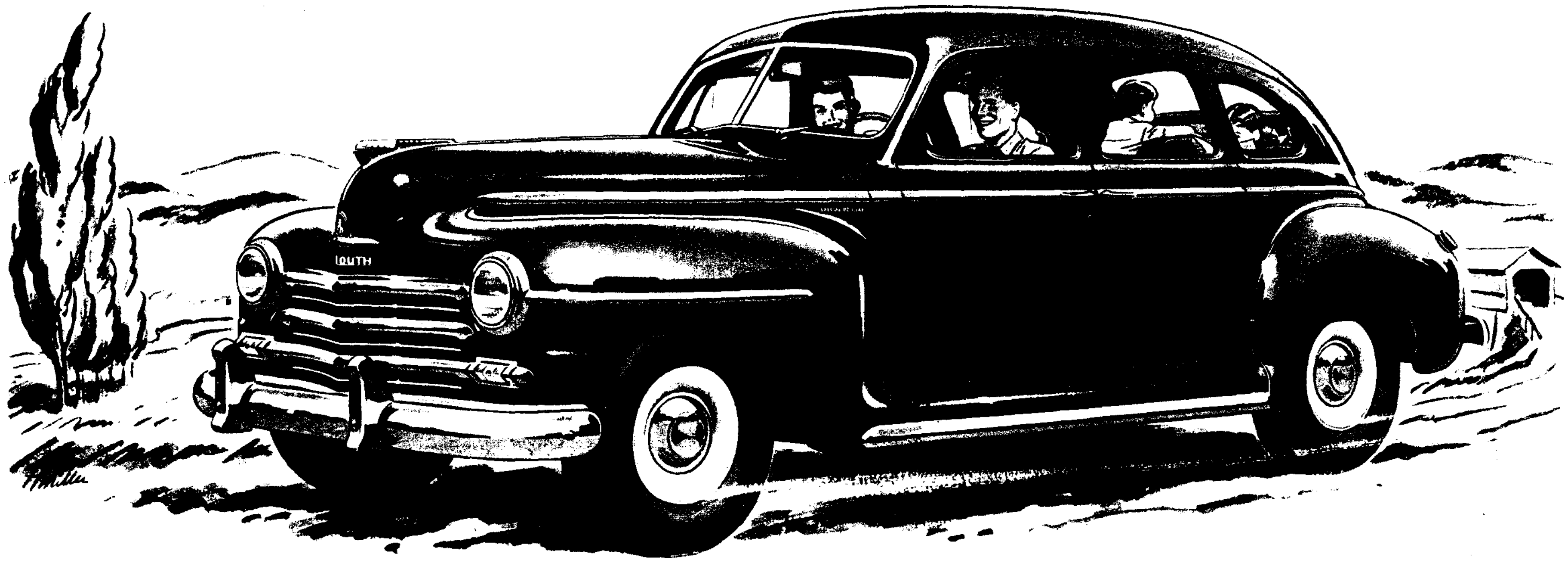

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which lacked most of the essential equipment, including a range.

Hopkins noted that Stalin was grayer than when he had seen him last in the summer of 1941 and also much dressier, now wearing a uniform with gold epaulets each bearing a large, white star fastened with a red pin. Stalin doodled and smoked during the meetings. His voice was quiet—barely audible—and he seemed to expend no effort in placing emphasis on anything as he talked to the interpreter. Harriman has said that Stalin in greeting Hopkins at Teheran displayed more open and warm cordiality than he had been known to show to any foreigner; evidently the marshal saw in Hopkins one who had made promises and done his level best to keep them.

At dinner on the first evening the conversation turned to the subject of postwar treatment of Germany and the frontiers of Poland. Stalin said that Poland should extend to the Oder but he was not specific about Poland's eastern frontier.

Discussing Baltic Problems

The President remarked that he would be interested in the question of assuring the approaches to the Baltic Sea and had in mind some form of trusteeship with perhaps an international state in the vicinity of the Kiel Canal to insure free navigation in both directions. Marshal Stalin apparently thought that the President was referring to the question of the Baltic States. He replied emphatically that the Baltic States had by an expression of the will of the people voted to join the Soviet Union and that this question was not therefore one for discussion. After the misapprehension was straightened out, however, he expressed himself favorable in regard to the question of insuring free navigation to and from the Baltic Sea.

A memorandum was written on Stalin's views concerning postwar Germany, which may be summarized as follows:

In regard to Germany, Marshal Stalin apparently considered the measures proposed by either the President or Churchill for the subjugation and for the control of Germany as inadequate. He tried to persuade the President or the Prime Minister to go further in expressing their views as to the stringency of the measures which should be applied to Germany. He seemed to have no faith in the possibility of the reform of the German people and spoke bitterly of the attitude of the German workers in the war against the Soviet Union.

As evidence of the fundamental German devotion to legality he told of being in Leipzig in 1907 when 200 German workers failed to appear at an important mass meeting because there was no controller at the station platform to punch their tickets so that they could leave the station.

He was convinced that this mentality of discipline and obedience could not be changed.

He said that Hitler was very able, but not basically intelligent. That he was lacking in culture and had a primitive approach to political and other problems. He did not share the President's opinion that Hitler was mentally unbalanced and countered that only a very able man could accomplish what Hitler had done in solidifying the German people whatever we thought of the methods.

As a wartime measure Marshal Stalin questioned the wisdom of the unconditional-surrender principle with no definition of the exact terms which would be imposed upon Germany. He felt that to leave these unclarified merely served to unite the German people, whereas to draw up specific terms, no matter how hard, and tell the German people that this was what they would have to accept would, in his opinion, hasten the day of German capitulation.

The next morning, Monday, military staff talks were held at which it was determined that it would be feasible to mount an operation against southern France with a two-division assault and a 10-division follow-up to be launched simultaneously with OVERLORD D-Day or from two to three weeks preceding it.

Voroshilov asked a great many searching questions about the actual preparations for OVERLORD. He was not interested in the "program" for production; he wanted to know what was actually being *done*. He asked General Brooke point-blank if he attached the same importance to OVERLORD that General Marshall did. Brooke replied in the affirmative but added that he knew how strong the German defenses of northern France were and that under certain circumstances OVERLORD could fail. Voroshilov admitted the difficulties of a trans-Channel operation, as had Stalin, but said that the Russians had encountered comparable difficulties in the crossing of wide rivers and had overcome them because they "had the will to do it."

Marshall, whom both Stalin and Voroshilov obviously recognized as the supreme advocate of OVERLORD, said that he wished to offer one comment: "The difference between a river crossing, however wide, and a landing from the ocean is that the failure of a river crossing is a reverse while the failure of a landing operation is a catastrophe." Marshall went on to say, "My military education and experience in the first World War has all been based on roads, rivers and railroads. During the last two years, however, I have been acquiring an education based on oceans and I've had to learn all over again. Prior to the present war I never heard of any landing craft except a rubber boat. Now I think about little else."

From Installment No. XIV of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Stalin, replying to a toast at Churchill's birthday dinner, as quoted in the official record: "Marshal Stalin said that it was easy to be a hero or a great leader if one had to do with people such as the Russians . . . that even persons of medium courage and even cowards became heroes in Russia. Those who do not, he said, are killed."

Voroshilov said admiringly to Marshall, "If you think about it, you will do it."

While this meeting was going on, Roosevelt attended to more mail. According to Harriman, Churchill sent over a message suggesting that he and the President have lunch together. But Roosevelt was too conscious of the presence of the NKVD men and did not want the report spread that he and the Prime Minister were hatching their own schemes. Harriman conveyed Roosevelt's regrets to Churchill, who was not pleased by them.

But, as Harriman told it, he said, "I shall insist on one thing: that I be host at dinner tomorrow evening. I think I have one or two claims to precedence. To begin with, I come first both in seniority and alphabetically. In the second place, I represent the longest-established of the three governments. And, in the third place, tomorrow happens to be my birthday."

(Next week: For the first time, the official word-by-word record of the postwar agreements reached by the Big Three at Teheran.)

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 28

> it. Baker is one of the most valuable members of my staff."
>
> Admiral Blankenhorn will visit the Foreign Ministry to lodge a formal protest. He indicated . . .

The Proletarian-Bugle gave a different version, in a small box on page three.

> BRITISH CAUSING TROUBLE?
>
> BUDAPEST, Dec. 17—British *agents, provocateurs* or an aroused member of the Hungarian proletariat was responsible for the bomb which damaged an American legation limousine last night, Budapest police believe. J. W. Baker, a third secretary, who was in the car, was unhurt.
>
> Baker, police pointed out, was accompanied by Rikki Telredy, an actress. The bomb could have been thrown by a Hungarian patriot angered by Baker's attentions to Telredy, or it could have been the work of British agents seeking to create an excuse for a diplomatic and economic attack on Hungary.

The Herald had the most complete story.

> BUDAPEST, Dec. 17—(delayed by censor)—An American legation jeep, clearly painted with American flags, was booby-trapped last night. Jeff W. Baker, legation third secretary, suffered shock. His companion, actress Rikki Telredy of the famous Arizona Club, was uninjured.
>
> A bomb was planted under the jeep's hood while it was parked in front of Baker's Revay Street residence. When he put his foot on the starter it exploded, blowing the hood back and cracking, but not splintering, the windshield.
>
> It is impossible to place responsibility for the bombing, and it is doubtful if the Communist-controlled Budapest police will make much of an effort. Anti-American Hungarians could have done it, or Red Army troops, or the police themselves. Or it could have been done by a gang of young hoodlums, or by frustrated car thieves who found the jeep securely chained.

WHEN the explosion came Rikki could not see for a minute, and her nose and mouth were filled with smoke and fumes, and she was deafened; and if she screamed she did not know it. Then the first shock passed, and she thought of fire, and she groped for and finally found the lever that opened the canvas door and threw herself outside. Not until then did she think of Jeff.

She ran around to the other side of the jeep and she saw him. He did not look or act like Jeff. He did not look or act like any man she had ever seen. He was on his belly in the gutter and he was clawing at the dirt and stones in jerky, digging motions. He was saying words, but what they were she could not understand, and in between the rush of words high-pitched sobbing sounds came out of his throat. She kneeled beside him in the slime and raised his head and talked to him in Hungarian as a panicky mother talks to a hurt child. She stopped talking in Hungarian, suddenly, and talked in English:

"What's the matter, Jeff? What's the matter? Oh, be quiet, Jeff! Be quiet! I am here. I am here. It is all right."

He tore his head away from her hands and buried his face in the dark place between curb and gutter, and Rikki rose and began to shout for help.

In the short, dark length of Revay Utca, there was no movement, no new light, no answering sound. There was only the babbling man, and the echo of her terror. She stopped screaming. She knew that the people of Budapest do not stir from their beds when there are loud and sudden noises in the night.

She turned to Jeff, and the noises still issued from him. She tried once again to lift his head, failed, and fell across his body, sobbing. . . .

It was thus that the police from the station at 60 Andrássy found them. There were six policemen in this emergency squad. It was the squad that always went to the scene of bombings and shootings, and they knew how to handle it. They dropped off their truck alongside the jeep. Two men with rifles paid no attention to the jeep, but concentrated on the street and the surrounding houses, to guard against a trap.

THE leader of the squad, a corporal, glanced at the girl huddled over the man. By his sound, the man was badly hurt. The corporal looked inside the hood of the jeep, smelled, examined the wires of the bomb, one twisted around a spark plug and the other attached to the starter wire. He saw how the explosion had blown the hood back against the windshield. The explosion had created its own armor, and he wondered how it was that the man was hurt. Perhaps he was shot.

He took the woman by the waist and lifted her up and stood her on her feet, and when she continued to sob he shook her shoulders. "Shut up!" he said. She was quiet. Then he knelt on one knee beside the man and tried to turn him. The man resisted; he was tall and very strong. "Hey, I need help," the corporal called. Two of his men came, and the three of them forced the man over on his back, holding the arms so they would not be clawed. The man was a mess, and his eyes were wide in madness, and his arms and legs jerked and shook, but there was no blood. "I have seen this," one of the policemen said. "This is battle fear."

The corporal turned to the girl. "Were you in this car with him?"

"Yes."

"He is an American, is he?"

"Yes, he is American. This is his home here. Help me take him inside. He needs help at once."

"Not so fast," the corporal said. "How did this happen? Who is he?"

"I will tell you all that later. Help me get him inside. He must have a doctor."

"No, we will put him in the truck and take him to the station. A doctor can attend him there. We will take you too."

"*Mafla*—stupid ass," the woman said. "I am Rikki Telredy. I know Rajk. I know the whole government. You will do what I say or there will be trouble."

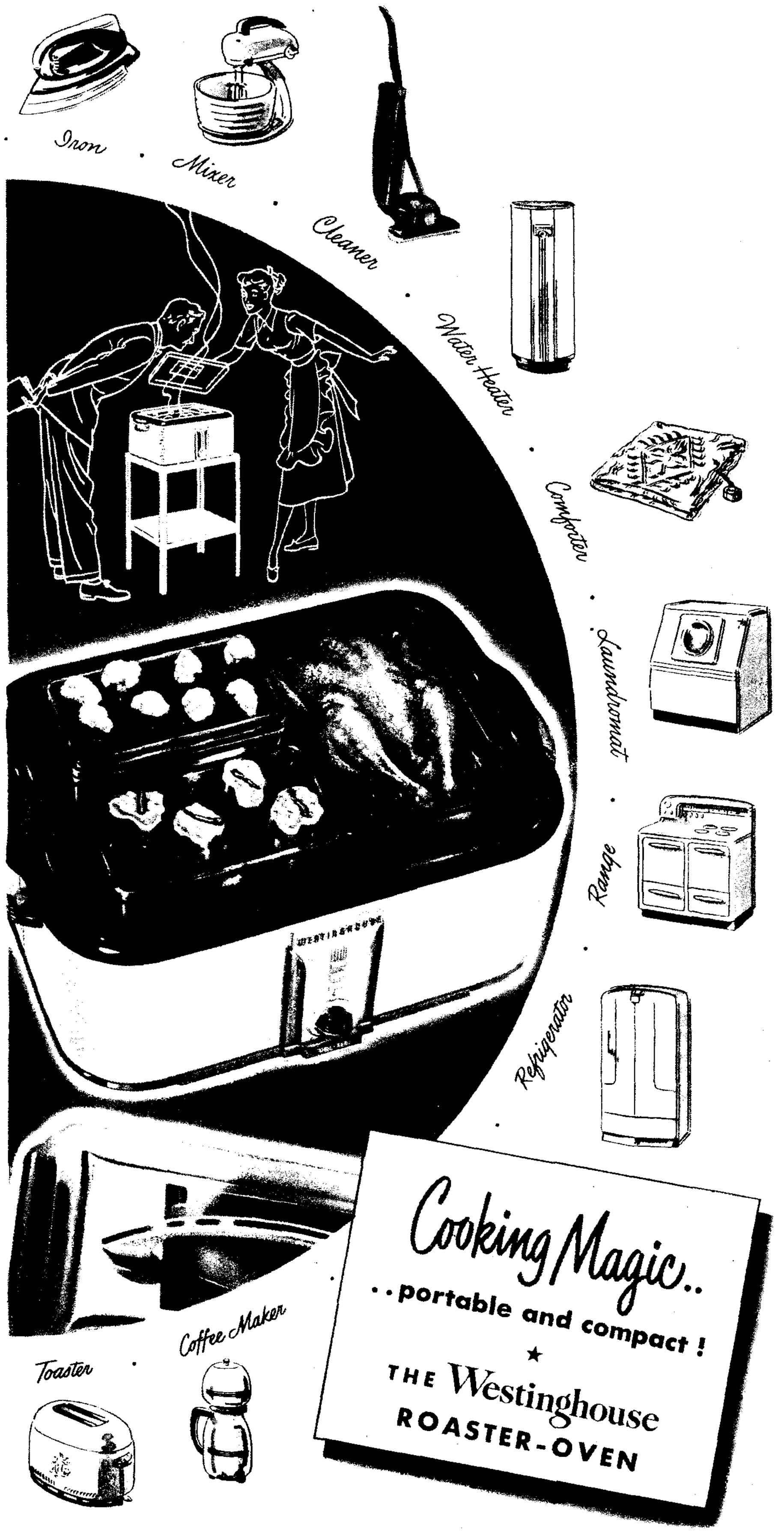
The man was quieter now, and the corporal rose. "So you are Telredy?" he said. "Always you actresses go with the Americans. Why is it?"

"Perhaps they are better men."

"Or have more money," the corporal said. "All right, we will carry him inside. But we will wait with him until his own people come and give me a receipt for him. I will not be responsible."

So they carried Jeff inside, and Sandor came out from under the stairs, his eyes blinking in excitement, and took them up in the elevator. They laid Jeff on the bed and wiped the filth from his face with wet towels, while Rikki telephoned the Park Club. She asked for Fred Keller and told him what had happened and he said he'd be right over.

Jeff was still babbling, but not so wildly now. When she spoke to him he still did not reply. She looked in the medicine closet in the bathroom. There were medicines, there, but none that would



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help him except aspirin, and aspirin seemed silly. She saw a bottle of vitamin tablets, and without thinking popped two of them into her mouth.

Until Fred Keller and Quincy Todd came with Major L'Engle, the mission doctor, she sat on the bed, running her fingers along Jeff's temples, and shielding his wide eyes from the light. The policemen found Jeff's cigarettes, smoked, and grew bored. Every few minutes the corporal would think of a question, and she would answer in a monosyllable.

Major L'Engle was an Army Department doctor who had served in France and Germany, and later in a base hospital in England, and he knew combat fatigue when he saw it. "All right," he ordered, "everybody clear out!" He looked at Rikki. "You stay. I'll have to look at you later."

The corporal wanted to know who was going to give him a receipt, and Fred Keller said he would. Keller said this was a most serious matter, and he trusted that the corporal would make a complete examination of the jeep, and make every effort to discover who was responsible. The corporal shrugged his shoulders and said it was always difficult in a bombing of this type. Also, once the criminals fled, it became a political matter, and therefore a matter for the secret police. No doubt the secret police would make an investigation. Keller and Quincy Todd both laughed. The corporal pocketed a pack of Jeff's cigarettes, summoned his men with his eyes, and left.

"You two can stay if you want," Major L'Engle said then. "Just wanted to get rid of those monkeys."

He lifted Jeff's eyelids and examined the palms of his hands. He loosened Jeff's collar and pulled a blanket over his body. "He's got a bad dose of it," he said. "Look at his arms and legs."

"Bad dose of what?" Keller asked.

"Combat fatigue."

"It scares me," Quincy Todd said. "Can you catch what he's saying?"

"I wish I could use narcosynthesis," Major L'Engle said. "But I'll cool him down with Blue Eighty-eights."

"What's that?" Keller asked

"Sodium Amytal." Major L'Engle was a tightly knit man who wore a military mustache and he carried a military kit. In the bottom of his bag he found a fat, round, blue bottle. Into his hand he shook two pills, bullet-shaped, blue, and long as the end of a man's second finger.

"Can he swallow those?" Rikki asked.

"Sure. You get some water."

The major cradled Jeff's head in one arm, forced the pills into his mouth and shook them into his throat, and made him swallow water after.

"What's he talking about?" said Quincy Todd. "Lot of Italian names, and something that sounds like fire co-ordinates. I never heard him swear like that before. Sounds like he's fighting a battle."

"He is," said Major L'Engle. "He's fighting a battle all over again."

IN THIRTY minutes Jeff's trembling was not so apparent, and his incoherent words were spoken thickly and slowly. Then at last he was silent, and his breathing became regular, and he slept.

Rikki began to cry, and Major L'Engle put his arm around her shoulders and said, "Now, honey, I'll have to find something for you."

She said, "I'm all right, I am perfectly all right. I want to stay here." Then she saw herself in the mirror. She looked her thirty-four years, and the three others she never mentioned. "All right," she said. "I'll go."

"I'll give you a couple of pills. You can take them when you get home. Fred and Quincy will take you."

"Is he going to be all right?" Keller asked. "This isn't permanent?"

"No. Oh, no. He'll have to stay in bed for a couple of days, and rest for maybe a week. Then he'll be as good as ever."

"Suppose he has a recurrence?"

"He won't—unless he gets another bomb."

"We'll all have to be more careful. No more using a car without a driver. I'll get Quigley out of bed and send him up here just in case."

"Yes," the major said, "we'll all have to be more careful." . . .

When Jeff lifted his head and opened his eyes his mouth was thick and parched and his head and face felt swollen and he asked for water. Then he saw L'Engle sitting on the edge of the bed, and Quigley in a chair close by. "Hello, Major. Hello, Quig," he said. "What a hangover! My mouth is full of goat wool. Can you hear what I'm saying? It's morning, isn't it?"

The major had a glass of water in his hand, as if he had been waiting. Jeff drank, and said, "Where's Rikki? What happened?"

"You were booby-trapped."

"Oh. What about Rikki?"

"She's okay. Wasn't scratched."

"What happened to me?"

"Baker, that's something I can't tell you. You'll have to tell me."

"'I don't understand."

"You must've had a pretty bad shock in the war."

Jeff raised himself on his elbows. "Oh, that's it. I did have a shock, I suppose. No worse than others. Not as bad as some."

"Hospitalized for combat fatigue?"

"You mean did I crack up?"

"That's what I mean."

"No, I don't think so. They took me back to the station hospital in Florence, but then they decided I wasn't so bad, and they sent me to rest camp for a couple of weeks. You know the Fifth Army rest camp? The Hotel Imperial in Rome? Boy, was it wonderful!"

"Ever get any narcosynthesis treatment?"

"No. They didn't think I needed it." This wasn't precisely true. The medics in Florence had thought he needed it. But there were so many others in worse shape that when he'd pulled himself together, when his pride conquered his fear, they'd let him go to rest camp instead of base hospital.

Major L'Engle looked at Jeff's hands again. "I think they were wrong," he said, very quietly. "However, that's all past, and you are going to be all right, and Quig is here to see that nobody tosses any more bombs around. But if you were able to tell me everything that happened to you—the thing that sent you to the station hospital—you'd be better off."

"It wasn't much," Jeff said. "Some *Nebelwürfe* came into my position. That's all there was to it."

CEDAR GROVE DRIVE-IN THEATRE
EXIT
JEFF KEATE

"Pardon me, please . . . I'm sorry . . . excuse me . . . oops, sorry . . . beg your pardon . . ."

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

OF COURSE, that wasn't all there was to it, but it was all he could consciously tell. When the 85th Division was assigned to take the heights commanding Futa Pass, Jeff knew nothing of the grand strategy. All he knew was that the company would kick off at 0200 hours and his platoon would go first.

He also knew that he was afraid. He was always afraid in battle. There was no waking moment when he was in range of an enemy shell that he was not afraid. And he was afraid because he was a smart soldier who kept track of casualty percentages in the combat infantry, and he could estimate his chances. He was deathly afraid of mines and booby traps. He always tried to put his feet only on the fresh tracks of heavy vehicles. . . .

In the late afternoon they rode in trucks almost as far as the regimental OP in Scarperia, and hit the ground there, and immediately came under fire. It was very dry in Italy that autumn, and the vehicles and the scuffing boots of the men raised a tattling cloud of dust as they pressed forward. Jeff cursed the dust, for he knew it invited shellfire. As he had expected, the German SP guns up in the mountains fired into the dust all the afternoon. At the crossroads in Scarperia, Jeff lost his communications sergeant, who was an old and reliable friend, and from that moment Jeff was depressed and had a premonition he would die.

So they came to the jumping-off place, and flopped down in a little dry ditch shielded by dusty bushes. He had not known there would be a ditch there, and it was handy because the enemy's heavy machine guns were searching this ground, and his mortars were nervously working it over.

His bazooka man said, "Ain't good, is it, Lieutenant?"

And Jeff said, "You never had it so good! Look at that sunset! Ever see a sunset like that?"

Jeff heard his bazooka man moving back along the ditch, and whispering, and he heard the muffled laughter of his men. He knew they would be repeating, "Did you hear what he said? We never had it so good!" So he knew his men were going to be all right, and he told them to eat and get their rest.

He could not sleep, although the others seemed to sleep. He grudged each minute that slipped by on his watch, and he found himself wishing crazy things, like how wonderful it would be if time would turn backward, and the minute hand would move the other way. The last hour was the worst, and his eyes hardly left his watch. Fifteen minutes before 0200 the guns all opened at once and he thought surely the sky must crack and fall in.

He sensed the men stirring around him, and he passed the word. When the minute hand touched the hour he said, "Okay, let's go." He climbed out of the ditch and moved forward, his body and mind concentrating on making himself small. Out of the corner of his eye he could see his men moving along with him, and he felt a measure of relief.

Almost immediately he saw what would have to be done. There was a fence of tracer across his path, coming from a machine gun on the left. He had been taught that tracer at night looked deadlier than it actually was, and you should ignore it and press on. This was probably a good theory until you actually saw the tracer. Then it was no good. He thought they should go get that gun.

THEY did get the gun. Then surprisingly there was no tracer wall to cross, and it seemed that they walked through a lane. There was fire and terror on both sides, but straight ahead, miraculously, it was not bad. So he walked straight ahead toward the deeper black that was the mountains. They went on until they were climbing, and Jeff wondered whether they had gone too far.

Then he saw the bulk of this hill and realized that he crouched at its very base. He thought it would be good if he went up this hill, although he had not been told to take any hills. He saw little red gouts of rifle fire from the top of the hill, and heard a burp gun working up there.

His bazooka man said, "Where the hell you goin', Lieutenant?"

Jeff said, "Up the hill."

They went up the hill and at the top they found six Krauts, two of them wounded. They had to kill the Kraut officer, and the others gave up. The Krauts said they were from the Fourth Para Division, and had been expecting the attack for a week. They said they were all that was left of a company. The bombardment had killed all the rest.

He told his men to dig in.

In the early dawn he stared north and west until his eyes ran, and finally the landscape began to come clear. It looked as if he could spit across to the top of Altuzzo. Directly opposite, on the level of his eyes, was the corkscrew road that ran up Altuzzo, and there were Germans on this road with tanks and self-propelled guns and queer-looking equipment.

He did not fire on the Germans, because he did not want to attract their attention sooner than necessary. He waited for what he knew must come.

It came. They had received three salvos before Jeff realized from the color of the smoke that a battery of his own 105s was zeroed in on his position.

He was counting his dead, and shouting for the morphine sucrates for the wounded when heavier stuff began to come in, and this time the smoke was brown and he knew he had got his platoon under bombardment from both armies. He lay on the ground, the concussions hurting his belly, and prayed.

The bombardment grew worse. Steel

"I'm through helping other people... Lu... from now on I'm concentrating on you . . . . !"

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fingers were tearing the hill apart, and digging for him—digging for him personally. For another hour he lay there. Jeff felt that each succeeding shell was creating a chemical change within him. He did not know that he was sobbing, and praying.

What finished him were the six heavy rockets, the *Nebelwürfe*, that fell around him. He was on his hands and knees when they came. The blast and concussion crushed him into the earth as a man's hand swats a fly.

After that he did not know anything until he awoke in the station hospital in Florence. They told him his men held the hill against a counterattack, but this he did not remember. People called the little hill Baker's Peak, because it turned out to be important enough to deserve a name. People said we might never have got Futa Pass, except for Baker's Peak.

Jeff stopped shaking after his two weeks in Rome. But for a long time a car's backfire, or the casual shooting that goes on in war even behind the lines, would send him face down and quivering in a ditch. So they made him a captain, and gave him a Silver Star, and attached him to Army H.Q., which found good use for him as liaison officer with the 15th Air Force in Bari in the spring.

OF NONE of this could he speak, nor could he articulate his hatred of the insensate force that had pounded his will and courage from his body. Major L'Engle understood all this very well, and he gave Jeff another Blue Eighty-eight, and watched him until he again was full asleep.

Jeff recovered quickly, as the major had predicted, but they made him stay in his room. When his hands stopped trembling without the sedation of the Blue Eighty-eights, Major L'Engle told him he could soon get back to his work. "But don't step on any more starters," he warned, "and don't get shot at."

Everybody was nice. Almost everybody in the legation came to see him, or sent flowers. Except the admiral. Jeff wondered why there was not so much as a note from the admiral. Then Morgan Collingwood, the consul general, dropped in on an afternoon.

Jeff saw his chance to ask Morgan Collingwood about the admiral. He tried to be casual, and remarked, "I haven't had any word from the admiral."

Morgan Collingwood looked uncomfortable. "It's most unfortunate about the admiral," he said.

"What's unfortunate?" Jeff asked.

"Well, the way he looks at things."

"I don't get it, Mr. Collingwood." But Jeff could guess.

"Well, Baker, the admiral isn't happy about your behavior. Do you want me to speak frankly?"

"I certainly do."

"The admiral heard—from whom I don't know—that you did nothing to protect the woman you were escorting. He heard that you cowered in the street. Of course the admiral hasn't said anything publicly or officially about his feelings. As a matter of fact he praised you at his press conference the other day. The admiral called a special press conference. He wanted to be sure that a constructive version of the affair appeared in the press at home. But privately the admiral is chagrined at your conduct."

Jeff tried to keep silent, but he couldn't. "That's too bad," he burst out.

"Now, now!" said Morgan Collingwood. "That sort of talk won't do you any good."

"No, of course not," Jeff said. "Didn't Major L'Engle explain—didn't he explain to the admiral?"

"Yes, he explained, but it only made it worse." Collingwood leaned over the bed as if what next he had to say was confidential. "You see, the admiral said he didn't believe you'd had an injury in the war, because there was nothing in your record to show it. And anyway, he claims there isn't any such thing as combat fatigue. He quoted General Patton, and he said General Patton ought to know."

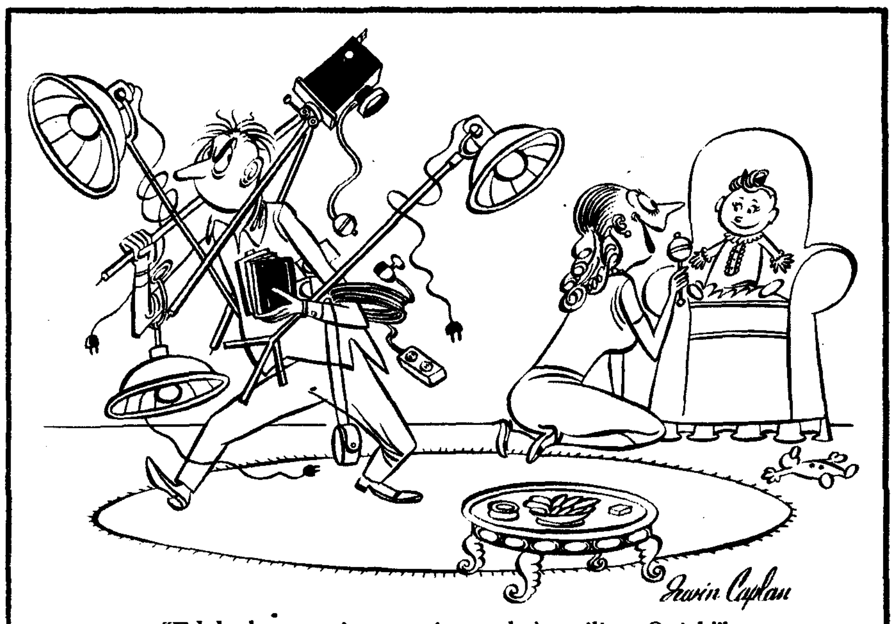
"Well, he can have his opinion," Jeff said, "and I'll have mine."

"Now that's being sensible," said Morgan Collingwood.

Jeff received cards from most of the mission in Budapest, but none from the Russians, the Jugs, the Bulgars, or the other satellites. The Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs sent him a stilted, insincere note of regret.

He received two cables. The one from Horace Locke said: "RELIEVED TO HEAR YOU NOT BADLY INJURED WOULD APPRECIATE LETTER."

Jeff felt guilty because he had not written Horace Locke, and a little foolish for not having thought of him as a confidant, now in this time when he needed an utterly reliable friend in the department. Should he confide Leonides' conspirational plans to Horace Locke? Could Horace Locke get to the Secretary, if necessary?



COLLIER'S "Ed, look . . . set it up again . . . she's smiling. Quick!" IRWIN CAPLAN

He should imagine that Horace Locke could get to the Secretary. After all, Locke had once been a chief of division, and an important man in the department. He thought Horace Locke might be his man.

But there was the difficulty of secure communications with Locke.

The other cable said: "DISMAYED HEAR OF ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE STOP JEFF PLEASE PLEASE DONT LET ANYTHING HAPPEN STOP AM WRITING FULLY LOVE SUSAN."

This cable worried him, and yet in a way it made him feel good. She had committed herself entirely. She wasn't just shocked. She was dismayed. He had become part of someone else.

Every afternoon when she was not rehearsing, Rikki came to see him. Sometimes she brought flowers, and sometimes books from her own library, books printed in the United States, their pages limp from much handling. Some, like Look Homeward, Angel, had been published twenty years before, and Jeff had read it but it was good to read again.

She came to see him on his last day in bed. He marveled at her chic, her smartness. She wore a blue suit labeled Fifth Avenue but without a Fifth Avenue label. She told him it was American Army blanket, traded in the black market in Vienna, smuggled across the frontier, sold at a fantastic price in Budapest, and then cleverly dyed and cut by men who loved their craft.

He was sitting up in bed, with the pillows piled behind him, and wore a robe of white toweling. She leaned toward him, and plucked at the threads of the robe. "This matter of which we were speaking," she said. "This matter over which we quarreled—"

"What about it?"

"I will do what you want me to do," Jeff."

"That's fine, Rikki."

"Anything you want, I will do."

"There isn't anything to do right now. I just wanted to know how you felt." He knew what she meant.

Then she sat up straight, her head resting exactly on her straight spine, in the manner of dancers. "Every time I think I understand you Americans," she said, "I find I am mistaken. The ones with wives and four children far away across an ocean, they will chase me. They will tell me they will divorce their wives and forget their children for me, which of course I do not believe but that is what they will say. But you, who have no wife, you hesitate, you shake—look at your hands—you have disturbances of the brain, you have a churning inside you. What is wrong, Jeff? What is this woman you have back there?"

"She's just a girl."

"What is her name?"

"Susan."

"Susan." Rikki considered the sound. "So plain."

"She isn't plain. She's very complicated."

"And all the time you are here, she expects you to be a monk?"

"I don't think so, she's very liberal, and broad-minded."

Rikki smiled, and showed the tip of her tongue between her teeth. "I would like to meet that Susan!" she said. It was afternoon by the clock, but the night comes fast in Budapest's winter, and the darkness had come.

Soon Rikki would leave, and he would be alone, and lonely with the loneliness of the traveler in a strange city and the alien in a foreign land. He said, "Rikki, come here."

WHEN Major L'Engle came in the morning, Jeff was up and dressed. The major gave him the usual examination. Then he told Jeff to hold out his hands, palms up. Jeff held out his hands, and the major laid a newspaper across them. The edges of the paper did not tremble.

"You've progressed a long way in twenty-four hours," the major said. "All of a sudden, you're completely relaxed. I didn't think you'd be this relaxed in a month."

"Didn't you?"

"No. You can go out of the house today. Take a little walk. Not too far."

Major L'Engle put on his muffler and overcoat, and felt in his coat pocket, "Almost forgot. I brought your mail from the legation." He brought out a fat packet of air mail, compressed by rubber bands. "These ought to keep you busy a while. You must have a lot of friends back home."

Jeff opened them, starting from the top, with the impatient eagerness of a small boy tearing through a pile of Christmas presents. There were a surprising number of letters from people he didn't know. Most of them were warm and sympathetic. They wanted him to know that the people back home were behind him.

THERE was a letter from Susan: "Dear Jeff—I was in New State cafeteria, having my coffee before the nine-o'clock conference, when I saw your picture looking at me from the front page of The Post, and all I could see in the headline was the word 'bomb,' and for a long time I didn't dare read it. I thought: This can't happen to me—not twice in a lifetime.

"But I hear from Gertrude Kerns—she's my friend in the Balkans Division—that a dispatch came in saying you were getting along fine, and would soon be back on your feet. Thank God! Oh, please, Jeff, be careful!

"I am enclosing clippings from The Post, Times-Herald, Star and News. What really happened? Every story is different. Who was responsible?

"You will notice that the T-H has a photograph of that Hungarian actress, Rikki something-or-other. She looks sort of slinky. I'd never trust a person with eyes like that—man or woman.

"Jeff, you know we didn't do much talking about us. We never had time. I don't know when we ever will have time. Judging from the news, time is running out on us.

"Remember how fearful I was? How afraid I was to have you? How I have changed. I want you, while time remains. I think of the line from Omar: 'The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.' I find I'm beginning to agree with Omar now.

"Jeff, I am afraid there is nothing left for you to do. We both feel the same way, dear, but there is nothing either of us can do. All the words have been said at Lake Success (what an ironic name for the place) and all the speeches have been broadcast, and all the notes sent and rejected, and all the treaties made and broken.

"I despair.

"And so, Jeff, I suggest that you resign from the department and come to me. Come to me, Jeff,

Susan."

He put the letter with the others on the leather-topped Italian desk, and yanked his overcoat out of the closet. He felt that he must get away from that letter. Why had she written it? Why had she put into hard, clear, written words what he dared not even think? He left hastily.

He saw an enormous dome looming above him, and in a way it reminded him of the Capitol. He knew, then, that he was going to go into St. Stephen's. He had not been inside a church, to pray, for a long time, oh, twelve or fourteen years.

The climb up the marble entrance left his knees watery, although there were not many steps. Inside he paused to remove his hat, and found that as usual he had forgotten his hat. He walked to the central pillars, and examined the statue of Saint Ladislaus. He felt self-conscious, but no one was watching.

He walked toward a side altar and there were backless wooden benches before the altar, all unoccupied, for this was not an hour of Mass. He became aware of the quiet, the peace. There was a murmur inside St. Stephen's, there was even music from the other side of the nave, and yet it was wonderfully quiet.

He didn't know how long he had been there when he heard the creak of a man's shoes coming down the aisle behind him, and was aware that somebody moved toward him along his bench. He thought: With all the other benches, why does he have to come here? In the soft light he was aware that the man knelt and crossed himself. He turned his head, and said, "Good Lord!"

"Shh!" said Leonides.

"Don't do that to me!" Jeff said.

"That bomb did your nerves no good, eh, Jeff?"

"I'll say not," he managed to whisper.

"Yes, keep your voice low. We will attract no attention, praying here, unless we make noise."

"What about the bomb?" Jeff asked. "Who did it?"

"Not us. The MVD was concerned because of it. They have orders not to unbalance things here. Not now. The situation is too tense. *He* is not quite ready. *He* will carefully choose his time, but the time, I am afraid, is short. We must somehow begin our operations. We must somehow divert *him*."

FROM the other end of St. Stephen's there rose the chant of a choir. "Is that why you came here?" Jeff asked. "How did you know I was here anyway?"

"I have been watching. This is the third day I have been watching. It is important for you."

"You mean your operations? Sure it's important."

"No, there is something more immediate. This girl, Telredy, who comes to see you—do you like her?"

"Yes, I like her. Why?"

"Then do not see her again. Never again see her."

"Why shouldn't I see her?"

"Because if you see her, she will die. Your Atlantis Project is known, Jeff. It is known that you are in it. Any Hungarian whom you often see will, sooner or later, die or wish he were dead."

Jeff had the queerest feeling, as if he and Leonides had been through this before. He looked at Leonides, sitting on the bench beside him, his big hands clasped, his round, cropped head bent. And when he looked he made a conscious effort to control his own features, and the effort made him realize that this was like the poker games in the Oriente. "What kind of project?" he said. "I don't understand you, Leonides."

"You are a bad liar, Jeff."

"That may be," Jeff said. "But I remember you are a good liar. I'd like to have a nickel for every pot you pulled in with a busted straight."

The chant died away, so that when Leonides spoke next it was only a whisper. "I am not bluffing, Jeff. If you think I am bluffing, continue with this Atlantis Project and see what injuries are caused. But do not continue, Jeff. Stop it quickly. I do not ask you to say yes or no, only listen to what I have to say. The MVD knows of it all. The MVD knows that Keller is at the top, and you and a number of others below. I don't know the MVD source exactly. I know it is from the United States, and probably from the White Russian colony in the United States.

"It is easy for the MVD to operate among White Russians. The Communists and their followers your F.B.I. automatically suspects. The White Russians your F.B.I. automatically trusts. Your F.B.I. forgets that often the White Russians have primary interests in their motherland—family, estates, sweethearts. And a Russian is a Russian. The Germans learned that. They learned it when we emptied our political prisons, and formed the prisoners into divisions, and sent them to Stalingrad. The political prisoners fought well. They loved Russia."

Jeff said, "I have listened to what you had to say, Leonides. Now what about your operations?"

"We are fearful for Yassovsky. He was sent to the Crimea from Moscow, and we have not heard from him since."

"Anything else?"

"Our radio is set. We have it in a truck on the Hochschwab."

"The mountains in the British zone in Austria? I've driven across the Semmering."

"Not even the British patrol the Hochschwab. It will be safe for quite a time. It will do more harm to *him* than all your wireless, and the B.B.C. We will call it RFR—Radio Free Russia."

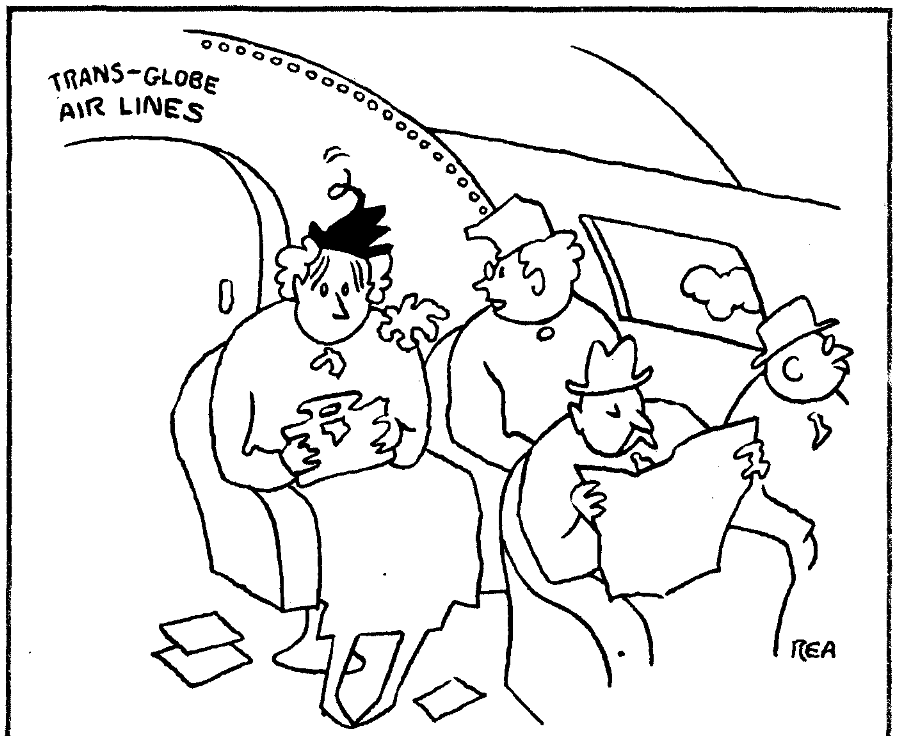
"How soon can I tell my department?"

Leonides bent his head until his heavy chin touched his chest, and he appeared deep in prayer. His lips moved. "Soon now, please God." Then he asked, "Have you yet told your one person?"

"Not yet."

"Who will he be?"

"Would Keller be all right?" Jeff said.



"Of *course* it's bumpy. We're sitting directly over the wheels"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The choir began a new chant, and Leonides raised his head and stared at the great painting of St. Stephen, offering a crown to the Virgin, over the altar. Jeff knew that Leonides was searching the files of his mind for what he knew of Keller. He was going through all the reports. He was evaluating Intelligence. At last he said, "I do not think it should be your Keller, Jeff."

"Very well," Jeff said, "I'll tell Horace Locke, back in Washington."

"You can communicate with him in secret?"

"I'll find a way," Jeff said.

WHEN Jeff got back to his room he fell across the bed. The short walk and the hour spent in St. Stephen's with Leonides had tired him.

When he awoke he knew from the sun that it was afternoon. Rikki was there with a bowl of soup from Madame Angell's kitchen. "Look what I brought you," she said.

"Hello, Rikki," he said, swinging his legs off the bed and shaking the sleep from his head. Now he must act. He must act at once and decisively, so there would be no mistake. "Thanks for the soup, Rikki. It was very thoughtful of you. I'm hungry and I'll eat it. But put it down on the table and get out of here, Rikki. I can't see you again."

"Jeff," she said, "what is wrong? You are sick again?"

"Rikki, it's dangerous for you to be here. I can't explain it all, but you'll have to get out. Right now. Go on now, Rikki."

She put the soup down on the table so that it slopped over the rim of the bowl. "What kind of man are you!"

"This is for your own good, Rikki."

She saw the pile of opened letters on the desk. "Now I see," she said. "Now I see." She smiled as if nothing was funny. "My Jeff has a letter from his Susan. He has remorse."

"Nothing of the sort," Jeff said. He stood up, and tried to say what he had to say quietly, without affront or anger. "Rikki, this isn't a matter of Susan. This is you, Rikki. This is your life."

Her expression changed. He had frightened her. She didn't say anything. She was beginning to understand.

"You can't come up here any more, Rikki. We can't meet anywhere any more. You should not go to Fred Keller's again. You should not eat or dance at the Park Club. You should never enter the legation."

She lowered her head, and said, "Why not?" but she said it as if she already knew the answer.

"Americans are poison for you, Rikki."

"This thing of which we talked?" she asked, without raising her head. "This Hungarian Maquis? Cannot *I* be in that?"

He knew that as soon as he talked to Keller there wouldn't be any Atlantis Project. "No. You'll have to forget that."

"So you Americans have given up?"

"I have given up that idea. Can't you guess why? Can't you guess why I can't see you any more? Why you shouldn't be seen around any Americans?"

"Yes, I know. But it is very discouraging, Jeff. I am sick. I am empty. You know, all my life was with your people. I thought I was one of you. Now I am alone." She turned away from him, and went out into the hallway, and presently he heard her footfall on the stairs, and the diminishing sound was slow and heavy, and not that of a dancer.

Jeff looked at the soup. He was no longer hungry. Then he realized he must see Fred Keller at once. He picked up the telephone and called. When Fred answered the phone Jeff said, "I've got to see you."

"I'm pretty well tied up."

"Got to see you right away."

"You can't. I've got appointments with Lower Slobbovians all afternoon, and I expect Miss Genghis Khan for dinner." Lower Slobbovians were Hungarians.

Jeff said, "She can't come."

"Why not?"

"She's sick and can't get well." That meant that she was suspected by the MVD.

"Oh. That's too bad. Yes, you'd better come up at eight."

"You should see me right now."

"I can't. That's all there is to it." And then Keller hung up.

AT SEVEN o'clock Jeff put on his overcoat and went to the mission. He went up to the second floor and tried the door of the dispensary. It was open and the lights were on inside, but L'Engle wasn't there.

He sat on a white metal stool and tried to read a month-old copy of a magazine. The type kept jumping out of focus. He wished L'Engle *would* hurry up and come back. He looked up at the rows of square bottles on the shelves. Probably better stocked than any hospital in all Pest, he thought. His eyes stopped at the bottle of Blue Eighty-eights.

He wanted one of those Blue Eighty-eights.

Jeff slid off the stool and reached up and took the bottle of Blue Eighty-eights, and Miss Ellis, the nurse, opened the door and said, "Put that down!"

"Now wait a minute, Miss Ellis," Jeff said. "I just came up here to find Major L'Engle and get a Blue Eighty-eight. I need it and I know he'd give me one if he were here."

"Put that down!"

He saw there wasn't any sense arguing with her, and he turned his back so she could not interfere and shook out a Blue Eighty-eight and popped it into his mouth and swallowed.

"Why, you filthy thief!"

He couldn't answer because he was having a hard time swallowing.

"I hope they put you in Leavenworth for ten years. You'll never get away with this, you know. Why, it's the most brazen thing I've ever seen!"

He got it down, but it still felt like a lump under his breastbone. "All right, Miss Ellis," Jeff said, "just take it easy. When you see L'Engle tell him I came up here and took one Blue Eighty-eight. Just one, mind you! And I don't think you talk like a lady, Miss Ellis."

He hurried out. It was quicker to walk to the motor pool than call and wait for a vehicle. If he walked right over he'd be at Keller's on time.

When Jeff walked into Keller's apartment he found Fred at ease in a maroon lounging robe, the faultless lapels faced with black satin. Fred was smoking a pipe and there was a brandy snifter and an open book on the table beside his big chair. He seemed like a man whose thoughts were only on a book and an undisturbed evening, until you looked closely at his face. Then you saw all the muscles were taut, and new lines showed around the mouth. "Hello, Jeff," he said. "Do you want to eat first, or talk?"

"I've eaten, thanks," Jeff said. "I think we'd better talk." He folded himself into a chair and lighted a cigarette. He was relieved to see the Blue Eighty-eight had dispatched his jitters. "Atlantis Project has been penetrated. The Russians know about it. We've had it, Fred."

Keller's tan faded to yellow. "How do you know?"

"A Russian told me."

"I don't believe you!"

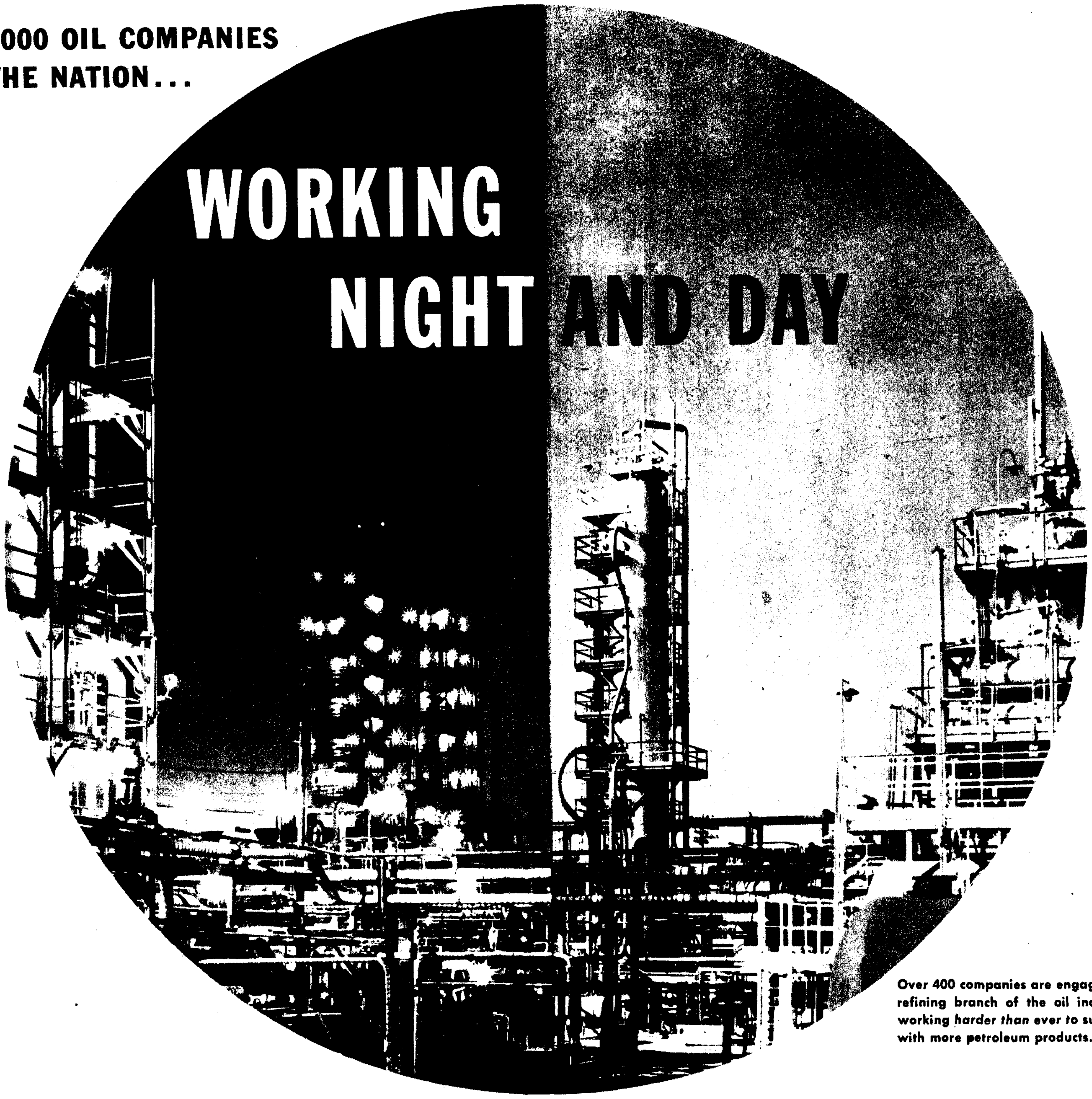
So Jeff told him the story. He started in the beginning at Bari. He told him everything, but he did not mention Leonides' own secret. He didn't mention Leonides' resistance movement.

When Jeff finished, Keller's pipe was out but he was still puffing at it. He looked at Jeff, estimating, analyzing, searching. He said, "Well, it's not as bad as I thought. I really don't see any reason to discontinue Atlantis."

"You don't!"

"No, I don't. But I do see reasons why

HOW 34,000 OIL COMPANIES SERVE THE NATION...



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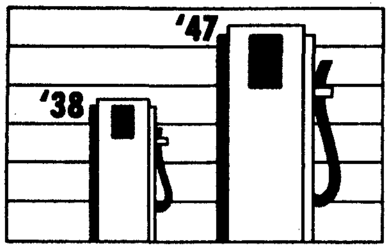
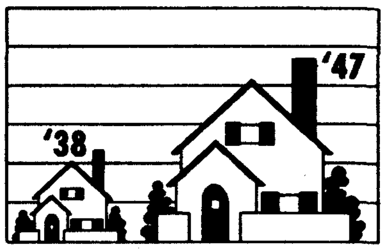
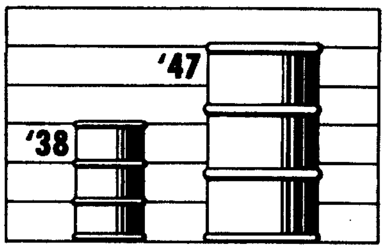


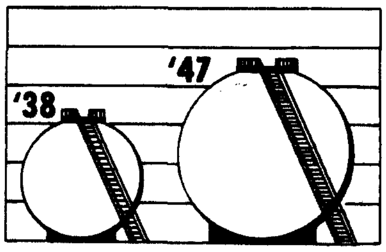
GASOLINE: America's huge motor fleet now numbers over 37 million vehicles. That's 7 million over 1938. Cars average about 730 gallons yearly... trucks, busses use even *more.*



DOMESTIC FUEL OIL: Demand for fuel oil has skyrocketed since 1938. Today, over *twice* as many oil burners are used in heating our homes, schools and hospitals.



LUBRICANTS: Farms, railroads, mines and factories require ever increasing quantities of lubricants. Production of lubricants *today* is 68% higher than in 1938.



REFINING: Oil refineries handled 77 billion gallons of crude oil last year—with facilities expanding, refineries will soon top this mark ... deliver even *more* oil products to you.

if what you told me became known—say to the admiral—you'd be fired."

"Are you sure you listened carefully to what I told you?" Jeff asked.

"I digested every word. I'm only worried about one thing. How much did you leak to the Russian?"

Jeff knew he was growing angry. "Give away to the Russians! Nothing, of course!"

"I hope not. I wouldn't like to lose you, Jeff. I think you've been doing a good job, except for this one thing."

"But don't you see that this one thing finishes us?" Jeff demanded.

KELLER said, "You *are* dense." He rose and paced to the bar, and poured a thimble measure of brandy into the fat-bellied glass. He swished it around, and warmed the snifter with his long-sinewed hands. He seemed to have forgotten to offer a drink to Jeff.

"Don't you see?" Keller continued. "Don't you honestly? Don't you see that the Russians are on a fishing expedition? Oh, they may know something. They may even know the name of our project, although I honestly don't see how they'd even know that."

"It seems to me that they know everything," Jeff said, "and they picked it all up right in Washington."

"That's ridiculous. As I said, they may have a little hint of what's going on. So they assign this chap—what's his name?"

"Leonides Lasenko."

"They assign your friend Lasenko to pump you. Why did they pick you, and not me, or one of the others? First of all, you're fresh out here, and obviously don't know enough to stay away from Russians. And secondly, Lasenko knew you. That's the important thing. Lasenko got your name from customs, and he recognized it, and went after you. Perhaps you were the only approachable American in Budapest."

"Yes, I'm sure of that, anyway," Jeff said.

"Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do," Keller said, and Jeff could see he was composed again. "You're just to forget about this whole thing and let me handle it. You're not to mention it to anyone else. You're just to forget about it. And nothing is going to happen to you, except for God's sake, Jeff, don't see that Russian again."

Jeff was silent, but he knew what presently he was going to say.

"Yes, I'll handle it all," Keller went on. "I'll change the name of the project. If the Russians have heard anything about Atlantis, and are trying to find out what it is, we'll just eliminate the name."

"It won't work," Jeff said.

"Nonsense. I'll just tell the admiral it's best for security that we change the name. Time we changed it, as a security measure, anyway. You go right ahead with your work. How're you getting along with Miss Genghis Khan?"

Jeff said, "I'm not going to see her again, and you're not going to see her again."

"Now, Jeff, don't be difficult."

Jeff leaned back in his chair. He was quiet and calm now, and it wasn't the Blue Eighty-eight that had given him this steadiness. "It's easy for you, Keller," he said. "You know the Russians won't kill you. You're safe, because if you were killed that'd be an incident, and at this time they don't want such an incident. But if they grab Rikki, and snaffle out her life, that doesn't hurt you, Keller."

"That's enough, Jeff!"

"No, it's not enough. You know damn' well the way the MVD operates. You know damn' well you're safe. You know they'll watch—are watching now. And every Hungarian you see often enough, or I see often enough, that Hungarian is as good as dead. Do you want to be a murderer, Keller?"

Keller said, "One last chance, Jeff. I know you're unstrung. The bomb—that explosion."

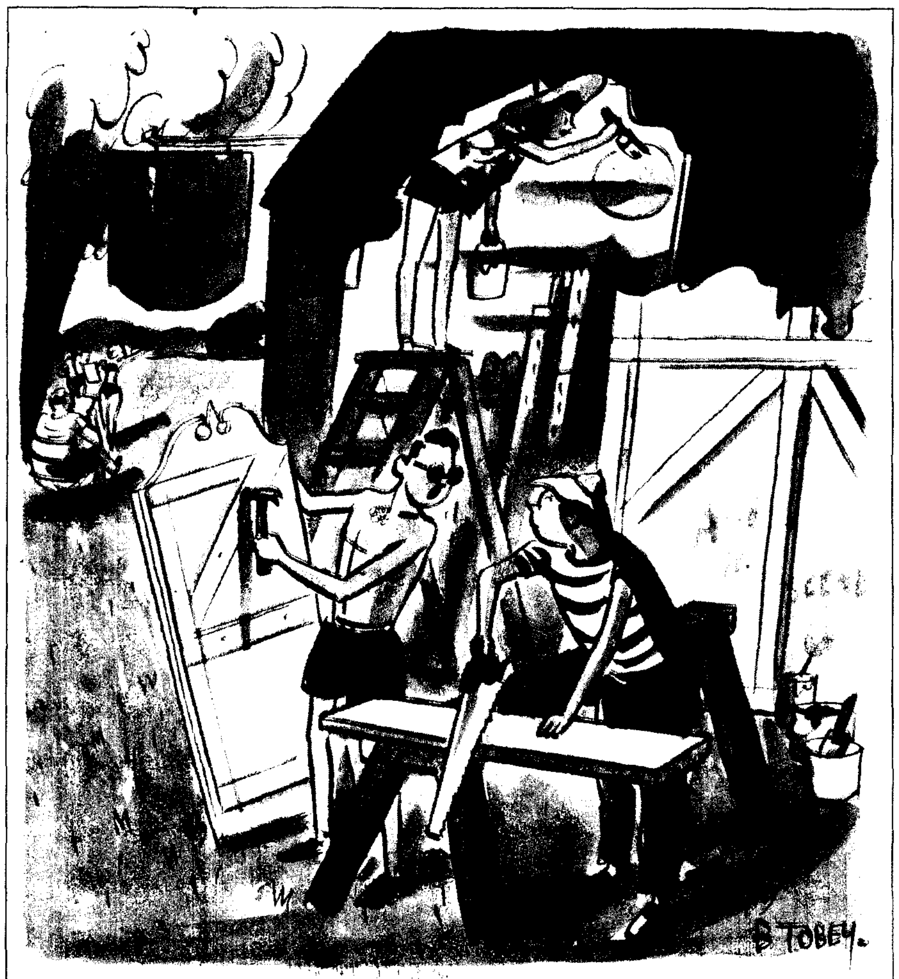
"I'm not unstrung."

"I'd hate to believe that you were a coward. The admiral thinks you're a coward. One last chance, Jeff. I directly order you to continue with your work."

"I'm not going to do it."

Keller shook his head. He seemed older than forty now, and he had lost his spruceness, his straightness. "You will go to your apartment. I will have to see the admiral." . . .

Jeff had a bad three days. The first day, nobody called him, or visited. This in itself was a bad sign. He spent the day typing a letter to Horace Locke. The letter was a careful summary of everything Leonides had told him of what Leonides had called the Second Russian Revolution.



"Take Hal Brenner for instance—one season in summer stock and now he's got a steady job as a union carpenter in Newark"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

He had no idea how he was going to get the letter to Locke. He knew that any letter he dropped into the pouch, from now on, would be suspect. And he had the same premonition Susan had. Time was running out.

THE second day Major L'Engle came to see him, looking harassed. "The admiral," he said. "He's wild. What happened?"

"You mean in your dispensary?"

"Sure, in my dispensary."

Jeff told him what happened, and the major nodded and said, "That's what I thought, but nobody is going to believe me, or you."

"What do you mean, won't believe you?" Jeff asked.

"Well, you taking that Blue Eighty-eight is only part of it." The major twisted his hands together as if what he was saying were difficult. "Baker, that thwarted, lard-faced harridan in white reported other drugs missing. She wrote a letter to the admiral. I knew they were missing before she did. You see, I took them."

Jeff said, "I suppose they blame that on me, too."

"Oh, no, the admiral lets me have all that. You see, I told him. I told him the truth, but he thinks I sold the stuff on the Bourse, and I'm under charges."

Jeff took out the bottle of cognac he kept locked in his dispatch case and gave the major a drink, because obviously the major needed a drink. Then he took one himself. "I'm confused," Jeff said.

The major drank the cognac in a gulp. "If I had just been smart enough to lie! If I had just told the admiral that some of the G.I.s in the M.A.'s office had been sick, or even that I was sick myself, nothing would have happened. But I told the truth. You know the Hunyadi Home?"

"I've heard of it. The home for boys."

"Yes. It's near my place, and every once in a while I drop in there. I don't have any boys myself. But I like boys. Their infirmary is deplorable. No equipment at all."

"So?"

"So for the last six or eight months I've been helping them out. I've saved three pneumonias, and one meningitis, and some others. I told the admiral the truth about it. In the first place, he doesn't believe me, and in the second place I'm not supposed to use the mission's drugs for indigenous personnel. He's right, of course. No getting away from it. He's right, officially."

"I'm sorry," Jeff said. "I'm sorry that I started this."

"Oh, I told him about you too. I told him it was perfectly okay if you took a Blue Eighty-eight because there wasn't anybody there to give it to you. I explained the stuff wasn't habit-forming unless you took it for a considerable period. Did it do any good? No. Every time I mentioned your name he just sputtered. I don't know what else you've done, Baker, but whatever it is, you've got him wild."

"I hope he'll cool down."

"He won't. I'm on tomorrow's plane, going home under charges."

"Oh, that's too bad!" Jeff tried to think of something cheerful, because he liked L'Engle. "You'll be all right," was the best he could do.

"No, I won't. There'll be an I.G. investigation, and anyway a reprimand, and they'll look on their maps and find either the hottest place in the world or the coldest place in the world and they'll say, 'We've got a new post for you, L'Engle, where there are no black markets. Goodby, bub.' "

Jeff poured another drink, and when he handed the glass to L'Engle he looked deep into his face. L'Engle's face was like rock, but rock weathered and mellowed by his years and his profession. "So you're going on tomorrow's plane," Jeff said. "And you're a decent guy."

"You don't have to feel so damn' sorry for me."

"I wasn't feeling sorry. Will you deliver a letter for me, Major?"

"Depends on where it's going. I'm going to Washington."

"That's where the letter's going, Major."

"So long as it doesn't contain classified material, sure."

Jeff said, "This hasn't been classified yet. There isn't any classification for it."

"Now that sounds interesting," the major said.

Jeff finished his drink. "This letter might get you into trouble, Major," he said. "I want you to read it, and make your own decision."

He handed the letter to L'Engle. The major started reading it, and then he took a pair of glasses from the inside pocket of his blouse, and put them on, and started again. When he finished he handed it back to Jeff. "I'll deliver it," he said. "You got an envelope?"

"Yes." Jeff sat down at the desk and wrote, "Horace Locke. Old State. 17th and Pennsylvania Avenues, N.W., Washington, D. C." He said, "Here you are."

Major L'Engle dropped the envelope into his doctor's bag. "You don't have to worry about it," he said, "because this bag always goes with me, and I never forget it."

"I'm not worried," Jeff said.

"Yes you are," said L'Engle. "You're worried that I might talk. You don't have to worry about that, either." He took the bag in his hand. "So long. Look me up—if you ever get to Alaska."

ON THE morning of the third day Quincy Todd phoned and said, "Hey, where you been?"

"You know damn' well where I've been."

"You don't have to act like an untouchable. You're not, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Well, meet me at noon and I'll tell you."

So at noon Jeff walked to the Café Molnar. Quincy Todd was sitting at the table which by custom was theirs. But Marina wasn't there to serve them. Another girl was there, and Jeff said, "Where's your girl friend?"

"I don't know," Quincy said, "and she's not my girl friend any more. That Russky beat my time."

"You mean my Russky—the major?"

"Yes, your Russky."

"I thought she didn't like Russians?"

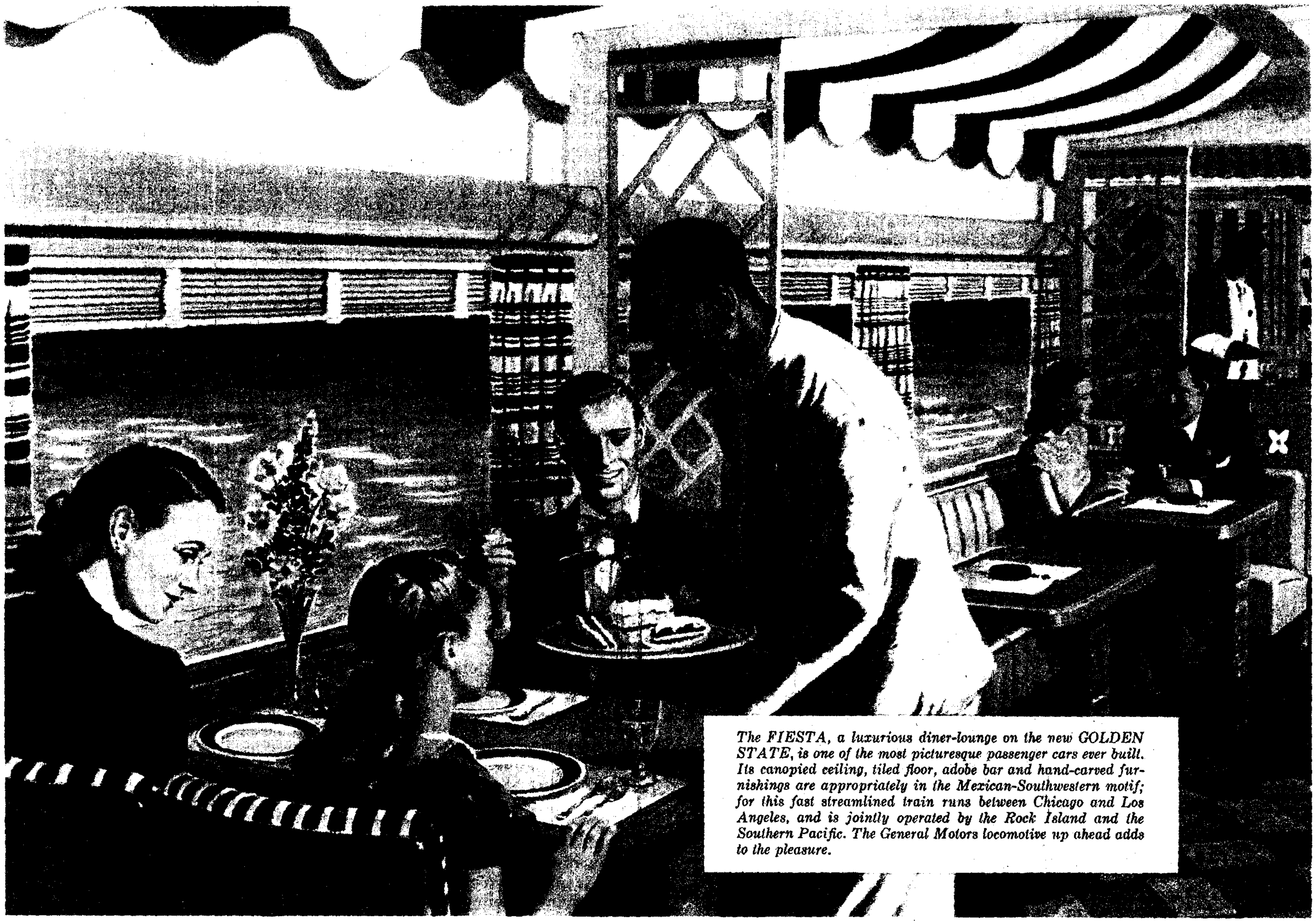
"She likes that one. Every night that I've been here for the last two weeks, there she is with the Russky. So what can I do? Can I go over and try to ease him out of the picture? No. I just sit here and it comes closing time and he takes her home—or somewhere. What's he got that I haven't got?"

"Nothing. He just gets here first."

Quincy dumped his cognac into his coffee. "First today," he said. "Do you know what we call the second floor of the legation now? The Whispering Gallery. And do you know what they're all talking about? About you, Jeff."

"I'm not surprised."

"Now, Jeff, I don't want you to tell



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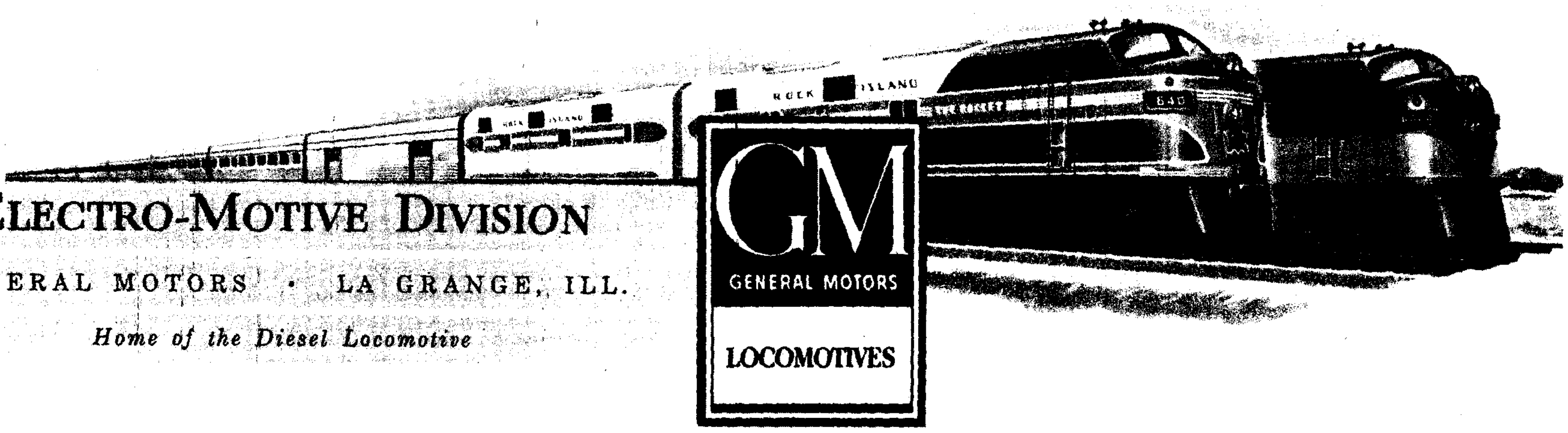

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me anything about this. I know you're in a jam, and I know the whole thing is extra-secret. I just want to tell you what's been going on, and I want to pass along a little advice."

"Okay."

"In the first place they've been having conferences about you every day—I mean the big boys—the admiral and Morgan Collingwood and Fred Keller and Quigley. That means they can't agree."

"Maybe," Jeff said.

"I've got a hunch, Jeff, that if you go into this thing tomorrow and say, 'Okay, I've been a bad boy and I won't do it again,' why, nothing will happen."

"I'll think it over," Jeff promised.

JEFF'S phone rang again on the afternoon of that third day. At first he thought it was somebody at the legation, because when he used only simple phrases Leonides' voice was without accent, and almost American.

"I've got to see you right away," Leonides said.

"Who is this?"

"Don't you know?"

"I'm not sure."

"The night you had four deuces, I had four tens."

"Oh. Where?"

"The same place as last time."

"In thirty minutes."

On this dark day St. Stephen's was darker, even, than it had been before. On this day there was no choir, nor music from the organ. In the gloom he could see small groups of women silent on the benches. They had come in from the cold, or rested here a while, their baskets beside them, before trudging through the snow to their homes and their stoves.

Exactly on the minute he heard the scrape of boots on the stone corridor, and felt someone brush against the bench. He did not raise his head until Leonides sat down close to him. Then he saw that the trousers were not Russian uniform trousers, but worn, shabby flannels.

"What happened to you?" Jeff whispered. "Where did you get that outfit?"

Leonides didn't raise his cropped head an inch, and when he spoke Jeff could detect no movement of his lips. "I am a fugitive. I don't speak of how I got these clothes."

"Your plan?"

"Is known. They questioned Yassovsky. They questioned him for one month before they killed him."

"What're you going to do?"

"Run the border. Run the border across the Raab into the British zone. Then to the Hochschwab and our transmitter. We do not quit. We fight."

"I don't think much of your chances, Leonides. You know how they watch the border. You know how they watch for deserters. And they'll be after you. You know they'll be after you," Jeff said.

"There is no chance here. Here my face is too well known. I must go quickly."

"Do you need anything?"

"Perhaps some American money. It is wanted everywhere."

Jeff reached in his pocket and took out his wallet. He had five twenty-dollar bills in an inner pouch. He handed them under his knees to Leonides. "I still think it's terribly dangerous. You haven't papers, or anything, have you?"

"Papers are no good for me," Leonides said. "Today nobody can safely cross a boundary even with an endorsement from God. Only the gypsies travel today. Only the gypsies laugh at passports. Only the gypsies know the safe ways, for they have been doing it for two thousand years."

"I see," Jeff said. "Marina."

"We will not see each other again for a long time, Jeff. So I give you the name of another, with whom you can have liaison. Zatsikeffsky, the Civil Air Attaché."

"How do you spell it?"

"You'd better write it down. Have you a pencil?"

Jeff moved very slowly, raising his hand to his chest. He found a pencil in his vest pocket. Leonides gave him a brown paper envelope, and spelled out Zatsikeffsky, slowly and in whispers.

"And in case something happens to him, too?" Jeff asked.

"He is the last of us here in Budapest."

"Elsewhere?"

Leonides was silent.

"Can't you tell me, Leonides?"

"It is forbidden. I am pledged never to mention the name. Yet on occasion, one must take a chance, and I must now take it. I know the names of few important ones in other places. We do not wish to know. It is not good to know, for it could happen to any of us what happened to Yassovsky, and there is no man who will not talk. Only when a man is dead is he truly silent. I know one in Moscow who is above me." He mentioned a three-syllable name, and Jeff wrote it down. "You spell it?" Leonides observed.

Beginning Next Week

SECOND MAN ON THE TICKET

By

EDWIN LANHAM

A fast-moving novel of political intrigue in the Vice-Presidential race. Governor Willis G. Warburton, aboard his campaign train, discovers that he is about to be smeared by a scandalmongering Washington columnist. The only people who can help Warburton are his beautiful young secretary, Lucy Strawn, and his campaign biographer, Roy Mason—and they fight like cats and dogs.

"I've heard it before." Jeff thought of his own troubles, and wondered whether he should tell Leonides, and decided he wouldn't do it, because Leonides had enough worries now. He did say, "I've sent a report to Washington, Leonides, to a man I completely trust."

"That's good. It's not so important that you be secret now, except with the names. As to the plan itself, it is known because of Yassovsky. Now I will go, Jeff. The quicker we start, the better."

"So long, Leonides."

"Goodby." Leonides rose and moved away, his hands in his pockets, and his head lowered.

That was Thursday. At ten o'clock Friday morning Lieutenant Commander Phelan, of the Naval Attaché's office, came to Jeff's room. He was dressed in his best uniform, and wore his ribbons.

"Mr. Baker," Phelan said, "the admiral sent me to inform you that you are wanted in his office."

When Jeff entered the admiral's office he could see that this was not to be so much a trial as passage of sentence. He could tell by their stiffness. The admiral was behind his desk, and the others—Keller, Collingwood and Quigley—were seated in a semicircle, with their backs to the light. There was an empty straight chair in front of the desk, and Jeff knew he was supposed to take that chair. He did not want to sit there, however, because the light would be in his eyes and he could not clearly see their faces. "Sit down, Mr. Baker," the admiral said.

"If you don't mind I'll move this chair," Jeff said, and he did move it toward the end of the desk. Then he sat down. In the better light he could see the admiral's face growing red.

The admiral picked up a sheaf of papers, rustled them into a pile, and put them down again. The model cruiser, carrier and four miniature destroyers still sailed across his desk, but in disgraceful formation. "Now, Mr. Baker," the admiral began, "you know why you're here. No matter what my personal feelings may be, I want to be fair with you. It's always been my contention that every man deserves a hearing. I'd give a hearing to a seaman second class and I'll give one to you. Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir," Jeff said.

"It is absolutely incomprehensible to me," the admiral said, "that you would consort with a Russian, and be taken in by such a cock-and-bull story. Not to speak of your other actions. Not to mention your shameful public display before the Hungarian police simply because there's a little harmless explosion. Why I've seen men stand up under a sixteen-inch salvo and grin. Done it myself."

Jeff sensed that the admiral was baiting him. Jeff felt that the admiral wanted him to lose his temper. He looked at the little fleet in disarray on the desk. He kept his mouth shut.

"If it were entirely up to me—which it would be if the Department of State believed in maintaining taut ship—you'd be on the way back to the United States today with L'Engle. But the consul general here tells me I've got to be polite to you, because you're a Foreign Service officer." The admiral enunciated "Foreign Service officer" in what he thought was a babyish treble.

"Yes, I've got to be very polite," the admiral went on. "I can't fire you myself. I can only ask Washington to recall you. And I have to prefer charges. Well, that I'll do."

William Quigley hadn't said anything. He was sitting with his hands in his lap, wooden as part of the furniture. Now Quigley felt called upon to speak. "If you will pardon me, Admiral," he said, "I want to point out that I am responsible to the department for the security of Atlantis Project. Mr. Baker says that this project has been penetrated."

"I don't believe it," the admiral said.

Quigley said, "It is not possible for anyone to say arbitrarily that it has or hasn't until there has been an investigation. I propose to conduct such an investigation."

THE admiral's office was quiet now. William Quigley raised his colorless eyes. "Jeff," he said, "it is my opinion that you haven't told us everything."

"You're right, Quig," Jeff said.

"You've seen your Russian friend again, haven't you?"

"Yes, I did. I saw Leonides Lasenko again. I saw him yesterday afternoon. He was wearing civilian clothes, and he was trying to get across the border into the British zone. He has become one of the *unbekannte Menschen*. He is a leader in a resistance movement against the Soviet regime."

The admiral leaned his big frame across the desk. "Do you make this all up as you go along?" he inquired.

"Before he left, Lasenko gave me two names," Jeff went on. "One here. One in Moscow."

Quigley stirred in his chair. "Where's he going?" he asked. "Where's this Lasenko going?"

"He's trying to get to the Hochschwab. They've got a transmitter up there.

They're going to call it RFR—Radio Free Russia."

The admiral planted a hand on the desk. "Mr. Baker, I don't want to hear any more of your fabrications," he said. "I think that you have a twisted or diseased brain."

"Can I go now?" Jeff asked. "Have you finished with me?"

"I have, Mr. Baker," the admiral said. "You will go to your quarters."

When Jeff was gone the admiral growled, "Did you ever hear such balderdash?" But nobody said anything, and the admiral spoke again. "All right, come on. Let's get on with this. What's to be done? First send a cable to the department, I say, asking for his immediate recall. Then we'll draw up the charges and send them in the pouch."

"We can't send them by pouch," Quigley said. "You'll remember, sir, that nothing about Atlantis Project was to be committed to writing."

"In my estimation," the admiral replied, "it's not necessary to go into this business of Atlantis being compromised. Fred Keller said yesterday he didn't believe it, and I don't believe it either. It'd just cause a useless flap in Washington. You know how they panic in Washington."

Now Keller rose. He stood behind the chair and gripped the back of it. He wet his lips. "I'm afraid I've changed my mind, Admiral," he said. "I'm afraid we failed. Whether Jeff Baker leaked, whether the leak was in Washington, or whether it was somewhere else I don't know. But I find I must conclude that Jeff Baker is telling the truth, until proved otherwise."

"I agree with you, Fred," said Morgan Collingwood. "I don't think we can reach an arbitrary decision here at this time. I think there should be a complete investigation in Washington. I think Quigley should go on Sunday's plane and lay the whole matter in the lap of the department."

"I think that would be proper procedure," said Keller. "Meanwhile I feel I should discontinue Atlantis operations."

The admiral straightened the fleet on his desk. He pushed out his lower lip. The admiral had not become an admiral by disregarding the advice of his staff. "You certainly changed your mind in a hurry," he fired at Keller.

"Yes, I suppose I did," Keller said.

The admiral shook his impressive, white-maned head. "Well, I suppose I'll have to go along with you," he said. . . .

Quincy Todd called Jeff late on Saturday morning and said, "I see you're still here."

"Barely," Jeff said.

"I'll come up tonight and bring some local talent."

"I'd rather not." He had been trying to write Susan, and found there was nothing really he could say.

"Just for laughs."

"Okay, for laughs." It would be good, anyway, to see a human face.

ON SATURDAY afternoon Quigley visited him. Quigley sat down in the prim way he had, and dropped a worn dispatch case, its lock askew and its seams leaking threads, at his feet. "Going somewhere?" Jeff said.

"Yes, I'm going to Washington. I suppose you can guess why."

"I suppose I can. Do you think I have a chance?"

"You're in a helluva situation, if you will pardon the language. You see, you have nothing to substantiate your story. It is true that your friend Leonides doesn't seem to be in Budapest. That I've discovered. But it doesn't prove anything."

"It's true."

"I believe it, Jeff. But who else will? It might be better if you had a friend in the department."

Jeff thought it over. "I suppose you'd call him a friend. You know Horace Locke?"

"Certainly I know Horace Locke. But he has no influence, and almost no job. I feel very sorry for him, and I'm afraid he won't be able to help you."

"He is the only friend, except Susan Pickett, of course."

Quigley struggled with the twisted lock of his dispatch case, said, "Darn it! Darn it!" and finally it opened. He took out a notebook. "Now, Jeff, I want you to tell me the rest of the story about Lasenko."

So Jeff told everything he hadn't told in the admiral's office the day before—except the two names—the survivor in Budapest and the one in Moscow, the big one. He knew that Quigley was going to ask for the names, and when he did ask, Jeff said:

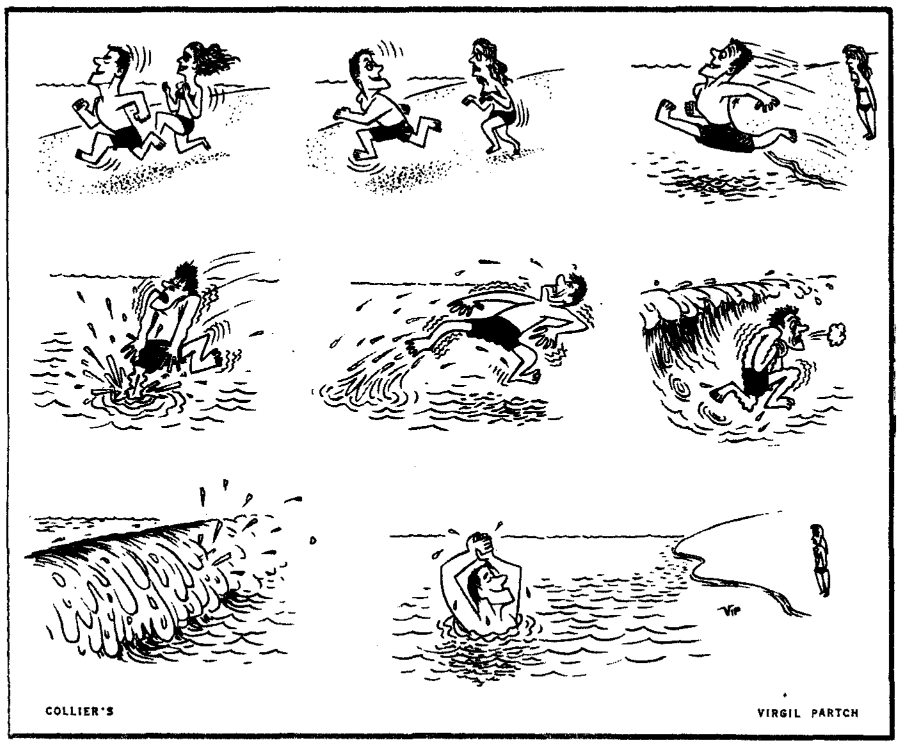
"I'm sorry, Quig."

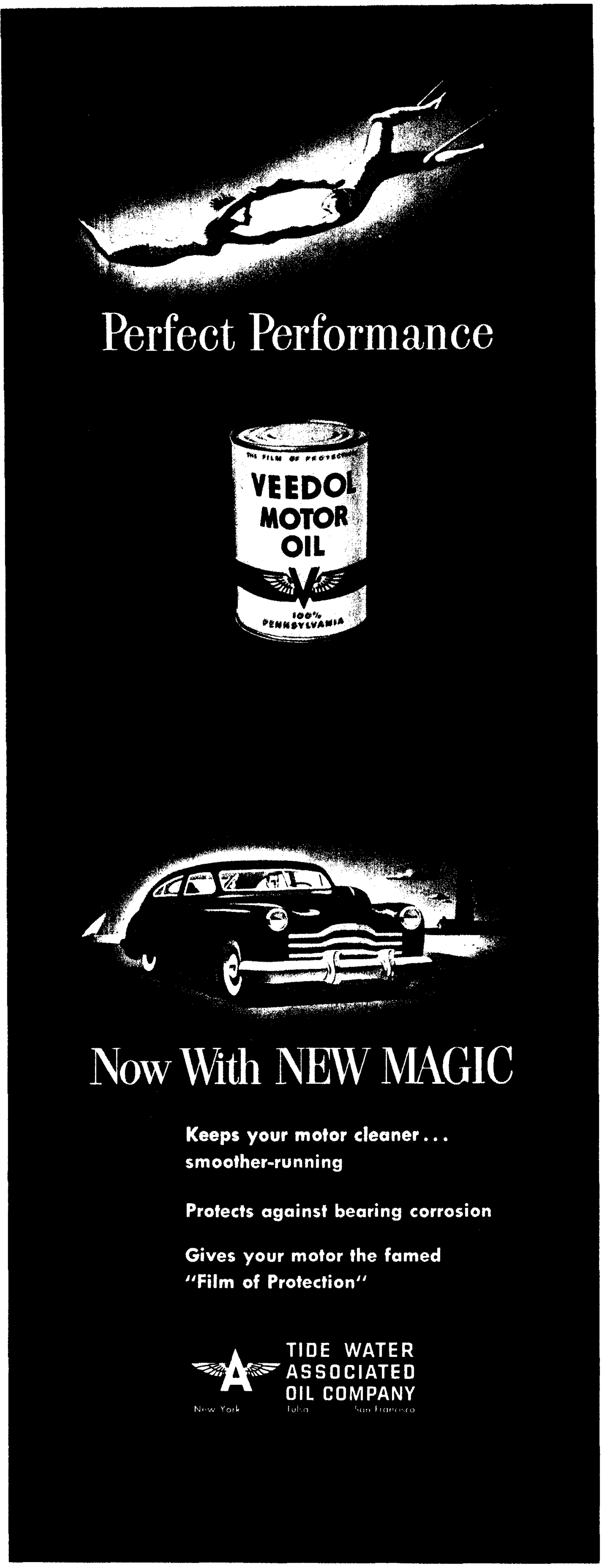
Quigley nodded. "I understand. As a matter of fact I think you're very discreet, Jeff, and I won't press you. But I do urge you also to send the names to Locke."

Jeff smiled. "How?"

"I'll take them."

A man couldn't do everything himself. A man had to trust other men. Jeff found he trusted Quigley as he trusted L'Engle. He moved across the room and sat down at the typewriter and wrote one brief paragraph. Then he signed his name and addressed an envelope. He folded the

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paper and slipped it inside the envelope and handed it to Quigley.

"Aren't you going to seal it?"

"No."

Quigley took the envelope and dropped it into his dispatch case on top of his notebook and other envelopes garnished with red wax. He didn't say anything. He spent an absurd length of time fussing with the lock.

Jeff watched him, and then went to the closet and found his own dispatch case, which since he arrived in Budapest had been used for nothing. What was it Susan had said about this case? She hoped it would bring back something to wipe her fear away? Well, this was the only chance the case would get. "Quig," he said, "how about trading cases? Yours has had it, and I never use mine."

"No, you keep it."

"I wish you would trade. I've got reasons."

Quigley stood up and took Jeff's case and ran his fingers along the beautifully turned leather and picked at the seams and inspected the lock. Then he took his envelopes and notebook out of the old case and transferred them to Jeff's case. "This is awfully good of you."

"You're really doing me a favor when you take it," Jeff said.

Quigley shook hands, and Jeff said, "I guess I won't be seeing you again."

"I hope you'll be seeing me very soon and very often. You've done a very nice thing for me, Jeff. I don't think anybody ever did such a nice thing for me."

Jeff thought it was very strange that a hard little guy like Quigley would be so upset, and even have tears in his eyes, and he wondered why.

QUIGLEY had crossed the Atlantic sixty-four times by ship. This was his fiftieth crossing by air, and therefore something of a milestone. On this day, after he was seated in the Constellation, and had wedged his dispatch case against the plane's cushiony side with his leg, he took out his notebook—the thirtieth of identical size and shape that he had used up since joining the department—and wrote, "December 25, 1949." December 25th. Another Christmas away from home. The motors showed their power, the plane began to move, and when he was sure they were air-borne he wrote, "Took off from Budapest 9:32 A.M. Central European time."

He slept from Budapest to Vienna and he slept from Vienna to Prague and from Prague to Shannon. In Shannon he ate roast-beef sandwiches and drank a quart of rich Irish milk. It was when they were halfway across the Atlantic that he put his dispatch case across his knees, opened it and checked the envelopes within. When he came to Jeff's letter to Horace Locke he balanced it on his fingers and it was very thin and fragile, not at all like the other bulkier envelopes with their heavy red seals. He put it back in the dispatch case. Then he slept again.

When the plane touched down at National Airport he took out his notebook and wrote, "December 26, 1949—arrived Washington 10:57 A.M. EST."

Customs and Immigration knew him, of course. As he got into a cab a newsboy was yelling about a new crisis, but he didn't buy a paper because he didn't want to know of any more crises. He debated what to do first, and decided that business must come first, and said, "New State."

While he waited in Gerald Matson's secretarial office he wished he'd stopped at the airport restaurant for coffee. People came in and out of Matson's office as if they were attached to an endless chain. He said to the receptionist, "I beg your pardon, but I just came in from Budapest. Didn't the admiral cable that I was coming?"

"I really don't know," the girl said. He could see that she hadn't been long in the department.

"Well, perhaps," he suggested, "you'd better tell Mr. Matson that I'm here from Budapest, and I have to see him on important business."

"Oh, come off it, mister," the receptionist said. "All our business is important."

Into the mind of Quigley there crept a pixie. "You will, eventually, tell him I'm here, won't you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, eventually."

Quigley thought: I've never done anything like this before, and why I should start at my age I don't know. But it might be fun and I think I'll try it because at my age one doesn't have much fun. "When you decide to present my name to Mr. Matson," he said, "would you also give him a brief message? Just a few words?"

"Okay, Mister Quigley."

"Just say, 'Atlantis has been penetrated.' "

She repeated, "Atlantis has been penetrated. Atlantis has been penetrated. Atlantis has been penetrated. Okay, Mr. Quigley, as soon as Mr. Soukis has conferred with Mr. Matson, I'll go in there and say Atlantis has been penetrated."

"Please listen to me, dear. There *was* a stack of dirty dishes in the sink. I *washed* them. I *wasn't* gadding around in night clubs!"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

A man came out of Matson's office, and the receptionist said, "Well, there goes Soukis. He's a big Greek. But I mean, big. Now I'll tell Mr. Matson you're here." She fixed her hair. "What was it you said to tell him?"

"Atlantis has been penetrated."

"Oh, sure." She went through the door.

She came out again almost immediately. She didn't stop in the outer office, but fled into the hallway. Behind her was Gerald Matson, his dark eyes blazing like beacons in the pallid desert of his face.

Quigley's interview with Matson lasted through the lunch hour, and into the afternoon. Quigley presented the documents, and then told what could not be put down on paper. He told everything, because he was a perfect reporter. He *mentioned* everything except the letter he had for Horace Locke. This he classified as a personal matter.

Matson asked, "And what did the admiral recommend?"

"He wants Baker recalled."

"But what about Atlantis?"

"He's laying that in your lap, Mr. Matson."

"He's not going to put it in my lap. It's Keller's baby."

"Isn't it your baby, too, Mr. Matson?"

"This Baker," Matson remarked, "has certainly fouled things up. Not that I didn't expect it. I expected it all along. My opinion is that he got himself into trouble and concocted a story."

"Whatever mistakes he may have made," said Quigley, "I don't believe Jeff Baker is malicious."

"Oh, yes, he's malicious!" said Matson. "He knows very well that my wife is a White Russian! So he cunningly contrived to quote this so-called Russian turncoat as blaming this so-called penetration on White Russians here in the United States. You know what I think it is? I think it's a plot!"

Quigley crossed his knees and seemed to be absorbed in adjusting the crease in his trousers. "You know," he said, "I hadn't thought of that."

"You don't think my wife would be indiscreet, do you?" Matson said.

"Anybody can be indiscreet."

"Are there any more questions you wish to ask me?"

"No. I'll call if I need you. Goodby, Mr. Matson." Quigley was in a hurry to leave.

When he was gone Matson picked up the telephone and called his wife. "Anya," he said, "where's Iggy?"

"Why, he's still in Hollywood."

"That place is full of Reds."

"What are you talking about?"

He hesitated, while he tried to frame the question safely. "Anya," he said, "now don't be angry, but I want to ask you something. Do you remember when Iggy was in Washington and we were discussing something very important, and I told you not to talk in front of him?"

"Of course I remember it. Why did you bring it up?"

"You didn't talk to him any more, did you?"

There was that infinitesimal moment of hesitation that the lie detector can diagnose but the human ear can only sense, and never with sureness. "Why, of course not, dear."

"That's good, dear."

"Why, what's this all about, Gerald?"

"Can't talk about it over the phone. Just remember that you never mentioned anything to Iggy."

"Why, I didn't, dear," she said, and hung up.

Gerald Matson made up his mind. . . .

Quigley found Horace Locke at his desk. They had not seen each other for two or three years, but their greetings didn't show this. In the space of their service and acquaintanceship two or three years was not a long period of time.

Quigley unsnapped the lock on his case, and Horace Locke said, "That's a nice case you've got, Quig. Your old one finally collapse?"

"I traded," said Quigley, "with young Jeff Baker." He brought out Jeff's letter and handed it to Locke. "I brought this letter from him."

Horace Locke took the envelope and turned it in his hands. He saw that the flap was unsealed—saw that it had never been sealed. "Do you know what's in here?" he asked.

"I know it contains two names."

"What kind of trouble is Jeff in?"

"I don't know what's come over me," Quigley said. "Everything about this case is classified, some of it confidential, some secret, and some of it top-secret, and I'm still going to tell you."

"I used to be allowed to keep secrets."

"So you did. So you did. But I feel you'll have to take action."

HORACE LOCKE looked out of the window at the White House and the Capitol. It was his view. He had seen it a long time. But it always fascinated him, for somehow it seemed always to be changing. It was almost as if the buildings changed with the character of the people inside them. "I've known ever since Friday that I would have to take action," Locke said. "I knew Friday why I had been waiting here all this time."

"I don't think it will be easy for you," Quigley said.

"I will do what is required."

Horace Locke considered his first step. Eventually the affair would have to go to the Secretary. Of that he was sure. Certainly the news of this Russian fission should go before the Secretary at once.

But more pressing was the predicament of Nicholas Baker's son. If Jeff Baker were discredited, and tossed out of the department, his story of the Russian resistance would never be believed. It might not be believed in any case, but once he was deprived of his official standing Jeff would have no chance. The best thing was to sound out Matson. Horace Locke didn't like Matson, but he understood him. He deduced it would be in Matson's interest to get rid of Nick's son.

He dialed the Balkans Division. A girl, probably the receptionist in the outer office, answered. "I would like to speak to Mr. Matson," he said. "This is Horace Locke speaking. It's urgent."

"I'm sorry," the girl said in a singsong Tennessee twang, "but Mr. Matson has gone for the day."

"Has he gone home?"

"How do I know? He's gone."

Horace Locke called Matson's home in Alexandria. He wasn't home yet. Anya Matson didn't know when he would be home. He must be working late at the office.

Horace Locke waited thirty minutes, and dialed Balkans again. The receptionist was still there, and he thought it strange that she would be there if Matson had left for the day. "Are you the same guy who called before?" she asked. "Don't ring here any more. I'm busy."

Horace Locke put down his telephone gently and leaned back in his chair and told himself to control his temper. Rebuffs like this always made him feel bad, made him want to go off where there weren't any people, and he knew that this feeling was not right. It seemed to Horace Locke that people were changing. They all seemed rude and snappish.

He tried Matson's home once more, and he still wasn't there. Well, probably Matson wouldn't make his decision at once. It would take two or three days. He would see Matson in the morning. He wondered whether it would do any good to try the Secretary's office, and decided against it. He had known the Secretary many years before, and from time to time had had business contacts with the Secretary, but he had not seen him, now, for four years. So he didn't dial the Sec-

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retary, although he had a hunch the Secretary would still be on the job. Horace Locke went home to his club. . . .

That morning the Secretary had ridden for his usual hour in Rock Creek Park, breakfasted at seven, and arrived at the office at eight thirty. The early-morning broadcasts had warned him he'd have a busy day. Even Arthur Godfrey sounded lugubrious, and when there was no cheer in Godfrey then the world was in a sorry state.

The Russians had murdered an eighteen-year-old G.I. in Vienna. So said Headquarters of United States Forces Austria. Radio Moscow's version was different.

Stockholm was frightened. All night Stockholm had seen shooting stars that didn't come from heaven.

Something foul was going on in the uranium mines of the Belgian Congo. Brussels blamed it on Soviet propaganda. But Brussels also suggested that if the Southern senators could be persuaded to stop screaming their racism, the blacks in the Congo might go back to work.

The un-American Committee was sniping at one of his section chiefs whose wife's nephew had attended a Communist Front rally in San Francisco. The committee wanted him fired at once, and the section chief was in the Secretary's outer office, hysterical and in tears, with an armload of affidavits saying he had always lived in Westchester County and voted straight Republican.

The President was in bed with a touch of intestinal flu.

Greece and Turkey needed more money.

So did China.

The Dominican Republic said Trujillo was en route to Washington, where he expected to be received by the President and presented with a four-motored flying yacht, and a cruiser, three destroyers and a few tanks. He wanted to fight Venezuela.

There was bad news from Korea, Afghanistan, Damascus, Jerusalem, Prague, Indo-China, Trieste and Rome.

The Secretary lunched with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and attended a three-o'clock Cabinet meeting.

When he got back to his office, memoranda and cables rose in a ten-inch pile from the center of his desk. They were all urgent, and all required immediate decisions and answers.

The Secretary canceled his press conference.

He was presented with a scroll by the Daughters of the Spanish-American War.

He took two aspirins and a glass of bicarbonate of soda, and then dictated the speech he would make the following night at the Legion banquet.

A cable typed on red paper, labeling it extremely confidential, came in from the counselor of a Central American mission. It said the minister had been on a three weeks' toot, and what should he do?

The Secretary telephoned his wife that he wouldn't be home for dinner.

He had chicken sandwiches and milk in his office, and talked by telephone to the President, the ambassador in London, and his son, who was going to New York for the New Year's week end and needed an extra hundred dollars.

France needed an extra hundred million.

No matter how fast he thought, he couldn't seem to diminish the pile of papers on his desk, all tabbed red for urgent.

He became aware that one of his secretaries was dead tired and sent her home.

The Department of State was quiet, now. It was past nine, and the business of government was slowing down. In all New State, only the lights in the code and cipher section and the Secretary's office still burned.

He was wearing down that pile. At ten o'clock a messenger brought four final cables to be read and rejected or *initialed.*

The Secretary's hands and knees trembled with tiredness. His shoulders were broad and his courage was limitless, but there was too much trouble in the world for one man.

The last cable was outgoing from Balkans to Budapest. It demanded the resignation of someone in the Budapest mission called Baker. The Secretary lifted his glasses to his forehead and rubbed his eyes. It was too bad, he thought, too bad that some could not stand the strain, and must fall by the wayside. He initialed the cable. A secretary appeared and took it away. The Secretary decided to go home and get to bed. Tomorrow might be worse.

(To be concluded next week)

RIVER CROSSING

Continued from page 25

uncomfortable. That sort of richness was only inside a man. Plainly put, it was how much others respected you. He was not sure how poor he might be in that way just now.

"Mr. Stack," said Laura Collin.

"Yes?" He gave Laura Collin his utmost attention.

He saw a curious thing happen to Laura Collin. She was all ready with something to say. It was very sharp, whatever it was; Laura Collin definitely had a whip in her hand. But she laid it down without lashing him.

"They're waiting for you, Mr. Stack, so I think we should proceed," Laura Collin said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Stack."

He watched Laura Collin ride on. He said softly, "Well, now!" and drew the back of a hand across his forehead. There for a moment, there had been a terrific flash of intensity in Laura Collin. He wished he knew what it was. Even more, he wished he were sure why she had lowered her whip.

STACK attacked the climb again. Except for the last part, the meeting had been very agreeable to him. He was puzzled, though.

Then he got it. Or he was afraid he did. She had merely weighed his gentleness—or his softness as the men were beginning, he suspected, to call it—and found him wanting. And why shouldn't she? He understood that her family had been wiped out in a massacre by the Sioux on the Niobrara. He'd heard that. Naturally she would feel contempt for a man soft enough to feel sympathy for a Sioux. The bitterness was now understandable. But why had she laid down her whip? If there were any comfort in the thing, it lay there.

Of another matter, he was certain. Laura Collin was a woman of straightforward character. He had felt this from the first, and somehow that meeting a moment ago had whipped the fog away and he saw her character for the monument it was. Passiveness was not in her. Then why in the devil, having contempt for his gentleness, had she held back?

Near the top, Stack turned to look gloomily at the camp. The two women were just riding through a gap in the twenty-wagon horseshoe that was the camp. The wagon that normally filled the gap, and two other wagons, were to the south on the river flat. Stack could barely see the three wagons through the sand mice the wind was blowing across the flat. The figures of men, tiny and futile at that distance, were laboriously loading sagebrush and greasewood into the trio of wagons.

Stack, switching his gaze back to the river near the camp, wondered if he would be able to see any sign of the seventy wagonloads of sagebrush and greasewood they'd dumped into the quicksand, trying to make a bottom. Sure enough, he could not see more than a trace.

He crossed the ridge and walked down to the men waiting. He counted them, and the figure reached fifteen, with the old Indian not at once visible. But there was a large rock near the lip of a cut bank, and a rope around the rock, so he surmised the redskin was lying bound behind the boulder, ready for the happy hunting grounds.

Some of the men had kept their eyes riveted on him from the moment he topped the ridge, as he had known they would. Others steadfastly refused to look at him, and Stack had known these men would do that, too. He could have picked them out even, by name, before he left the wagon camp.

For Stack had a way of knowing them in a fashion that went beyond beards and clothing and voices and mannerisms. It was a facility he had. It was given to him, he supposed, as a reward for liking all people.

"Hello, Thornbeck," Stack said.

Thornbeck's grunt, his scowl, were not warm. Thornbeck was a darkly serious man with an overmuchness of jaw and shoulders. He was the wagon boss.

Stack returned to Thornbeck a hand wave of the utmost pleasure, and passed the man by. Thornbeck's scowl gathered weight. Thornbeck did not understand that Stack's pleasure was genuine, that Stack understood and sympathized with Thornbeck's inability to show the old Indian any mercy. It was Thornbeck's way to be hard.

Stack went directly and gently at getting his way. He chose Shorty Ling for the first.

"Shorty." He placed a friendly hand on Shorty Ling's shoulder. "Shorty, what have we here?"

"Why, Nels, we're going to hang that Indian," Shorty said.

"The Indian is very old and feeble and starving, and his war party went away and left him to die," Stack said. "How in God's name did he manage a feat like downing another ox?"

"With a rock, it looked like," Shorty said. "Nels, remember we took his bow and arrows and his hunting knife away from him after he killed the first ox? Well, he dropped this one with a stone. He was trying to butcher it with a piece of flintrock when we found him." Shorty hesitated, then added, "It was quite a trick for such an old geezer, at that."

"The years do not dull the treasure that is life, I believe," Stack said. "It always remains one value worth keeping."

"It was your ox, Nels."

"Yes, Tom Davis said so."

"And the old Indian had been warned. After he killed the first ox, he was warned plenty."

"Yes, I know."

"Don't you think he should be hung, Nels? Hell, he's a Sioux."

"He is very old, and life is all he has," Stack said softly. There was not much time, so Stack added at once, "Remember your Grandfather Ling? Recall how, back in Nebraska, everybody was sure Grandpa Ling was going to die, everybody but Grandpa and the doctor?"

Shorty said, "The doctor you brought from Omaha and paid for, Nels. But that doesn't buy my thinking. I couldn't do that."

"You don't pay me with your thinking," Stack said. "You pay God."

He left Shorty Ling and went to Marcus Smith. Coffelt, the big weathered Kentuckian, was next, then a small bright-eyed man named Teal, whom Stack had staked to a wagon and team. With each of these men, and the three others he spoke to, he touched on some very personal, sobering thing. He did it rapidly, making no secret of what he was doing. Thornbeck watched him, and Thornbeck cut himself a quid from a twist of tobacco, then threw it away in displeasure without chewing it.

Thornbeck came to Stack. "Nels," he said. "Nels, you're talking us out of hanging that Indian."

"I'm trying to."

"Well, you can do it. I know that," Thornbeck said. "There's not a man here who doesn't owe you something, one way or another. If you want to collect payment this way, I guess you can do it. But I think you're making one of your few mistakes."

"Why a mistake?"

"We got to stand up to these damn' Sioux. They've got nothing but contempt for weakness."

Stack smiled quietly and asked, "How will the Sioux know how brave we were if we hang the old fellow? They probably think he's dead."

Thornbeck pressed his hands against the calves of his strong legs, then slowly drew the front of his coat together and buttoned it, and by now there were dark hard lines of contempt around his mouth. "Nels," he said, "you can spread that softness too wide and too deep." Thornbeck turned then and untied his big roan horse. He swung into the saddle. "It could be the death of all of us, you know." He rode away.

The other men left at once. They seemed friendly enough, even relieved. But Stack wondered. He was troubled. He had noticed that Thornbeck had called the turn right out, called it softness, and the devil of it was that he believed any of the other men would have put it as plainly.

Stack went to the ox the old Indian had brained. Someone had bled and gutted the carcass. Stack cut off a chunk of meat, and carrying it by the flap of hide, walked back to the Indian.

This was indeed an ancient Indian. He was no longer new copper; he was very old copper that looked as if it had been crushed and buried for a long time. His wrinkles were incredible. His teeth were not even a memory. What made the Indian live on, Stack did not know.

"Old man," Stack said.

The Indian neither spoke nor looked up.

Stack said, "They're not going to push you off a cut bank at the end of a rope."

Stack was sure he had some understanding of English, but there was no response.

"They did not do it because they were weak," Stack added. "It's simply a matter of the courage to be decent. But you would not understand, would you? That's too bad. But not your fault."

Stack laid the chunk of meat at the Indian's feet. He untied the ropes that bound the gaunt frame.

The old Indian began to try to get to his feet, and Stack reached down to help him; with a hissing cat sound and surprising vigor, the old man struck Stack's hand aside. The Indian tottered erect. He spat at Stack, then spat again on the ground. He bent and sank dirty walnut claws into the meat, and tottered away with it.

As THE old man left, Stack knew some grudging admiration. Yonder walked an integrity that was still intact. It was a considerable thing when a man stuck to his principles when he was as near eternity as the old Indian was.

Stack picked up the rope which had bound the old man, coiled it and carried it with him. He walked in a heavy and burdened way, full of his dark concerns about his gentleness.

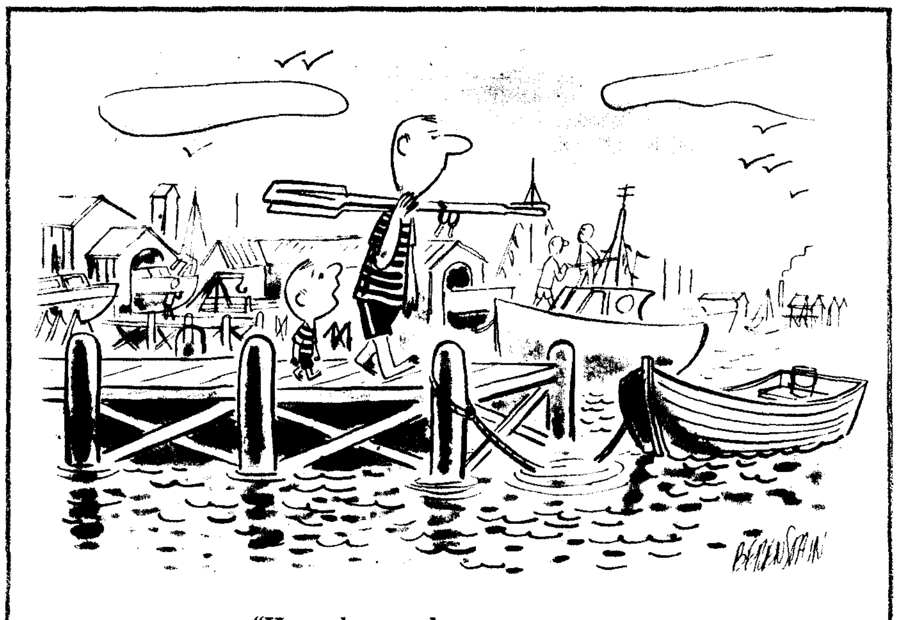
He topped the ridge, and the mountains in the west were still under crowns of snow. It was from these mountains that the sun seemed to borrow its chill. The mountains fed the river, for there was still the river and its damnable quicksand.

He glanced down at the camp, and he saw the three wagonloads of sagebrush and greasewood had returned. Men were dumping the loads into the river. There was not even enough water in the river to float the brush away. The water, Stack thought, repeating his earlier reflections, was the empty thin skin of a yellow snake. Below its film was the seemingly bottomless quicksand that would swallow these three wagonloads as it had seventy others, practically without a trace.

Only once did Stack pause on the return walk, and that was halfway down the ridge, when he was touched by something that made him halt. When he looked down at the ground at his feet, he understood himself. The hoofprints of Laura Collin's horse were there. He pocketed his hands, frowning.

He saw immediately that he would have to clear his position with Laura Collin. He needed to know what sort of man she regarded him as being. And how his qualities, if any, meshed with her requirements.

It was urgent. He recalled how she had sat her horse at this very spot; he saw the whip of words she had held, and



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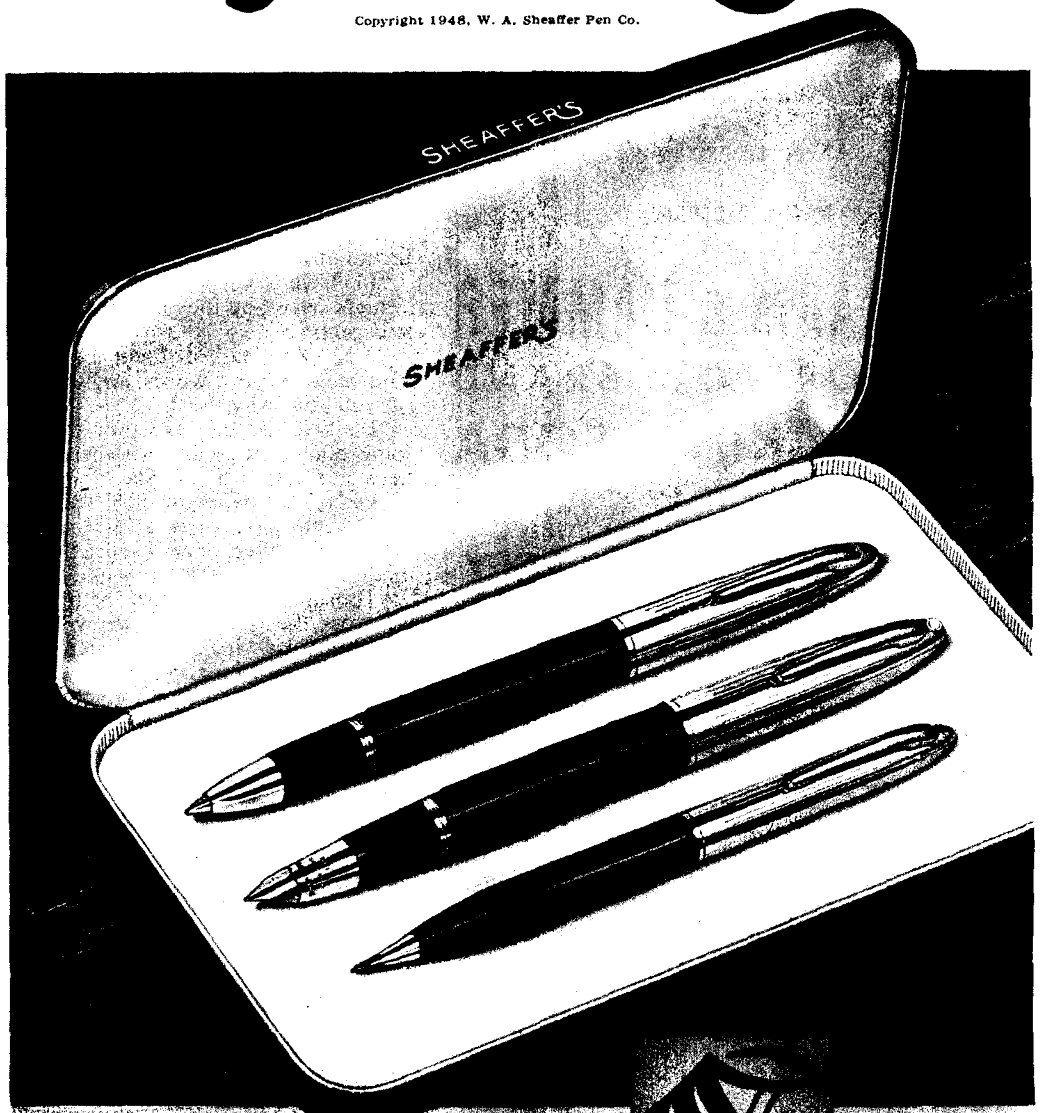

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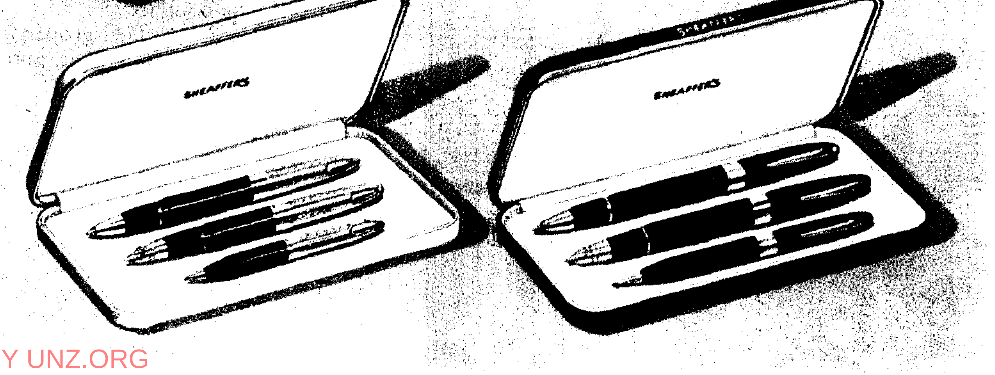

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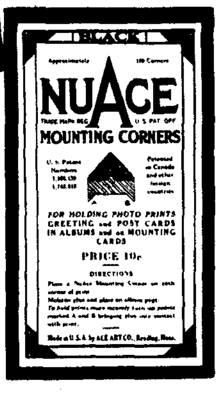
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how she had laid it aside. And he was sure that if he knew why she had put the whip down, most of his questions would have their clear answers.

I'll ask her, he decided. Now.

He walked purposefully into camp, and said to Norfolk, "Norfolk, I brought back your rope. The one with which the Indian was tied."

"It isn't my rope, Nels," Norfolk said.

"Oh. I thought it was yours."

"It's Thornbeck's." Norfolk looked at Stack with a dogged unease and added, "I'll give it to him, Nels. Thornbeck's in ugly humor."

Stack turned away, saying, "No, I'll do it myself, Norfolk." He saw that Thornbeck was helping dump the brush into the river, and walked in the direction, then saw Laura Collin.

LAURA COLLIN and another woman were carrying a bucket of water from the river. Stack, suddenly fired with the anxieties of a man running for the crest of a mountain ridge, to see a new country for the first time, started forward impulsively. But two riders galloped in front of him, making a blinding dust. After wind had pulled the dust away, he saw that Laura Collin and the woman were pouring the water into a kettle, over a fire. Stack debated with himself, decided he wouldn't like to face two women with this, and went on to the riverbank.

"Your rope, Thornbeck," he said.

"Nels, they all wanted to hang that Indian at first," Thornbeck said.

"I believe it was something they hadn't thought over, and they realized it," Stack said gently.

"No. You talked them out of it. You've got a lot of words, and the words get you your way, Nels."

"I talked, and they saw they should let some humanity come into their minds. Let's put it that way," Stack suggested.

"Let's add more to it," Thornbeck said. "Let's say you're a big man here, but a softhearted one. Then let's ask if that's any good in a country like this."

"Thornbeck, you'll feel better when we cross the river. And we will cross. Somehow, we will." Stack extended the rope. "Here's your rope."

Thornbeck stepped away, scowling at Stack with the air of a man frantically anxious to settle this in a fisted way that he understood. "Put it in my wagon, Nels," Thornbeck said, and waited for open trouble, wishful for it.

But Stack gave the order a friendly smile and said, "Sure, of course. I should have noticed you were busy, and thought of leaving it in your wagon."

And Thornbeck, understanding that Stack had bested him without either fighting or backing down, said, "I don't know how a man handles you, Nels. That I don't know."

Stack tossed the rope in Thornbeck's wagon. He walked past the Tom Davis wagon, and saw Laura Collin was now there alone. He stood by the wagon and watched her. She was washing her hair.

The bucket stood on a box, and Laura Collin leaned over it, working the suds through her hair with quick hands. He stared at her, then suddenly placed his eyes on the distant mountains, stunned by the enormity of his desire. The breath would not move in his lungs. He knew that her importance to him was as complete as importance could be. This was as much an appeal to his life as the throaty rushing of a cool mountain stream would be to a man perishing of thirst. Presently his lungs rebelled from no air, and he coughed.

"Oh!" Laura Collin groped for a towel, bundled her hair in it, and faced him. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Stack."

"I had to stop," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

"I do mind."

"I apologize. But you made a very nice picture."

"Well—thank you."

"Miss Collin, I would like to ask you something," he said gently.

He saw move into her much the same kind of interest, a probing of his values as they related to the present, that he had seen that afternoon halfway up the ridge. She asked, "Will you wait while I rinse my hair?"

"Of course."

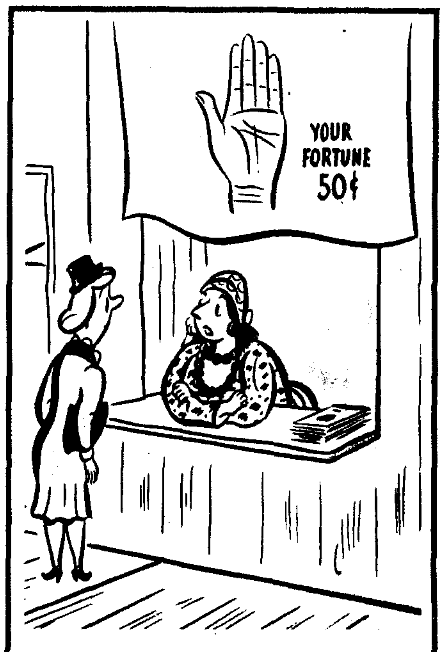
She swung with a swirl of skirts, put fresh water in the bucket, and again her hands made quick motions. He sensed that she was not indifferent.

She turned to him, toweling her hair, tossing her head so that her hair was a rich golden waterfall that was friendly to the sunlight. She said, "You're a direct man, aren't you, Mr. Stack?"

"I'm afraid so, usually at the wrong times," he said, smiling. "Are you against it?"

"Most women are against directness," she said. "What is your question?"

"I would like to know what happened to you at our meeting halfway up the ridge this afternoon," Stack said.



"It's a pleasant enough little business but there's absolutely no future in it"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

"Why, Mr. Stack," she said. "No woman would answer a question like that."

He looked at her, saying, "Something did happen this afternoon, didn't it?"

"Something happens to every woman, usually more than once every day," she said, smiling. "Haven't you learned that, Mr. Stack?"

He lost his patience. He was a fool, he decided. So he bowed to her deeply, and said, "My apologies, Miss Collin." He wheeled, not noticing the startled way her hands came up, the regret accompanying the gesture. He was too busy walking away to observe.

Stack went to his wagon and dropped on his tarp roll under the wagon bed, where he was still lying when Thornbeck's shout jarred him.

"Nels! Look at your Indian now!"

Stack rolled from under the wagon. "What is it, Thornbeck?"

"Yonder. The old devil's stolen a horse now," said Thornbeck savagely.

Stack ran between the wagons, and then he saw the old Indian about a quarter of a mile distant, sitting a horse on the riverbank. It was a stolen horse, all right. It was Thornbeck's roan.

Distance did not hide the insolent contempt for them which filled the old Indian at this moment. The ancient copper bag of bones sat as straight as an arrow on the pilfered horse. Stack had the impression the Indian had sat there a long time, gloating. There was no doubt at all that the old man now spat in the direction of the wagon camp. And he then reined the horse about and rode to the riverbank.

"Can you beat that!" Thornbeck snarled. "Wait'll I get my rifle."

There was angry shouting through the camp, and men were running for the river. Stack joined the stampede, but with mixed feelings. He almost wanted to laugh. The unmitigated gall of the old Indian was superb. The redskin had vanished down the riverbank.

"My God!" a man screamed. "My God! He's riding right across the river! There's a crossing down there!" There was a high hysterical delight in the man's scream.

Stack got to the riverbank as soon as any other, and he watched the old Indian complete his crossing. It was an intricate route; no wonder the wagon train men hadn't found it. But it showed clearly now. The old Indian had marked it for them; the hard gray mud from the roan's hoofs stained a trail on the thin, dirty-yellow river water. Already men were splashing out on that trail, thrusting sticks down into the bottom to mark its zigzagging course.

Stack heard low words beside him. He looked around, and was startled to see Tom Davis praying, on his knees. And it was all right, too. This way across the infernal river was worth a prayer.

Across the river now, the old Indian faced to them. He sat straight. He showed his contempt, and then put back his head and gave a Sioux yell so faint they could hardly hear it. A feeble distant war cry, but a very full expression of an integrity that was still intact. Then the old one turned his stolen horse and began riding to the mountains.

THORNBECK laid down his rifle. He picked up a rock and threw it after the old Indian. The rock fell in the river. "Go on, you old devil," Thornbeck said.

"But, Thornbeck, he's riding your horse," Norfolk said.

"Let him steal it, if he gets so damned much satisfaction out of it," Thornbeck said. He came to Stack. He said, "Nels, I've never apologized to a man. How do I go about it?"

Stack saw the men looking at him. There was not much difference in the way they were looking at him, he realized suddenly. And he knew that a great deal of his feeling that they were against his gentleness, and against him, had not been justified. He, like they, had merely been a victim of the tensions. He told Thornbeck, "You don't."

He went back to camp. There was inspanning of the oxen to be done; already men were riding up to round up the animals. Before nightfall, the wagons would be across the river. It would be a very cheerful camp this night.

He saw Laura Collin flying about the Davis wagon, helping Mrs. Davis stow the gear. Stack leaned against the wagon and watched, smiling, then said, "I hate to make a fool of myself, but I frequently do."

Laura Collin put down the copper kettle she was carrying. Her hands went to her damp hair, the way a woman's fingers will instinctively check on an item of her appearance about which she has doubts.

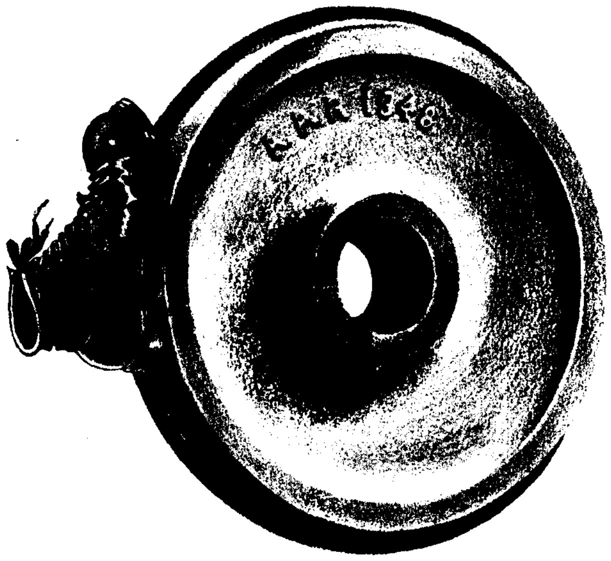
"Mr. Stack," she said, "I'm not sure who was foolish, but it wasn't you."

She came toward him, and he saw on her face again the sweet certainty that is the flower a woman's face becomes when she feels secure about an important thing.

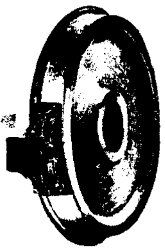
"Do you have to have your question answered?" she asked. "I will, if you insist."

"No, I'd rather not," he said, smiling. "I think it would be more fun to figure it out."

THE END



"Shoeing" the Iron Horse



Every railroad car wears at least four pairs of "shoes." Not the kind of shoes *you* wear, of course, but heavy-duty brake shoes, upon which depend the safety and efficiency of every train that rolls.

These rugged cast-iron shoes will never actually be called upon to clamp down on train wheels speeding at 160 miles per hour. But in the testing laboratories where Association of American Railroad standards are set, they must prove they're tough enough to do just that.

Yes, and every brake shoe must fit in any brake assembly built by any brake manufacturer, so that it can be readily replaced at any railroad shop or terminal.

Fixing the requirements for such a commonplace item of equipment is just one example of the testing and development activities which the railroads carry on through the Association of American Railroads, their mutual agency for the improvement of *all* railroading. Comparable standards are also set for other interchangeable parts, such as wheels, axles, trucks, draft gear, and safety devices.

This is part of the cooperative effort by which railroads, while competing with one another for business, make sure that every piece of their equipment meets strict specifications for strength, safety, and convenience.

It is this kind of cooperation for progress which helps provide America with the most economical, the safest, the most efficient mass transportation system in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF
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WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

Continued from page 11

and collar and tossed into a cell. The charge: disorderly conduct.

But usually it's only money that's wanted. All sorts of gimmicks are used. Lately tourists have complained to the A.A.A. about an empty, abandoned school bus parked as a decoy on certain Southern highways. Unsuspecting Yankees drive past without seeing it—and are nabbed for failing to stop for a school bus!

Some Florida school zones have 10-mile-an-hour speed limits, even though it is difficult to drive a car that slowly on main highways. In one Florida town, a stream of cars was traveling approximately 20 miles an hour in a school zone after classes were out. All the cars had Florida licenses except one—a big car with New Jersey plates.

"I alone was picked out of the line," said the Jersey motorist. "The reason must be obvious."

Cases like these have angered not only auto clubs but chambers of commerce, hotel associations, travel agencies and others anxious to get a bite of the $6,000,000,000 annual highway vacation business. Yet throughout the U.S.—even in tourist states which spend thousands of dollars to lure visitors—motorists are mercilessly bilked. In a small Arizona town, an Eastern motorist was imprisoned for making a U-turn. His six cellmates welcomed him with, "We've been waiting for you. They haven't picked up their quota for the day yet." In the morning he was fined $35.

Belligerent, abusive and discourteous treatment is only part of the sordid story. There are still many parts of the U.S. where it is difficult to get a fair trial for a minor traffic violation. You either forfeit your collateral—usually ranging from $10 to $100—and get out of town, or stand on your principles behind bars.

It Costs More to Stand Trial

Cases are on record where out-of-state motorists have been fined when no charges were preferred and no evidence presented against them. Usually, though, you have the alternative of pleading guilty and paying, say, a $25 fine or posting a $100 cash bond and returning for trial much later. Very often, your apprehenders warn you that it will cost you more should you return for trial. A North Carolina magistrate told a visiting victim that his fine was $30, but if he came back it would be $41.

Even if you are old-fashioned and righteously insist on your day in court, your trial can be whimsically postponed after an expensive and troublesome return trip. In many places court meets only once or twice a month. A college professor, demanding trial for his "offense" in Georgia, was told it wouldn't come up for six months. Another tourist was advised that since "the judge was out of town," he could either post a $20 bond and sign a blank sheet of paper that he was guilty—or be thrown in the hoosegow.

One night several weeks ago, former Judge Joseph Goldstein of Brooklyn was driving through New Jersey on his way to Washington. At Gibbstown he was stopped by a policeman accompanied by a justice of the peace and charged with driving without lights. He was ordered to the justice's home, where he pleaded not guilty and was fined $5 and $2.50 costs. Judge Goldstein paid, "under protest pending appeal," and went on.

Thirteen days later he sent a petition to the justice of the peace, moving to vacate the conviction for a number of reasons, including the ground that the justice, as a witness to the alleged violation, was disqualified to sit as a judge.

"I hope nobody said anything interesting while I was out of the room"

COLLIER'S DORIS MATTHEWS

The answer of the justice of the peace was that Goldstein had admitted his lights were not lighted. Besides, said the J.P., the 10-day statute of limitations had expired. He denied the petition.

Formal hearings are dispensed with when the fining is done directly from the roadside. Receipts are usually not issued in roadside fining. Recently a corporation executive who was stopped in a Middle Western town and fined $15 requested one. Furious, the officer hauled the culprit before the local justice and warned, "Better not ask the judge for a receipt or he'll hold you in contempt of court!" The judge cheerfully boosted the fine to $25, which he promptly pocketed—without a receipt.

In some big cities, tickets are issued for the most trivial violations. Detroit, which issues more tickets than any other city in the U.S., has been embroiled in a bitter traffic controversy. Recently, the Auto Club of Michigan, which represents 250,000 motorists, publicly charged that the Detroit Police Department operates an interprecinct "Ticket Contest," with cops getting awards for the greatest number of tickets.

Last year more tickets were written in that city (538,425) than there were passenger cars in Wayne County (510,000), netting $2,277,729 in fines. "If this wholesale and indiscriminate passing out of tickets isn't stopped," ominously warns Auto Club general manager Richard Harfst, "motorists will soon be afraid to drive on Detroit's streets." But Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy defends his policy on safety grounds.

A New York county was recently charged by a local paper with running an interprecinct competition. Cops were rated "excellent," "good," "fair" or "poor"—with the latter worrying about being transferred back to foot patrol.

The speed trap is a well-known way of increasing the traffic violation "take." Though experts differ on what constitutes a speed trap, the average motorist would define it as a place where speeds are not posted or where the posted speed is so unnecessarily slow as to tempt him to break the law.

Responsible North Carolinians insist that an organized speed trap preys on out-of-state motorists on one of the state's major routes.

The traps seem to be operated by that "old and vicious combination—constable and justice of the peace, said a representative of the official state travel promotion agency in Raleigh.

Georgia and Florida have theirs, too. A Middle Western dentist was arrested three times on the same day in Georgia. "They were all speed traps," he insists.

One young woman states she was driving a new car equipped with a governor which held it down to 45 miles an hour. She was accused of doing 70 miles per hour on a Florida highway and fined $50.

The A.A.A. has been told that "a speed trap as effective as any in the South" operates in upstate New York. Recently the New York State Automobile Association succeeded in pushing through a state law requiring cities and villages "to post suitable signs informing motorists when the end of a restricted speed zone has been reached."

A unique speed trap formerly operated in Maryland. On a lonely road, plainclothes cops drove a dilapidated sedan with only one light. Motorists approaching it feared a holdup, stepped on the gas to get away—and were nabbed.

Traffic lights are good revenue raisers. They are installed at many whistle stops despite engineers' objections that the small traffic trickle makes them unnecessary. During a 13-month period an Ohio justice of the peace collected almost $5,000 from a single red light. A Michigan hamlet operated a camouflaged light. The cop who camped there netted himself $200 to $300 weekly with the co-operation of the local justice of the peace.

If you ever have to face one of America's 46,000 justices of the peace, your chances of escaping unscathed are pretty thin. Over 98 per cent of all violators hauled before J.P.s are convicted.

The J.P. has become a powerful trial judge—thanks to the automobile—even though sometimes he can hardly read or write his own name and often has little or no knowledge of law. Forty-five of the 47 states having justices lay down *no* requirements for the job—not even citizenship.

Since the J.P. often collects most of his income from the redoubtable "fee" system, which prevails in 33 states, his take is heaviest during the "travel season." Approximately 20 to 25 per cent of the nation's millions of traffic cases now come before these men who are frequently "paid by the piece." How can you expect justice when your judge's salary depends on how much he fines you?

When a motorist lacks money, some J.P.s accept other items in lieu of fines—rings, watches, cameras, binoculars, spare tires, auto jacks, groceries. But if the American Bar Association's current traffic-enforcement program succeeds, the "bargaining justice" will be eliminated.

The modern trend is to replace J.P.s with supervised, state-wide courts—at least one in each county. Pending this, schools for J.P.s are now being held for the first time in major universities. The impetus for such training has come from the most active J.P. state associations in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York.

Besides J.P. horse-and-buggy justice, the methods of our municipal, police, magistrate, city and county courts, which handle about 10,000,000 traffic cases annually, are also frequently disgraceful. Nearly half our cities do not even distinguish between traffic and other cases. To tell your side of the story, you may have to waste a whole day in court while petty criminals, prostitutes, drunks and assault and battery cases are tried ahead of you.

A New Concept of Traffic Courts

Since more than three fourths of all accidents are traceable to traffic violations, a traffic court should be a classroom as well as a courtroom, says Norman Damon, Automotive Safety Foundation vice-president. Violators should leave the court thoughtful about safety rather than bitter about justice.

Wide-awake communities are taking steps to improve traffic enforcement. Local papers are publishing daily lists of traffic violators. Michigan is trying to standardize motor fines with violations listed "less serious," "more serious" and "most serious." Some states have established uniform speed laws for all business, residential and open highway areas. In California fines cannot be used to pay enforcement officers' salaries.

La Crosse, Wisconsin, has a unique educational "Fair Deal" traffic court. A motorist leaves court cheerfully humming because Judge George P. Ruediger lets him tell his side of the story via a questionnaire that says, "Your signature is for identification and is not an admission of guilt."

Anxious to restore faith in the courts, the legal profession is now trying to doctor the nation's traffic tribunals. Today a nation-wide program to invigorate our traffic courts is clicking on many cylinders. One brand-new development is a series of regional Traffic Court Judges and Prosecutors Conferences held at leading U.S. law schools, sponsored by the American Bar Association and Northwestern University Traffic Institute. James P. Economos, the Bar Association's traffic committee secretary, is sparking the program. Judges return from these conferences with refreshed ideas of their responsibilities. "I never understood before what a traffic judge was supposed to do," one new judge admitted.

Where it is necessary, police standards are being raised, too, said Franklin M. Kreml, traffic director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

But much still remains to be done to curb unjust arresting on highways. Go ahead with that trip you were planning. With luck you won't run into a character like the Utah justice of the peace who operated from his own front porch. He would hail a passing motorist, who would have to make a U-turn to reach him. Then the J.P. would announce, completely dead-pan: "I charge you with making a U-turn. Ten dollars!"

All the furious motorist could do was sputter and pay up.

THE END

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POT SHOTS BY ONE SHOT ROSS

Continued from page 24

have been in the heavy sugar. The deal prompted everybody in California, from the governor down, to query him on what made him dispose of so valuable a contract for such small potatoes.

I have asked One Shot a dozen times. He always evades the question with a quizzical look that mirrors a who-the-hell-do-you-think-you-are-the district-attorney? expression. Then One Shot will smile. He will reach for the sweating pitcher of beer and stout and proceed with an illuminating lecture on the proper temperature for ingredients that have such great slaking powers. He fills your glass. He does not neglect his. Then with great ceremony he lifts his aloft, always with this rustic toast: "Well, here's how—Father lost his farm!"

The Beginnings of a Career

Over the beer and stout One Shot tells me he was born at Browns Crossroads, Clinton County, Kentucky. He began to give Baron Munchausen a tussle for telling tall tales as a mere stripling on his father's farm. Tired of hoeing corn one day in the heat of the afternoon sun, he and a pal, Sure-Thing Slim, retreated to the protection of a shade tree. They chewed the fat about this and that, and Sure-Thing Slim hauled out some advertising which he had torn from a magazine. It read:

DO CARD TRICKS!
ENTERTAIN AND MYSTIFY
YOUR FRIENDS!
SEND FOUR DOLLARS!

"Let's send for them," said Sure-Thing Slim.

"Where will we get four dollars?" asked One Shot.

Sure-Thing Slim scratched his chin and stared a long time at Old Man Ross' prize coon dog that lay stretched lazily at their feet.

"We could sell the dog."

"And that's what we did," says One Shot Ross.

When the package of cards arrived, One Shot and Sure-Thing Slim practiced diligently. By following directions printed on the package, Sure-Thing Slim, who had quick hands, manipulated those short cards until he could make the king, queen and jack talk. After a few weeks they started looking for customers, and took the barber for fifteen dollars. Then came the butcher. A few other curious men about town were relieved of their rainy-day funds. Then the wheels of trade began to drag for want of greasing. The local chapter of yokels was fresh out of chips.

One day a stranger arrived at Browns Crossroads, and before anybody could take a pot shot at him as a possible revenue officer, he was in animated conversation with Sure-Thing Slim and One Shot.

The boys, as one, asked him whether he ever turned a card now and then for pastime. The stranger allowed as how he did and in no time at all they were in action in the old barn loft and Sure-Thing was dealing. One Shot stood directly behind the stranger, who didn't seem to mind. Suddenly One Shot let out a yelp and reached for his six-gun. The stranger seemed mildly surprised and asked, "Why, what's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" echoed One Shot. "You are holding cards my partner never deals you!"

The stranger smiled and said, "Now, don't get excited. Put down that fire stick. It might go off. When I first came here and saw Sure-Thing Slim riffle the deck, I noticed that he was pretty good. But he is still somewhat crude. Boys, it takes years. Here, look!"

The stranger took off his coat and displayed a sleeve holdout that slid cards into his hands slicker than anything Sure-Thing Slim had ever figured on. He had cards under his vest and in his shoe tops. And before Sure-Thing Slim and One Shot could recover their tongues the stranger fanned out a royal flush for them—ace, king, queen, jack and ten.

One Shot put up his six-gun. Then the stranger said, "Well, boys, what do you say? You know a lot of people in these mountains. All you have to do is send them in and we'll cut it up three ways!"

Things went along fine for a while. The boys would have done all right except for what One Shot calls "an unforeseen incident."

One morning Mister Ross addressed his son: "Wirt, here is six rifle balls and some powder. Take the old muzzle-loader and let's have some squirrel."

But young Wirt came back with only five squirrels. When he tossed them on the floor the old man said, "Wirt, where's the other one?"

"Dad, I gets him all right," One Shot explained, "but when I hits him he drops into the crotch of an elm tree 'bout seventy-five feet high, and big around as this cabin."

The old man fixed a hard look on One Shot and said, "Fetch me the ax. I mean to have me *that* squirrel for supper."

One Shot came by his name naturally because with a bead on a squirrel in his sights he always hit it right between the peepers. He is now mighty ashamed. This particular squirrel had spotted One Shot just a tenth of a fraction after One Shot spotted him. He shimmied around the upper trunk of the tree forcing One Shot to take a snap shot. One Shot missed for the first time in his life.

"And that's why I told my father a lie," he said. "I never lied to him before. But I knew that when he chopped down that elm and found no squirrel he'd feel mighty hostile toward me. And that's why I left home and joined the Army."

One Shot was first stationed at Fort Dyea near Skagway, Alaska. It was during the fall of 1897. Tex Rickard, Jack London, Rex Beach, Alexander Pantages and a number of other famed characters were there.

One night One Shot went into town dressed in civilian clothes. This night One Shot was holding. He took the poke and carefully tucked it into the inside pocket of his vest and clamped a safety pin over the pocket. Then he sat in a stud game and had a lot of luck, most of it bad. When the time came to pay off he reached for his pocket and unhooked the safety pin. The poke was gone! He turned to Sure-Thing Slim.

"Slim, I can't understand. The safety pin is still clasped, but there's no poke!"

One of the gamblers sitting near One Shot smiled. He said, "I guess you gents never heard tell of Chilkoot Charley, just about the slickest pickpocket in Alaska —maybe the whole world!"

One Shot had several occasions in the near future to catch fleeting glimpses of Chilkoot Charley. But he only got within shouting distance. Every time Chilkoot saw One Shot, Chilkoot was off like the Gazelle Boy.

One day, though, One Shot came up behind him and collared him. He held on with one arm and stretched out his other hand. He said, "Me friend."

When it dawned on Chilkoot that One Shot desired an acquaintance and held no ill against him for lifting the poke he no longer was nervous. One Shot asked him, "Chilkoot, how did you do it? I admire champions in all walks of life. I am glad to call you friend. If a man of your accomplishments will only join me and Sure-Thing Slim, we will make a barrel of dough and cut it up three ways!"

One Shot relates that the triple with the evil intent did a land-office business for a while.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, One Shot found himself doing sentry duty in a camp in the hills above Manila Bay one dark and rainy night. The camp was on the alert. Some head-hunters had been busting through the lines during the night and had managed to collect a few trophies.

"Well, I am sitting there with my rifle across my knees under my poncho," says One Shot. "I keep my old eye peeled because I figure, 'One Shot, you will be of no use at all without a head on your shoulders!'

"Now, in the Philippines there are a lot of carabaos. A carabao is a mighty peaceful critter if you leave him be. But once he gets riled there is nothing more ferocious. Not even a Bengal tiger. I know because I hunted them with my friend Ramma Gamma in India.

"When a carabao grazes," continues One Shot, "he pulls at the grass with short, vigorous sideswipes. When he grinds his teeth he makes a strange sound. To me this carabao pulling at the grass sounds like stealthy steps. I unsling my rifle and holler, 'Halt! Who goes there?' I get no answer, so I blaze away.

"Well, sir, I must have hit him only a glancing blow because he gets sore as a boiled owl and comes bellowing at me ninety miles an hour. He bowls me over and he jumps the trenches. He charges down the company street snapping tent ropes like pieces of string. All hell breaks loose. Somebody blows a bugle.

"Everybody figures we are being attacked so they all start shooting. The soldiers pepper away into the dark. Some guy lets go with a fieldpiece. Admiral Dewey fires his gunboats in Manila Bay.

"That action," says One Shot, soberly, "goes down into history as one of the greatest battles of the Spanish-American War. And it's all over a carabao ol' One Shot happens to nick by mistake!"

Back Home in Old Kentucky

After helping to put Spain in its place, One Shot returned to the States with the other heroes. He longed for the old folks at home. His father had gone to the Great Beyond and One Shot no longer had to worry about the elm tree and the squirrel that wasn't there.

One Shot's Uncle John was living at Browns Crossroads at the time and he was right glad once again to set his eyes on One Shot. Uncle John was a very sentimental gent and a great lover of dumb animals, particularly mules, who are far from dumb—that is, in a matter of intelligence. He simply couldn't abide seeing anyone treat a beast unkindly.

One day a couple of the neighbor's boys were driving a span of mules across Willis Creek near Red Fox Mill. The mules strained in their collars and lay in their traces and though they pulled honestly they could not budge the load of moonshine. The wagon mired in the muddy bed of the creek.

"Uncle John is standing on the other side of the crick a-watching," relates One Shot. "One of the boys is laying it on thick with a big black-snake whip. The other fellow jumps into the crick and gives one of the mules an awful kick in the belly. That makes Uncle John burn. He gets hotter than a country-store stove during a blizzard and cracks out with his .45. He hits the feller in the crick with a slug right between the eyes. The feller on the wagon makes an escape-leap for the brush but Uncle John knocks him off in mid-air.

"What follows is a lot of whooping and hollering and the law hears about the altercation. Since Browns Crossroads is all for law and order, the sheriff moseys over inquiring for old Uncle John."

When they had been paid off at Angel Island in San Francisco Bay on September 27, 1901, Sure-Thing Slim, Back-to-Back Crowley and One Shot had cut up $105,000 three ways. The wad had been built up from odds and ends like betting on cockfights, card games and dice and such. So One Shot, always fast with a dollar, says to his uncle: "Uncle John, take a fistful of this scratch—and may you be swift afoot."

Uncle John in the Big Money

One day Ross received a letter postmarked Arizona. It was from Poison Tom Ivy, who wrote he had just returned from Fannin County, Texas, where Uncle John was doing all right. Uncle John had worked on a ranch until he was able to get some land of his own that was so bad you couldn't raise an umbrella on it. Uncle John, however, dug for water and struck oil. In no time at all he had more dough than there are sheep in Montana.

Poison Tom reported: "One Shot, your uncle should give you back that scratch you lent him. He's really holding now. Besides he's getting kind of old and if I am you I would hustle down Texas way and protect my investment. Your uncle is always getting very sore when some cowboy rowels a horse and right away he gets into a fight."

One Shot was doing pretty well around Browns Crossroads and there was always something that would come up just when he was set to take off. But finally word came that his Uncle John had died, making One Shot his sole heir. One Shot left Browns Crossroads and when he got to Fannin County he headed for the courthouse.

To himself he allowed, "One Shot, your troubles are over. You are a very rich man at last." But when he got to the courthouse he found that his uncle had died practically penniless.

"He gives all his money," says One Shot, "to a Foundation for the Extermination of Horseflies."

One Shot decided to head for California. In California he got into the boxing business. His greatest fighter was Armstrong. But he had a whole stable of other pugilists, among them Chalky Wright, Cannonball Green, Dynamite Jackson, Young Peter Jackson, King Solomon, Santiago Zorrilla, Dry Gulch Brown, Forty-Five Oliver, Bitter Root Kid, Charley Pitts, Pancho Blanco and Pio Pico. Currently One Shot is the manager of Freddie Beshore, a good-looking heavyweight who has run up a string of 22 wins against two defeats.

Just before World War II, Mrs. Ross became very worried about One Shot's sudden strange behavior. One Shot took to pacing up and down in their back yard. He refused to talk. Their cat, Soapy Smith, arched his back whenever One Shot came near him. Their dog, Pancho Villa, cringed every time he spotted One Shot. So one day Mrs. Ross telephoned Bill Miller, public relations man for the Olympic Auditorium fight club in Los Angeles, an old friend of the family, and asked him to come out.

Miller hastened to the Ross manse at El Monte, just a dollar's throw from Los Angeles, if you have a throwing arm like George Washington's. One Shot appeared in deep thought. He stared vacantly as he walked up and down. Miller fell into step. He tried to start a conversation. No luck. He told One Shot the latest story he'd heard. No soap. He knew One Shot liked to sing and broke out in his very best tenor with They Call Her Frivolous Sal. Still One Shot continued his wordless walking. By this time Miller was out of patience. He turned to Mrs. Ross and said, "I guess you're right. He's nuttier than a fruitcake. The only thing to do is call for the wagon and haul him off to the booby hatch."

When he heard Miller mention the laughing factory, One Shot snapped right out of it. He grabbed Miller like a long-lost brother.

"Bill, I am right glad to see you. You are a sight for sore eyes. Seeing you reminds me I ain't been down to the Main Street Gym for a couple of weeks. Guess I'd better hurry down there before somebody steals all my fighters. I have been in deep concentration because I have a dream. In it I see two heavyweights. And I think: What a wonderful thing! It is tough enough to find one good heavyweight but in my dream I have *two* good ones and they are identical twins."

Now very excited, One Shot said he had to hurry to the gym and got into his car. As he rolled down the Freeway, he tells me, he saw a couple of broad-shouldered lads, and, being always on the lookout for talent, he slowed down for a better look. After the first glance he braked his car to a stop and reversed gears.

"Hello," said One Shot. "Could I give you boys a lift into town?"

One Shot's curiosity was bubbling over. "You boys are big enough to be fighters. You wouldn't be fighters by any chance?" he asked.

One of them spoke up. "Why, yes, we're fighters and we're on our way to the Main Street Gym."

"By sheerest coincidence I am also on my way to the Main Street Gym this very minute and I would be glad to give you boys a lift," said One Shot. "My name's Ross—One Shot Ross they call me."

The boys were astonished.

"Why, this is indeed a strange coincidence! We have a letter here addressed to One Shot Ross. It is from Sure-Thing Slim."

"Will wonders never cease!" said One Shot. "Sure-Thing Slim is my dearest friend. I make some good scores with him in the Philippines. What did you say are your names?"

"Dalton," says one of the boys. "I am Bill Dalton, and this is my brother Bob."

"Well, well, the Dalton boys," One Shot says, with enthusiasm. "Great boys, those Daltons. But tell me, which of you is the oldest?"

"We're twenty-one," says Bill. "We're both twenty-one. We're twins!"

"Shades of Poker Barkely," exclaims One Shot. "My dream's come true!"

One Shot immediately took the boys to Main Street. He had them ready for bouts within a few weeks, fighting them on the same card at the Olympic Auditorium. One Shot opines he might have developed them if the war had not interfered. The Daltons joined the service.

"If the Japs didn't bomb Pearl Harbor," One Shot tells me, "I would have bombed the Brown Bomber. I figure it all this way. The twins are so identical that when we fought Louis I would have one of them in the ring and the other under the ring as sort of a spare. If things got tough, as they probably would, I would have Bill Miller switch out the lights while I switched fighters. Joe wouldn't savvy why the guy in front of him stayed so fresh. He might blow up in sheer disgust."

The Night He Socked the Referee

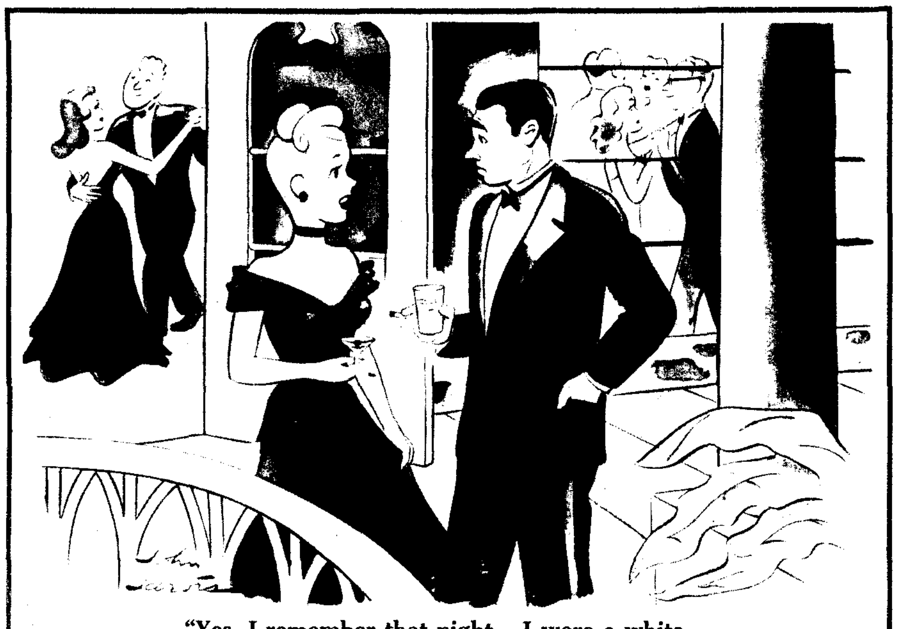
Only once have I seen One Shot Ross become temperamental. He blew his top one night at the Olympic Auditorium. Frankie Van, the crack little referee, called a close decision against one of his fighters. One Shot hurled his 225 pounds through the ropes and socked Van right on the chin. Before Van could exercise his prerogative of taking a return swing, One Shot was hustled away. He was ordered to explain his riotous conduct to the California State Athletic Commission. Jerry Giesler, the famous attorney, was then chairman. Attorneys Jules Covey and Anthony (Tony) Entenza were also members of the commission.

"Gentlemen," said One Shot, "I can explain everything. Last night I have a dream. I dream I am sitting in the bar at this place Café Society, near the Main Street Gym. There's a lot of good people there. In this dream I am having, Frankie Van calls the waiter and orders drinks for the house. I feel so good about that that I immediately go up to Frankie Van and apologize for hitting him. Frankie is so glad that he apologizes to me. In this dream Frankie says, 'One Shot, I know that I gave you a bum decision—and I promise right here and now that I never again will rob one of your fighters!' "

By this time the California State Athletic Commission was laughing almost convulsively. But what really laid them in the aisles was One Shot's concluding defense.

"Gentlemen," he continued, "you are all lawyers and you will understand what I mean when I say that I plead not guilty by reason of insanity. And I can prove that by anybody in the Main Street Gym. It is a fact that always they are saying, 'One Shot, you are unquestionably very crazy because you sold Henry Armstrong's contract to Al Jolson for only ten Gs.' "

THE END



"Yes, I remember that night. I wore a white satin evening gown, a pearl choker, turquoise earrings, white slippers, and I had a gardenia in my hair. Was I out with you?"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

You're Tossing MONEY Out the Window

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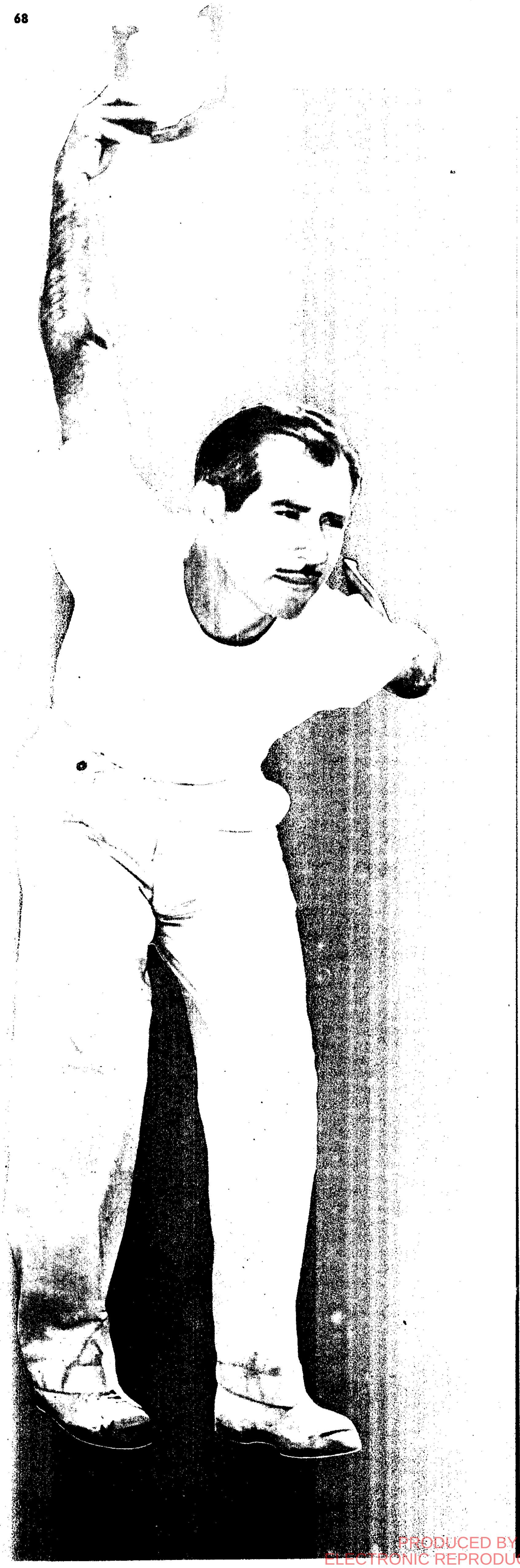
HORSESHOE'S BIG PITCH

BY BILL FAY



In backswing, Fernando Isais' arm is almost perpendicular to the ground

FERNANDO ISAIS can do anything with a horseshoe except shoe a horse. He can nick a kitchen match into flame at 10 feet, knock the ash off your cigar at 15 feet, or ring the legs of an upturned chair at 40 feet—the regulation distance between pegs in tournament tossing.

Pitching at pegs instead of legs last summer, Fernando captured the national championship by averaging 82.3 per cent ringers over 34 games. Nothing bothered the slender Mexamerican from Los Angeles. Fernando sipped scalding tomato soup, sauntered from peg to peg and thoroughly mystified Pop Woodfield, seventy-one-year-old dean of America's 10,000,000 horseshoe pitchers.

Pop finally asked Fernando to take off his shirt. "Every time you pitch," Pop observed, "your shoulder blade seems to dive down under your armpit. Never saw anything like it. I want to see what happens."

What really happens, Pop discovered, is that Fernando has an amazingly flexible right shoulder joint. At the top of his backswing, his pitching arm is almost perpendicular to the ground.

"Coming down," Fernando explained to Pop, "the arm falls naturally like a pendulum. They fooled around with a tape measure a couple of years ago and somebody figured out that my motion lacks only about six inches of being a complete 360-degree revolution—from the top of the backswing, that is."

Fernando's rubber shoulder might have made him a top-flight tennis player, but he spent too much time pitching shoes and stringing rackets in his tiny shop near Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. He's thirty-three years old now, but he still smacks a tremendous service and volleys with finesse. He whipped Pancho Gonzales, 1-6, 6-4, 7-5, in the semifinals of the Olympic club tournament last summer. (That's the Gonzales who later upset Bob Falkenburg, Jaroslav Drobny and Frankie Parker in the Pacific Southwest.)

"Tennis is tougher physically," Fernando concedes, "but it's harder to score points in horseshoes. A ringer counts three points, but your opponent can cancel your ringer with one of his own. For instance, you toss two ringers—what we call a 'double'—and your opponent throws a double, and it's no count—what we call 'four dead.' Guy Zimmerman of Oakland and Ted Allen of Boulder, Colorado, threw 50 'four deads' in one game at the 1940 nationals. Zimmerman started with 36 straight ringers, but Allen beat him, 50-48."

Allen, Zimmerman and Casey Jones of Waukesha, Wisconsin, are leading challengers for Fernando's crown in the nationals at Milwaukee this month. Fernando's only loss in the 1947 tournament was to Jones, but Fernando isn't worrying about him. "I can beat him almost every time," unbashful Fernando avers. "Casey likes to keep the throttle down and play fast. I walk slow and play slow and he gets restless and goes off his game."

Fernando has an ambition beyond retaining the championship. He'd like to play a command performance for the nation's number-one horseshoer, Harry S. (Lefty) Truman. One of the first things Lefty did after moving into the White House was build a court in the back yard. The porch came later.

▶ TED PLAYS BALL

Just a little story to remember the next time somebody insists that Ted Williams is a surly, unco-operative jerk.

"Ted," the reporter said, "I'm doing a piece about the toughest fielding plays—position by position. Dom DiMaggio was talking about center field a few minutes ago and—"

"What did he say was toughest?"

"Coming in on those low, sinking liners—making up your mind whether to take a chance on a shoestring catch or play it safe on the hop."

"Dom's right. That's the toughest play for me in left field, too, but that won't make a very good story for you—two guys with the same problem. Look, I gotta hit a couple now. I'll think it over. Be right back."

Ted hopped off the bench and started for the batting cage. A fan behind the Red Sox dugout greeted him with a loud boooooo. "The early worm," somebody remarked, "gets the bird."

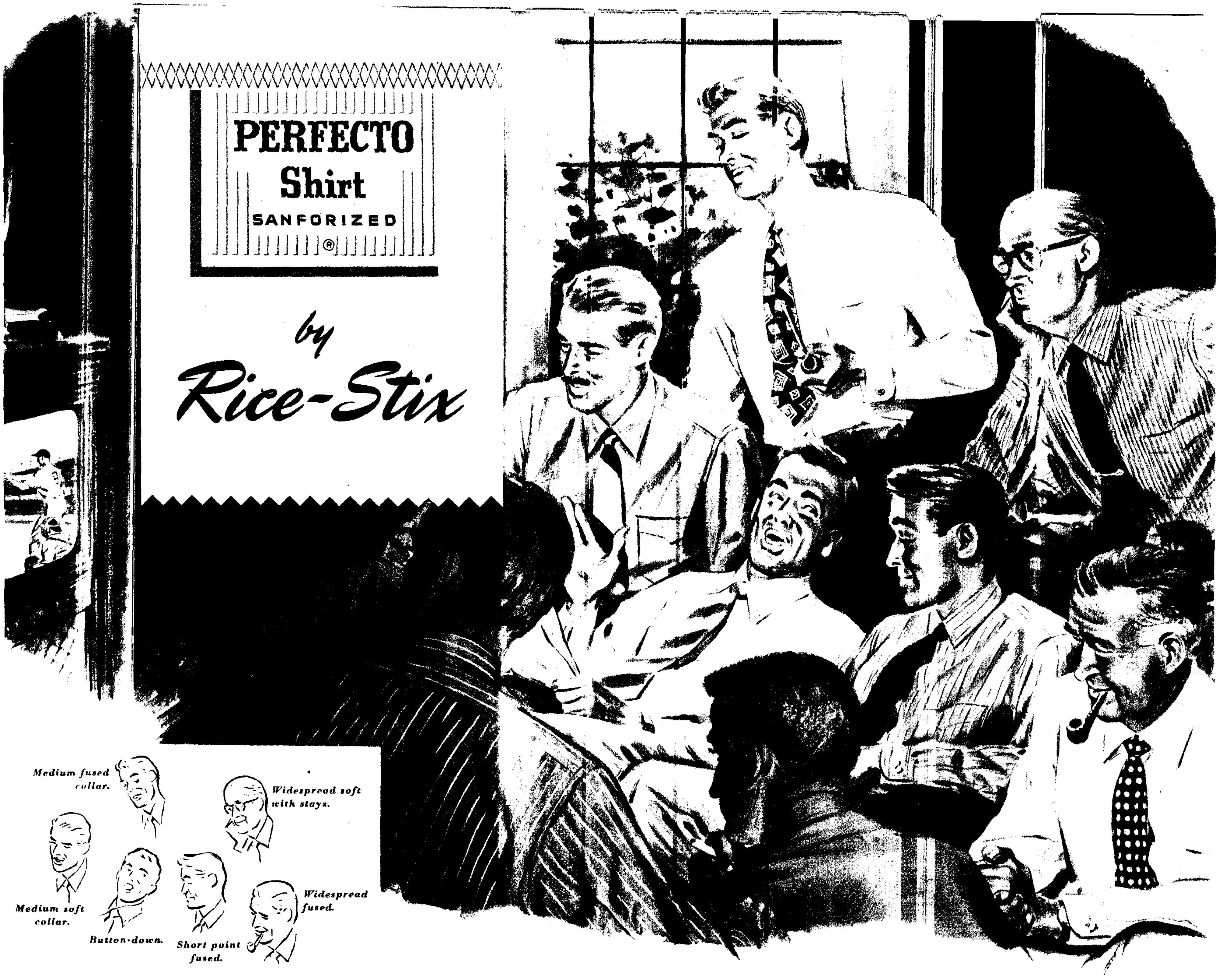
Ted pulled two drives against the right-field fence, then slammed a liner down the left-field line. Back on the bench again, he said: "Funny how often I've been hitting to left this season. Haven't tried to. Guess it's the pitchers' fault. They've been putting everything on the outside corner. I'm still pulling for right but often as not—when I sock that outside pitch—the ball ends up in left field."

"One of the Boston writers was saying about half your hits have gone to left, including four straight against Cleveland last month. Guess Boudreau's about ready to give up on the shift."

"Hope so. Say, how's this for an angle on your fielding story. DiMaggio's a little guy—has trouble with those sinking liners. But I'm a big skinny guy, who has trouble bending over for grounders that little Dom picks up easy. That's it—the toughest play for me is bending way down for a grounder and straightening up to make the throw to second on a fast runner. If anybody asks me the same question, I'll remember not to tell him that I really have more trouble with liners. Come to think of it, maybe I do have more trouble with grounders."

▶ TELEVISION TAKES THE GATE

The Louis-Walcott minuet may have set sports television back five years. A pro football owner, unfortunate enough to be in Yankee Stadium that June evening, looked at the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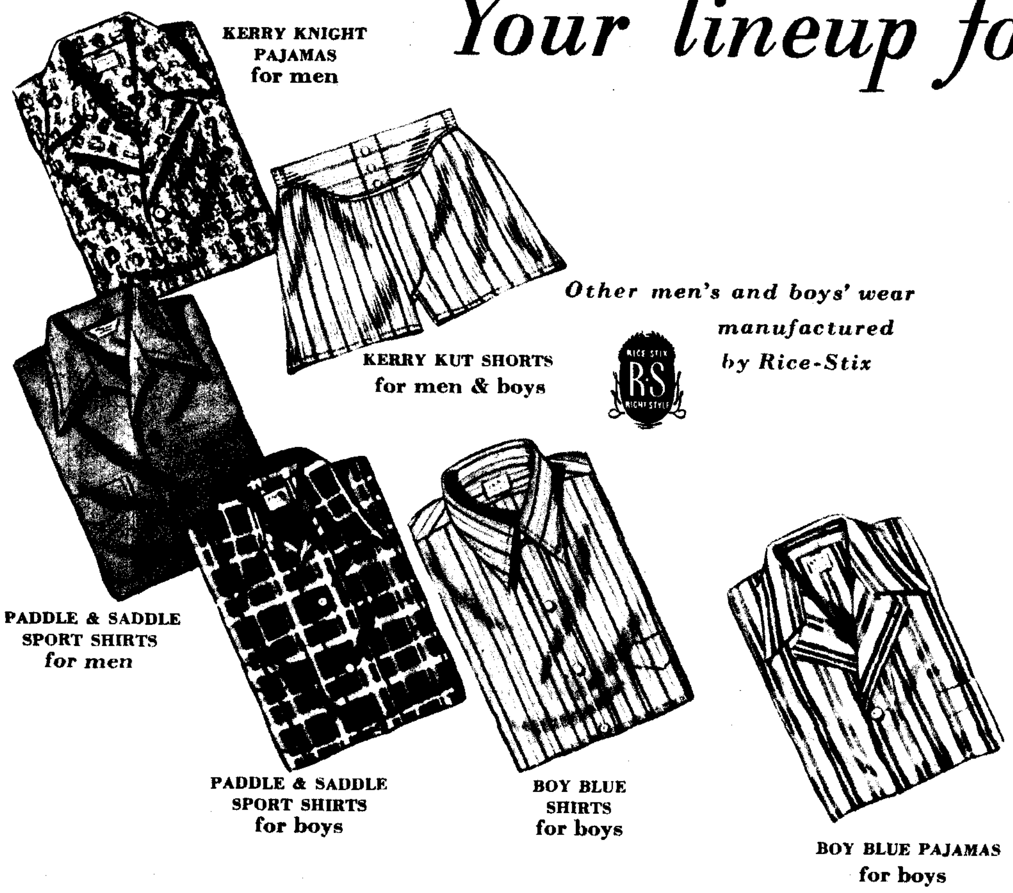
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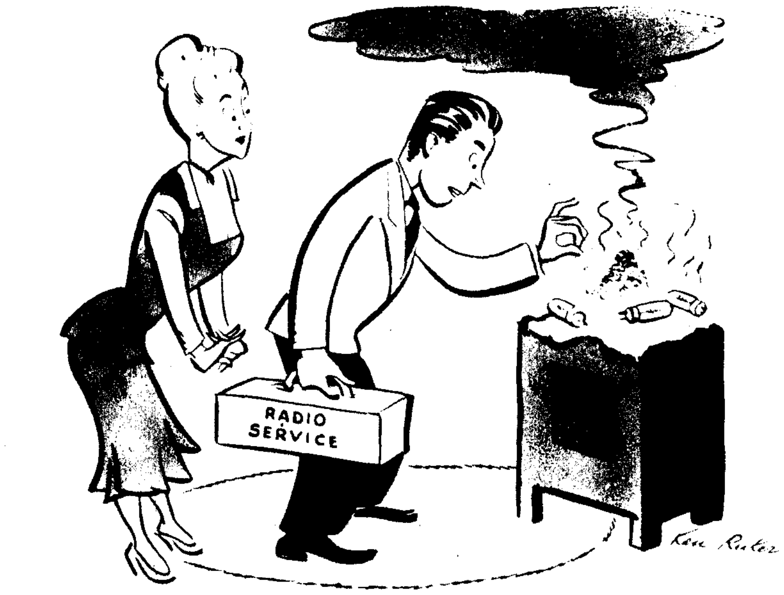

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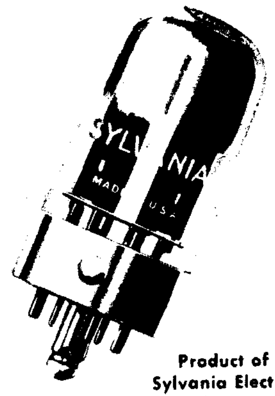
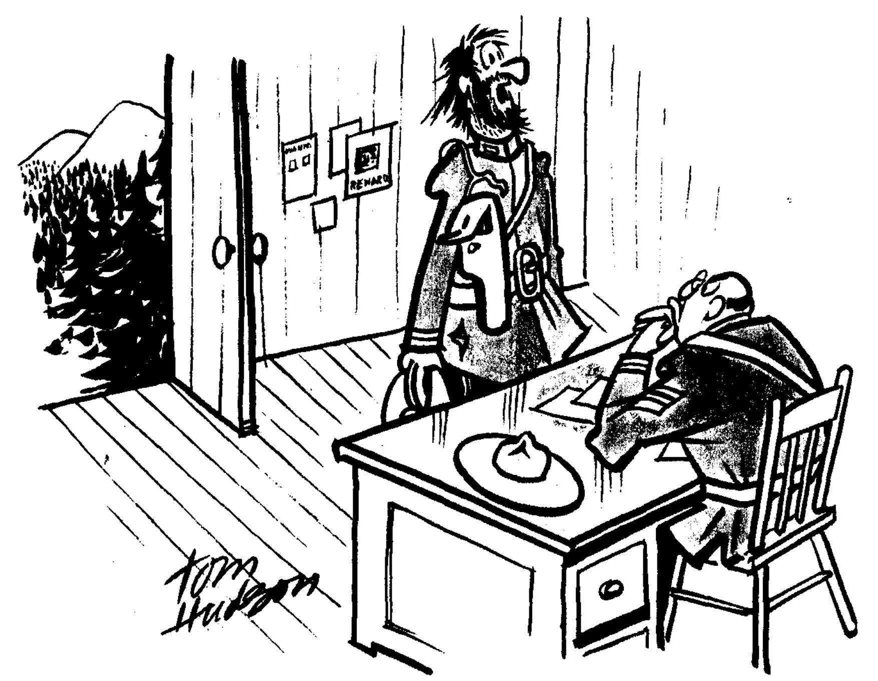




"Then after fourteen days on the river, and twenty-six days through an unpenetrable forest, I proceeded due north where I finally caught up with him at a dance hall at St. Claire. That was when he took my gun away from me"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

center-field bleachers and shook his head. "Less than half filled," he commented. "Before television, the fans lined up six hours early and jammed those bleachers at five bucks a head.

"Nobody," he went on, "knows all the answers, but I'm just about convinced television will take our fans out of the bleachers and park them in the corner saloon. The people who can afford it will still buy the best seats between the 20-yard lines, but you can see the game better on television than you can from the cheap end-zone seats.

"Before I sell the television rights this fall, somebody will have to pay me for all the fans who won't be sitting out there"—he gestured toward the bleachers—"and I don't think advertisers are ready to spend that kind of money yet. It doesn't look like there will be any football television from my park this fall—and don't be surprised if a good many other owners decide against television, too."

Promoter Mike Jacobs lost an estimated $70,000 by accepting $100,000 for Louis-Walcott television and radio privileges. Jacobs anticipated a million-dollar gate. He settled for $930,000, television booty included. The $50 ringside section was packed, but the $5-10-20 seats were sparsely populated.

One thing sure, television did not increase Walcott's box-office appeal. People who watched Jersey Joe in meteoric flight across the video screen won't rush to attend any of his appearances in the proposed tournament to determine Louis' successor. Maybe the promoters ought to save Jersey Joe for the Millrose Games. Track fans might pay to watch the Camden Comet try to run the first four-minute mile.

HUMAN CORKS

During the late 1880s, a Massachusetts resident named Enoch Lowell remained underwater for four minutes, 46 and 1/5 seconds.

On an even more breath-taking occasion, Enoch dunked himself for 14 minutes, 30½ seconds out of a possible 15 minutes (coming up for air 12 times).

Proving nothing, perhaps, except that there will always be aquatic nonconformists who look upon standard swimming and diving events as dull, routine exercise. Take Thomas Vincent Lilly of Philadelphia, for instance: Thomas Vincent recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday by asking his neighbors to throw him, bound and gagged, off a diving board. They obliged. Thomas Vincent wiggled out of the ropes in one minute and five seconds.

Lilly, a pensioned city employee, modestly discounts any element of risk. "I can't sink," he explains. "I float all day without twitching a muscle. Doctors have examined me plenty of times but they can't account for my corkiness."

Lilly was an amateur boxer, professional tap dancer and amateur diver before he became a cork. It happened on his fifty-fifth birthday when skeptical friends bound his ankles, knees and wrists with sash cord and tossed him—fully clothed—into a swimming pool. Lilly shucked off the ropes, undressed (to his trunks), wrung out his wet clothes, stored them on his stomach, floated around for a bit, then dressed and swam to the pool ladder.

"Weighed 170 pounds in those days," Lilly recalls somewhat enviously. "Now I'm 150 and it's harder for me to stay down when I want to turn some underwater somersaults. Used to do five easy. Now I pop up after two or three."

So much for Thomas Vincent Lilly, the cork. Last year a Winter Haven, Florida, youngster named A. G. Hancock invented the most hazardous aquabatic trick of them all—water skiing without skis. Two other Floridians, Dick Pope, Jr., and Glenn Kirkpatrick, quickly mastered Hancock's technique. "You start off riding one ski," Kirkpatrick explains. "At 35 miles an hour, you put one foot down on the water. When it's riding firm, you put the other foot down and get rid of the ski—quick."

Kirkpatrick can travel a quarter of a mile on his bare feet. "At 35 miles an hour," he says, "the water is hard as a board. If you've ever walked on a wet golf green in your bare feet, you've got a pretty good idea of what hard water feels like."

PERISCOPE ON THE GREEN

Golf has been the worst spectator sport for years, but manufacturers are working on a gadget that will give galleryites an unobstructed view of every putt—even when the jam is 10-deep. It's a seat cane with a built-in periscope. When you're tired, you sit on it. When the crowd closes in, you raise it like an umbrella. The seatscope makes every spectator 10 feet tall—and one inch thick.

The End

RED CLOUDS OVER OLYMPUS

Continued from page 15

teeth—"but they do not care. We are used to borrowing from one another here in our village."

Breakfast over, the Nikas family walks to church 200 yards away. The dirt road is hard from being baked by 10,000 suns but there is a cool, early-morning breeze. People are crowding into the church. They all know Spiros and his family and a dozen of them stop to admire Katina's new shoes and the white hair ribbons that hold her braided blond tresses.

Father Constantine Kokiniotis is just beginning to say Mass. The choir is made up of eight older men, picked, I am sure, solely for their piety, for it is obvious that they are singing not with their voices but with their hearts.

This is true, too, of the congregation when it makes its responses to Father Kokiniotis' prayers.

An Uncomfortable Worshiper

It is a very long Mass and Spiros Nikas, a little uncomfortable in his buttoned shirt and his unaccustomed coat, edges toward the door. There are as many worshipers outside on the steps as there are inside. I follow Spiros through the crowd and we sit down at a table in front of the small village coffee shop and drink strong, sweetened Turkish coffee.

Spiros, who has lost his earlier shyness, talks of life in Magoula.

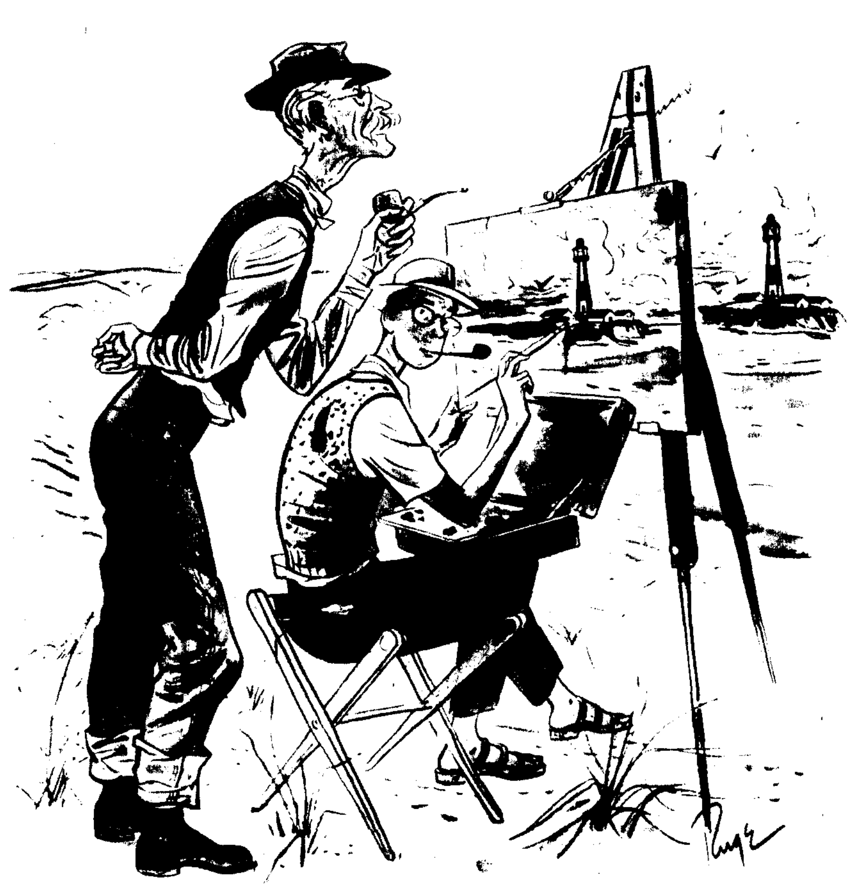
"Things were all right until war came," he says. "I was in the army fighting in Albania. I had left a two-month-old son at home. We fought as well as we could and we beat the Italians, too, but the Germans were too strong for us. I came home and found that my baby had died of starvation. Did you know that 55,000 children died of starvation in Athens alone? And here in Magoula 20 died. The Germans were very clever. They had an airfield near here. They surrounded our village well with barbed wire and put a guard there. You have seen the well; it is only a mile from the village. It is the only well in the district.

"The Germans would not let our women draw water from the well, unless they brought eggs with them. For a gallon of water they demanded two eggs. They had already taken our cattle and our sheep and our goats. If our women did not have the eggs they got no water and children need water. My wife had no food for our children but our chickens kept laying eggs, so she had water. But the little one grew thinner and thinner. Finally my wife had to kill a chicken to keep him alive. Then she had to kill another chicken. Soon she had to kill them all and then there was nothing left to eat and because there were no eggs there was no water. And the little one died."

"Was it better after the liberation?" I ask.

"No." His face, burned a deep red by the sun, hardens. "Then they came down from the hills—the guerrillas. We welcomed them. They had fought well during the occupation. But when these men came down out of the hills they did not carry a Greek flag; they carried Communist flags. We could never understand that. They were Greeks. Why did they carry Russian flags?"

By now Mass is over and the people of Magoula are streaming out of church and the square is filled with the chatter of women and the laughter of children. Grizzled old Elias Milos, mayor of Magoula, joins us. So does Father Kokiniotis, a handsome, erect, black-bearded man with a hawklike nose and large, intelligent eyes. Everyone arises and mur-



COLLIER'S

"I don't want to discourage you, son, or interfere with yer plans; but I think it's only fair t' tell you that somebody beat ya to it. Only last week there was another artist feller up here, and he painted a pitcher of that very same lighthouse"

JOHN RUGE

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murs the conventional *"kallimera pater,"* and bows to the priest.

It is obvious that there is a great bond of affection between the people and the priest. Like them, Father Kokiniotis was born here in the village. He is one of them and he had suffered with them during the occupation. And he is suffering with them now, for he eats only what they eat, and his house is no better than theirs. Only his beard and his black cassock set him apart from them.

He asks if he might send to his house for a bottle of *retsina*. Everyone nods happily.

"My friend Spiros Nikas has been telling you of our troubles," he says softly. "We have had many troubles. He did not mention the pine trees, did he? In the country surrounding our village we had 50,000 acres of pine trees. The people of Magoula made their living from them and with the money they made they bought sheep and goats and sometimes a plot of land where olive trees grew. Our people would draw the resin from the trunk of the pine tree. That resin has many commercial uses; it is needed for turpentine, for paint and for *retsina*."

The *retsina* has arrived and the keeper of the coffeehouse brings out half a dozen clean glasses. The *retsina* is honey-colored and when the sun hits the bottle the wine seems to change color and dance. The priest pours the wine.

"This is the same wine they drank in Greece 3,000 years ago," he smiles. "It is flavored with resin from the pine tree. That resin also takes the impurities out of the wine. This wine is drunk all over Greece. That is why our pine forests were important to us. But the Germans used the pine trees for fuel. When they went away they burned all the trees that were left.

"We will be all right when the water comes," Filia Economou says. Smiles light up the faces of everyone at the table and they repeat the word "water" softly so that it sounds like a short prayer.

Where Water Is Scarce and Bad

"That is a dream we've had for many generations," Father Kokiniotis laughs. "Our grandfathers dreamed of a time when there would be water right here in the village square. Our well is a mile away and the children and the women have to fetch it here to their homes. It is a deep well and they have to draw the water up by hand. It is not good water and we know that the malaria and the intestinal diseases our people get are all due to the water.

"But a man came here not long ago and said that he was going to get a motorized pump from the Americans that would pump the water from the well. And he told us to get some pipe so that the water could be pumped right here to the village square. The Germans had left some pipe at their airfield and our men dug that up and are cleaning it now. We of the village are going to dig the ditch for the pipe. This man was from the Near East Foundation. He says that he will chlorinate the water and bring cement so we can line the well with it. We will be a happy village if we can have water. Not many villages in Greece have water."

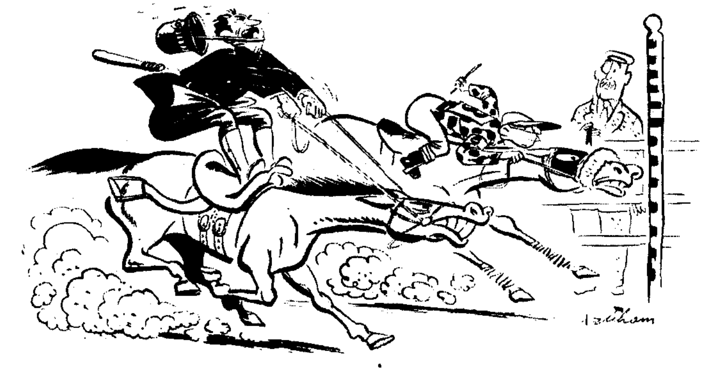
"He will do as he says," the schoolteacher says, emphatically. "He told us he would get a latrine for our school and he did so."

The priest nods. "You must see the school latrine," he says. "It is the only latrine in the village. He showed us how to build it. Our children carried the bricks and the lumber and helped Spiros to build it." The village carpenter grows red with pleased embarrassment. "No flies can get inside. It is very wonderful to have a latrine in the village."

By now half a dozen others have joined us. The keeper of the little coffeehouse comes out with two large plates and a dozen forks. One plate holds hot bits of veal; the other holds slices of tomato and cucumber soaked in lemon and olive oil. There are cries of pleased surprise and now it is the priest's turn to look embarrassed. This is his surprise.

I had met these people before. I had met them in small villages in our own Southwest and in the towns of northern France way back in 1940 and in remote villages in Palestine only a month before. I had even met such people in small agricultural villages near Vyazma on the road to Smolensk during the war. These were people unconcerned with the complexities of life or with the political strife among nations. Their fight for survival occupied all of their attention.

The people of Magoula have an active dislike for Communism and a conviction that bad as their own government is, it is a lot better than Communism would be. It is Father Kokiniotis who brings the subject up.



HANK KETCHAM

SPORTING ODDS

At a track in England many years ago, a mounted policeman was helping to get the race horses into starting position. At the cry, "They're off!" the policeman's horse broke with the field and the astonished bobby found himself desperately trying to pull in his mount. The best he could do, however, was to slow him down to third place. On the stretch, the horse began to fight it out with one of the official entries, and, despite the policeman's efforts to pull out of the race, he came in second, a scant neck behind a horse ridden by Freddy Archer, one of England's greatest jockeys.

—Dee Eckman, Allen Park, Mich.

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"I know you want to ask us what we think of Markos and of Communism," he says suddenly. "I will tell you and if I am wrong my friends will correct me. We saw what Communism was in 1944. We were too small a village for them to bother with but we saw what happened in Mandra, not far away. They occupied Mandra and killed a great many people there. They brought people out from Athens and took them behind the hills here and shot them. I went and prayed over the bodies. There were hundreds of them. We all saw the bodies."

There are murmured assents from around the table.

"Do you know what they do when they capture villages in the north? First they kill the mayor, the priest and the most prosperous farmer in the village, and they burn their houses. They say to the people, 'You can divide the property which these three capitalists held. Now let your young men come with us and we will free you from the American and Fascist domination.' What is this American domination they talk about?"

Filia Economou raises her head.

"I only know that if it had not been for the Americans we would not have our school latrine," she says. "I know that soon we will have water here in the village because we are going to get a pump from the Americans. And it has been promised that we will have water right in our schoolhouse. I have 82 pupils." She adds, "When the water comes to our school they will know that it was the generosity of Americans that brought it."

"I will tell you," Elias Milos, who combines farming with the job of being mayor, breaks in, "of a man named Athanasios Diakos. In 1820 he led a revolt against the Turks who had occupied our country for 400 years. They caught him and tortured him. They put his feet in a fire and he laughed and just before he died, he cried out, 'Better one hour of freedom than forty years of slavery.' That is now one of our national songs. Markos says that the poor people of rural Greece are all on his side. Well, we are the poor people of rural Greece and there is not one person in our village who is on the side of Markos."

Elias Milos stops suddenly and his face is red. His friends clap him on the back and say, "Well spoken, Elias!" The priest smiles and fills our glasses for the last time. We clink glasses and everyone murmurs, *"Eis eyian,"* which means "To your health," and then I left.

I went to other villages and found that basically they all thought as Magoula thought.

It is easy for critics outside of Greece to castigate the present Greek government and to insist that it is not representative of the Greek people. They are right, but when they go further and say that in a free election the present government would be thrown out by the people they are being guilty of very wishful thinking. There is no doubt that the people would welcome a government that is in the tradition of the great Eleutherios Venizelos, founder of the labor party and the man who broke up the huge estates and distributed land plots to hundreds of thousands of families.

Venizelos did this many years before our New Deal was thought of and he did it because he believed that the alternative was Communism. He was the great guardian of Greek civil rights. But Venizelos died and today his labor party is pretty much of a mockery.

Criticism of this government has been violent by most correspondents in Athens. The government replies complacently that it was elected by the people. Actually, in Greece, government does not come from the people but from the top. For instance the government is currently appointing the mayors of all cities, towns and villages in Greece. Even purely local problems are handled by the central government in Athens. This is a bit different from our conception of democracy.

The charge made by Markos and his followers that Greece has become nothing but a police state has been echoed by the correspondents. It is certainly true that when the Socialist weekly Machi ventured to criticize the government for the wholesale execution of Elas members who had been in jail for three years, two Machi editors were hustled off to jail. No one knows how many Communists and alleged Communists have been shot during the last few months. The Moscow radio and Soviet publications like the New Times say with their usual fine restraint that thousands and thousands have been executed.

Aftermath of a Murder

It is a fact that the government got panicky early last May, when Christos Ladas, Minister of Justice, was assassinated, and dragged 120 men out of jail and shot them. At the same time a dragnet went out to bring in carloads of Markos sympathizers and a great many of them were shot and hundreds sent to island concentration camps. This had the effect (governmental officials agree) of acting as an excellent recruiting stunt for Markos.

Public opinion, privately expressed, was bitter against the executions and imprisonments. People will tell you stoutly that hundreds of those punished were not Communists; they were merely critics of a governmental policy. And hundreds of disgusted young men who until then had no sympathy for Communism fled to the hills to join Markos merely as a protest against the government way of doing things.

The Soviet publications insist that between 60,000 and 70,000 political prisoners are being held on Makronesos Island, Jura Island and in mainland prisons and concentration camps. I asked Minister of Justice George Melas how close to the truth the Soviet estimate was.

Minister Melas is well known in New York, because while acting as a representative to the United Nations he made Vishinsky squirm more than once and he made Gromyko laugh. Melas, a member of the Liberal party, is one of the few men who talked extemporaneously at Lake Success, and you could name the language. Handsome and charming, George Melas is one man who is highly respected in Athens by all factions. Melas looked astonished at the high estimate given by the Soviet.

"Good heavens!" he said. "That would mean we had one per cent of the whole population of Greece behind bars. The figure is absurd, of course. We have perhaps a little more than 20,000 prisoners in jail. And we've executed quite a few, and while we're on the subject we are going to execute some more. Every man we've executed deserved it; each one had a fair trial, competent counsel and was found guilty. These men were enemies of the state. Don't forget that we are fighting for the life of our country."

When Melas touched on the subject of the recent killing of George Polk of the Columbia Broadcasting System his eyes narrowed with anger. Melas is in charge of the investigation into the murder of the American correspondent.

"What made me absolutely sick," he said, and his voice trembled, "were reports that we in the government had a hand in the murder of George. My God,

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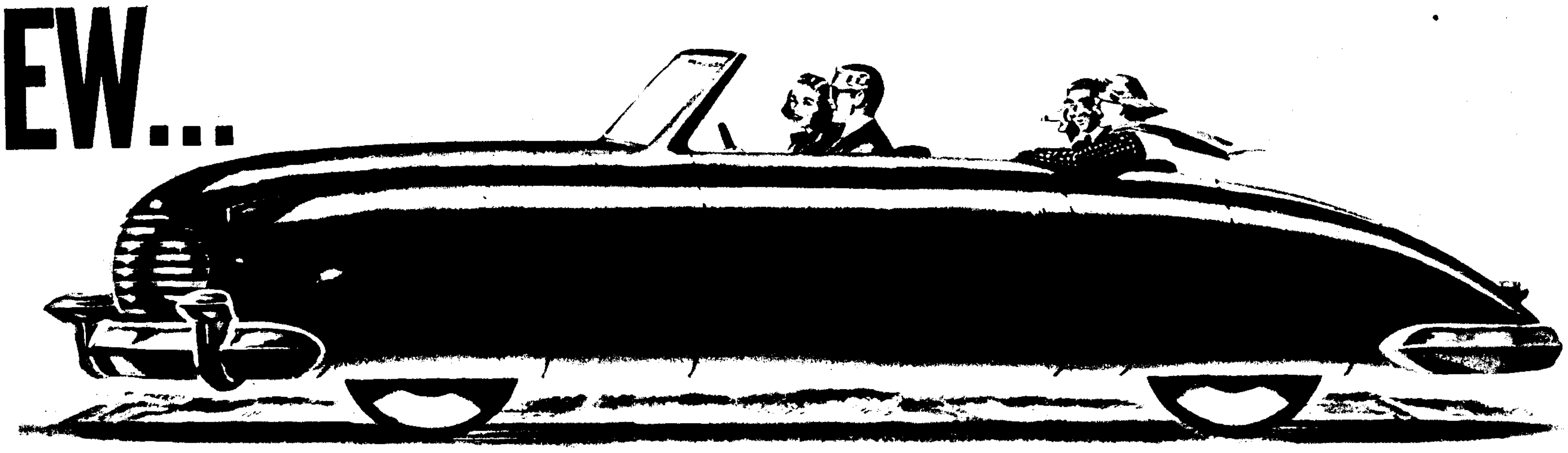

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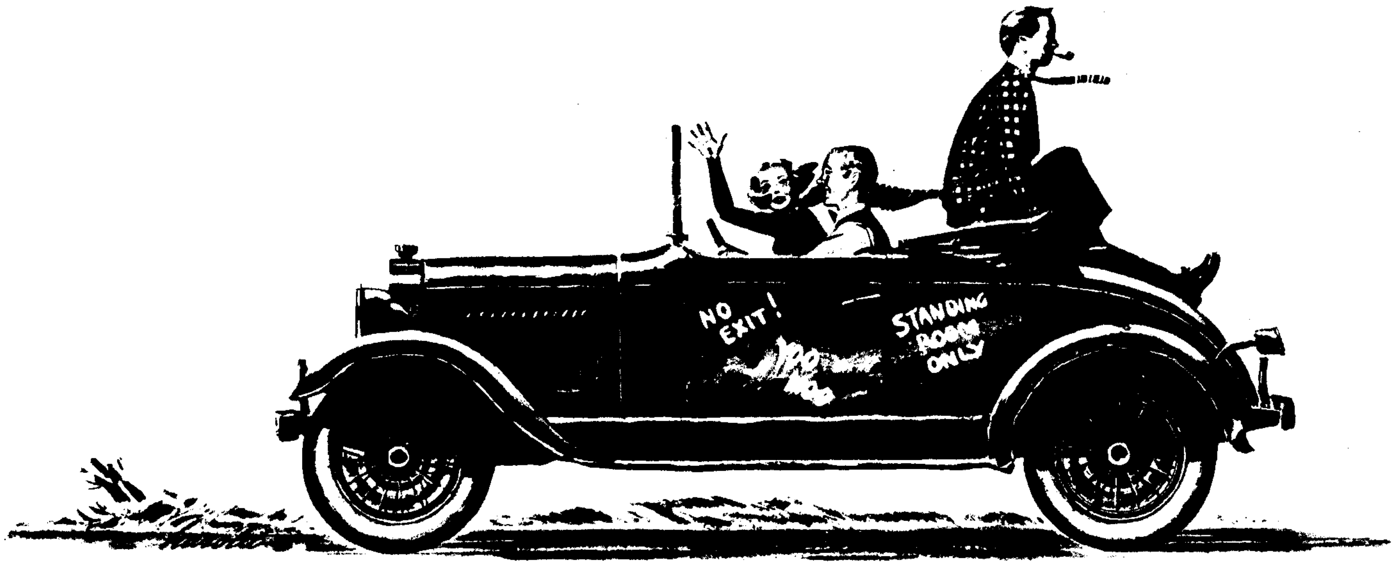

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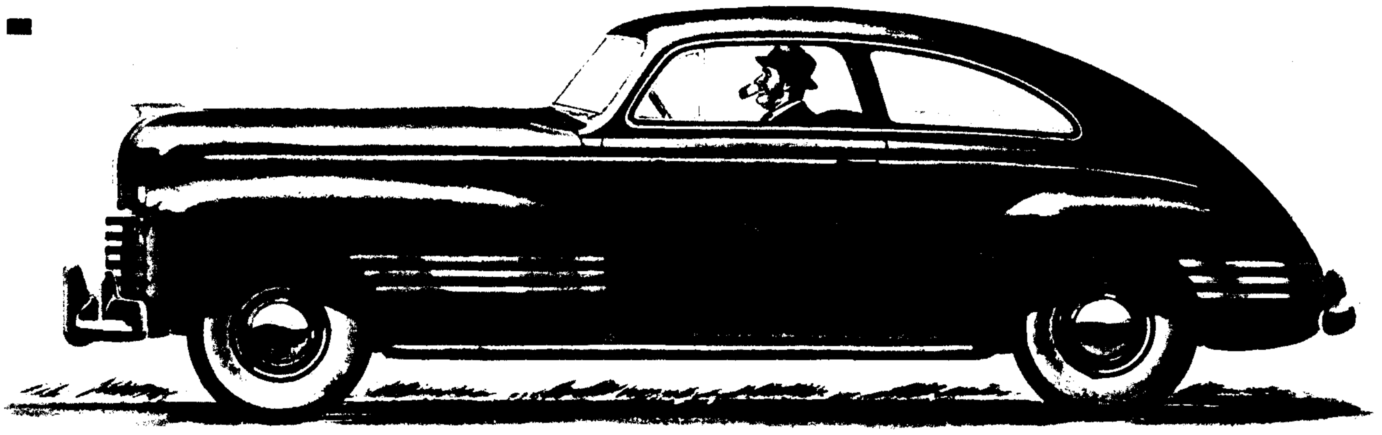

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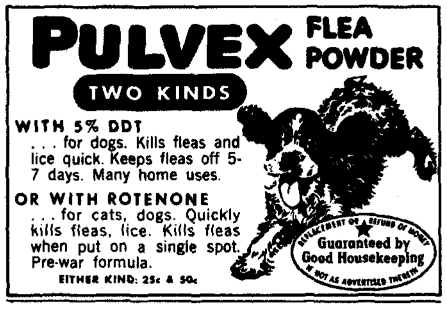
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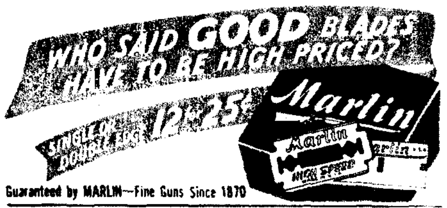

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Snap back with dazzle!

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what a monstrous lie! You can accuse us Greeks of a great many things and you would be justified, but no one ever accused us of being downright stupid. For our government to instigate the murder of an American correspondent would be downright stupid. We are depending for our very existence on America today.

"We've been working hard on the killing of George Polk. We've explored every possibility. To my mind there is only one answer. The Communists murdered him to embarrass our government."

There are a great many in Athens who share Melas' view that Polk was murdered by the *antartes*. The Greeks always refer to the Markos forces as *antartes* (revolutionists). Members of the American mission and the American embassy always refer to Markos' followers as "the bandits."

The statement by Melas that Greece was fighting for her very existence is certainly no overstatement. Even Lieutenant General James A. van Fleet, ranking American officer in Greece who now virtually runs the Greek army, was none too sanguine about immediate military success against Markos. Van Fleet is tall, hard-muscled and flat-stomached and looks like the combat man that he is. Van Fleet is the possessor of three D.S.C.s, three Silver Stars, three Bronze Stars and three Purple Hearts. He was a full colonel under General Patton during the war.

Van Fleet got along with Patton and now he gets along with the Greeks.

The Politicos Offer Advice

In the beginning Greek politicians tried to tell Van Fleet and his officers how to go about defeating Markos. Today they follow his "suggestions" with enthusiasm. Now the Greek army is engaged in a full-scale offensive against Markos—an offensive planned by Van Fleet.

"But from here on in it won't be easy," Van Fleet said, pointing to the big map on his office wall. "Look at those mountains. There have been bandits in those mountains for 2,000 years. Not even the Turks could drive them out and they had something like 400 years to do it.

"However, I am hopeful that by the end of the year the Greek army will have broken up Markos' big concentrations. Once that is done the big military phase of the fighting should be over and it should develop into a police problem."

The Greek army is using American guns, aircraft, rations and leadership. The *antartes* are using Yugoslav and Albanian equipment and Moscow-trained military leaders. Russia supports Markos; we support the Greek army—but only Greeks are killed. And a lot of Greeks are being killed or made homeless.

The hopeless refugees are the immediate problem of owl-faced Theodore Dessilas, Minister of Welfare. I caught the minister just as he returned from a six-day flying trip to survey the situation. He was a discouraged and unhappy man.

"We have between 600,000 and 700,000 refugees to take care of," he said, and he couldn't keep the despair out of his voice. "If we could only have one convincing military victory it would give them—and us—hope and confidence in the future. Our whole economy has come to a standstill. The *antartes* have no great military strength but they have great nuisance value. They dash into a mine and kill twenty workmen and then flee. You can't expect workmen to go back into that mine. Markos raids a rural area and kills a few farmers. You can't expect the other farmers to keep on working. They take their families and move out of the territory. It's not a bright picture."

If I have dwelt overlong on the shortcomings of the Greek government it should by no means be construed as any championing of Markos. Let's take a look at this character. He is Moscow-trained. So is Nikos Zachariades, the real brain of the Markos movement. Zachariades has been described as the most brilliant student ever to attend the Moscow School of Oriental Studies. As secretary-general of the Greek Communist party he is responsible for the policy of the group which is called, in typical Soviet terminology, "Markos' provisional people's democratic government."

Like any Soviet-dominated group, this one relies a great deal on propaganda as a weapon, and from the looks of the propaganda turned out to date it seems obvious that the second team is in there. On May 27th of this year the Geneva newspaper, La Voix Ouvrière (The Voice of the Worker), published a harrowing photograph which depicted ten starving children. The caption under the picture read: "These are victims of Athens monarcho-Fascists. Their parents have been deported, arrested or shot by the Athens monarcho-Fascists in the pay of the Yankee imperialists. They were found roaming the Greek countryside and were saved by the people's army of General Markos."

The same picture, with a similar caption, was used in the press of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and France. There was one slight error in the caption. The picture was actually taken in 1941, not in 1948, and it showed Greek children who were starving under the German occupation. It was then reproduced in a book, The Greek Triology, written by Colonel W. Byford-Jones and published in 1945 by Hutchinson & Company of London. I found the book in an Athens bookshop. The pictures were identical.

The "provisional people's democratic government" broadcasts a great deal, and some of the broadcasts are models of hysterical invective. May I present a sample or two? When a Markos attack had been repulsed in the Sterea Hellas area of Greece the radio blasted, "Van Fleet ordered the vassal criminal generals of the monarcho-Fascists to slay and exterminate all the noncombatant population of Sterea Hellas." Another time the radio droned, "As soon as he arrived in Greece supermurderer General van Fleet inaugurated the policy: 'Kill all prisoners of war.' "

And one day the radio told the world, "The murder of George Polk was inspired by the American imperialist Governor Griswold and the supermurderer van Fleet." Yet one more: "The American and Athenian tyrants will not spend money to care for refugee children. Instead they march them naked and shoeless through the streets of Athens to attract sympathy."

This kind of hysteria is dished out three times a day. The Greek government isn't very good at propaganda itself but it never descends to such depths. The most effective Greek propagandist I know is a thirty-three-year-old engineer named Constantine Doxiadis. A graduate of the Architectural College in Athens, he took his doctor's degree in engineering in Berlin.

A Vast Rebuilding Project

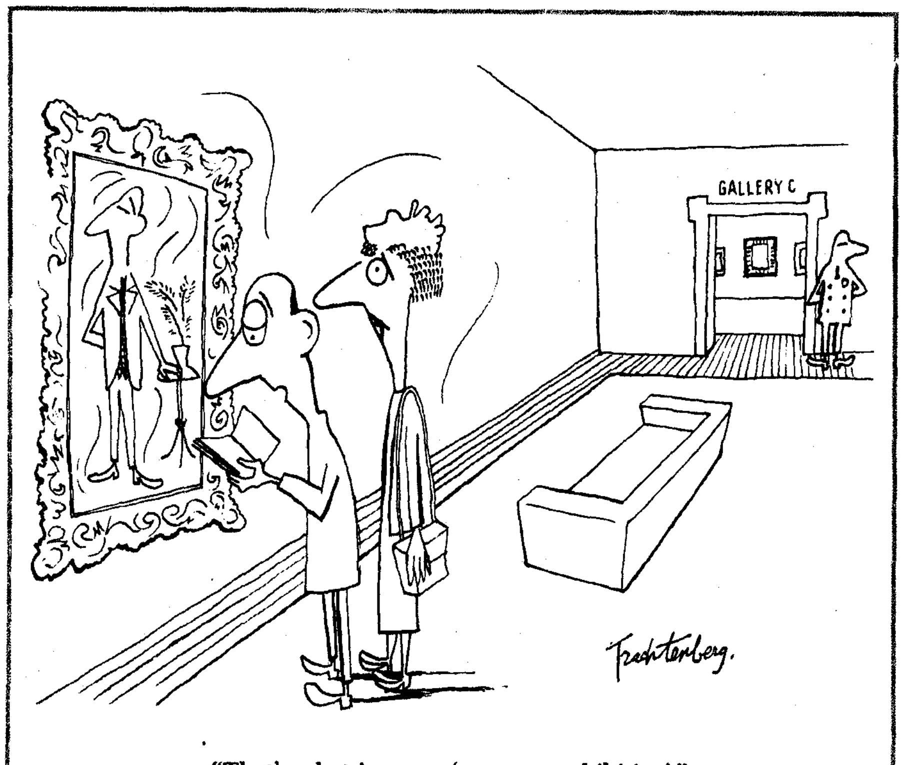
Young, dynamic Doxiadis is just about the only Greek alive who is not a politician. He belongs to no party and has respect for none. His title is Director-General of Reconstruction and his immediate job is to rebuild the 1,700 villages destroyed during the war by the Germans. Doxiadis began his reconstruction in the most devastated region, the section close to the Bulgarian border in the north. He designed the houses and stayed in the north until they were completed.

Markos and his men were always threatening this region but Doxiadis kept on building.

"When you say that a man loves the soil of his country it sounds very nice," Doxiadis told me in sharp, clipped colloquial English, "but it is also a lot of bunk. You won't love the soil long if you have to sleep on it with nothing over you but the stars. Now, a home is the link between a man and the soil. Give him a home and he'll love the soil. Once we'd rebuilt the villages up north we moved out. Markos came in, then, trying to get recruits. The people laughed at him. What did he have to offer them? They had homes. Give all of our people homes and you won't find many Communists in the country."

There is an old proverb which says, "Greece and poverty have always been sisters," and most Greeks accept this as the truth. They'll have to accept it as the truth for many years. But they are awfully nice people and someday they may remember that the word "democracy" was coined by their ancient forebears and they may decide to try it themselves. Villages like Magoula will have water. Every schoolhouse will have a latrine and Greece will be a pretty nice country to live in.

THE END



COLLIER'S "That's what it says—'one-man exhibition'" TRACHTENBERG

THE INSPECTOR HAD A WIFE

Continued from page 17

should arrive at a conclusion only after he has collected facts. Is Mr. Shuman here?"

"I held him incommunicado, awaiting your interrogation, sir."

"Rules and regulations are engraved in letters of gold on your heart! While I talk to the gentleman, kindly inquire if my neighbor, Mr. Mohammed Dejani, was a passenger on the Basra train tonight. Secondly, I wish to see the boatman who took a lady across the river and landed her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street shortly before nine thirty. Now bring me Mr. Shuman."

"Here, sir?" The sergeant looked meaningly at the corpse.

"We shall not disturb Miss Violet. And witnesses are less inclined to lie in the presence of the dead."

WHEN his assistant had gone, Chafik went to the window and parted the draperies, which were closely drawn. The room was airless. He looked out on the shadowy plumes of date palms and the pink night sky of the city, and noted again the seclusion of the house. It was surrounded by uncultivated land, and a winding path led through clumps of neglected palms to Mamoun Avenue. "There are no neighbors within clear sight. The path permits secretive approaches and departures," Chafik said in a flat voice.

The drawn curtains worried him. It was the custom in Baghdad to shade windows against the fierce heat of the day, and open up everything at sundown to catch the breezes. "There is something abnormal here—" he announced in the flat voice, as the door opened and a fat young man was ushered into the room. "Did Miss Violet always keep her curtains closed, Mr. Shuman?" he asked.

"Only when the sun was strong. She often opened them before the proper time. The English like air." The young man looked with horror at the body on the divan. "I insist—"

"My position as investigating officer," said Chafik, "puts me in the unique position of doing all the insisting." His thin face suddenly hardened, and he went on in a voice like a blade, "How long had Violet Shaw been your mistress?"

Shuman flushed. "You treat me without courtesy."

"I am here to solve a crime. I have no time to be nice to you." The Inspector balanced himself on his toes like a boxer. "When did you first meet Miss Shaw?"

"Two weeks ago." The young man's moon face was now pasty.

"You knew she had been the mistress of Mohammed Dejani?"

"I knew there was another man," Shuman said. "She needed protection and turned to me."

"Such women as Miss Violet," said Chafik softly, "prefer the protection of a man who is foolish and still rich, to that of a man who is still foolish but not rich. Doubtless you insisted she should not see Mr. Dejani again."

"She gave me her promise—"

"And that was why you were suspicious when you saw her on the water front tonight?"

The young man interlaced his pudgy fingers. "Naturally I was surprised. I had expected to meet her tonight, but she telephoned about five o'clock to say she had a violent headache and could not go out."

"You state you saw the lady at eight twenty. Was she far from you?"

"On the opposite side of the road, near the Lido Café—"

"You recognized her face?"

Shuman hesitated. "I knew her by her dress."

"I am pleased with your answer." Chafik made a little bow. "The river promenade is poorly lighted and the moon did not rise until nine o'clock. It would have been scarcely possible to distinguish faces. Was she unusually dressed?"

"She was always distinctive. Also it would be sufficient to pick her out by reason of the absence of a robe. The English do not hide their charms in the way of our women."

Chafik said, "Let us look for the dress that Miss Violet wore." He went to the bedroom and opened the closets. There were many dresses on the hangers, but Shuman pointed unhesitatingly at one. It was a dazzling print, a pattern of huge orange and blue flowers on a white ground, fussy with cape sleeves and bows.

The Inspector winced. "This is indeed distinctive. What did she wear on her head?"

"A blue kerchief tied under her chin. I had given it to her myself."

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

HOW TO SPOIL YOUR HOLIDAY

When wandering o'er hill and dale,
Dear Nature Lover, do not fail
To snare your share of poison oak,
As firmly you prospect and poke
Among fierce vines for flowers, wild—
Said oak is likewise far from mild.

—Margaret Fishback

"Then you are prepared to swear the lady you saw was Miss Shaw?"

The young man said, "I cannot deny the evidence of my eyes."

Inspector Chafik opened a packet of Ghazi cigarettes. "Please smoke," he said. "It steadies the nerves, and I may have to give you a shock. But first look around and tell me what is missing."

Shuman obeyed. Then he pointed to the table at the head of the divan, and said, "There was something there. A bronze nude fitted with a clock—"

"The clock was doubtless set in the navel. Such an *objet d'art* belongs here." Chafik looked at the garish room with amusement, then turned quickly on the young man. "Miss Violet argued with somebody before she died. That person may have been you."

"She was dead when I came here!"

"I am a weaver," said Chafik. "I use facts as threads. It is a fact you came to this house in a suspicious mood. It is a fact that suspicion is the seed of dissension. Anger may have caused you to seize the statuette with the novelty navel and strike the lady."

"She was already dead—"

"Mr. Shuman, you saw the lady alive at eight twenty and dead at about eight fifty. It is a ten-minute walk from the Lido Café to this house. Miss Violet took time to change from her distinctive dress to her equally distinctive wrapper. She was also embroiled in argument with the killer. This person could scarcely have left before you arrived."

"I thought I heard the back door close as I entered—"

"You did not mention this in your statement to my assistant. Amended evidence is open to doubt."

The young man made a babbling sound.

"Please sit," Chafik said, not unkindly. "The design I have shown you is ugly, but you should not be frightened by it. The weave is loose and certain threads have been discarded. As a craftsman I do not like it. I had expected a different design."

He turned to Sergeant Abdullah, who had just entered. The sergeant announced, "Sir, I have completed the inquiries. The other suspect was a passenger on the train. I have telephoned the police at Hilla to remove him at that junction and return him here."

"Excellent! But it was tactless to say 'other suspect.' Mr. Shuman was already upset. It would be well for him to go home and spend what is left of the night in prayer." When the man had gone stumbling out, Chafik asked Abdullah, "What of the second inquiry?"

"Sir, I have a boatman who took a lady from the Rafidain Wharf and landed her at Nathir-al-Ni'am Street at the hour you foretold. Although she was clad in an enveloping robe, he recognized her by her voice. She was Madame Dejani."

The Inspector turned the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. "What else did the boatman say?"

"Sir, he said Madame Dejani dropped a bulky object into the river on the way across. He condoned with her on the accident and offered to get his son to dive. She replied that the object had no value, but was obviously upset."

Chafik looked down at the ring. "How very unfortunate Mr. Shuman saw Miss Violet after the train left for Basra!" he announced in a bitter voice.

AT NOON on the following day, Chafik entered his house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and sank into a chair in the living room. With the gesture of a man breaking lifetime habits, he pulled down his tie and opened the collar of his shirt.

His wife, who had appeared with a glass of cooling sherbet, knelt to remove his shoes and replace them with slippers. She gave no greeting, and the little man remarked, "Although you are silent your thoughts are noisy."

Leila said, "Your men came and took away Madame Dejani. The face of Sergeant Abdullah was that of a judge. She has been arrested?"

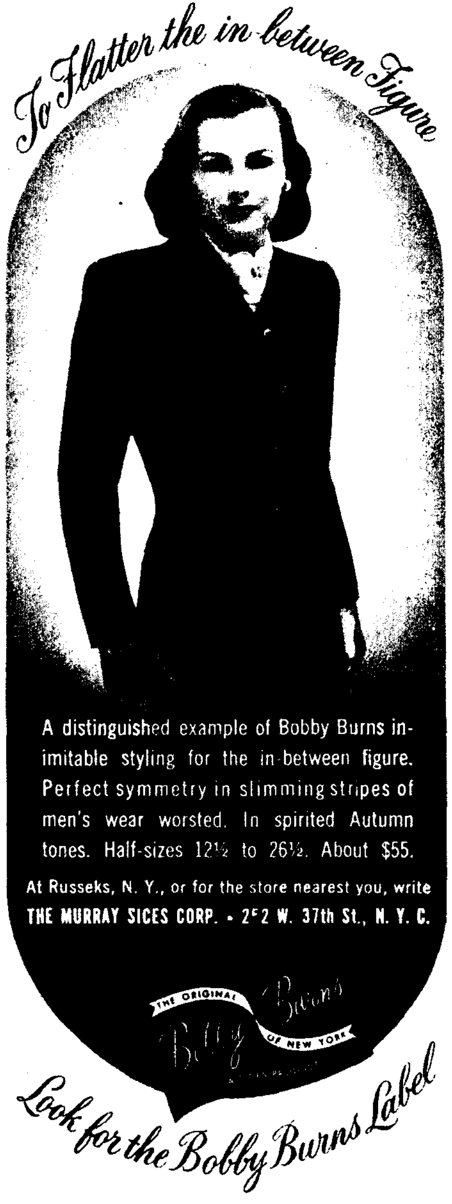
"Detained." Chafik briefly closed his eyes, and when he opened them again they were dark with shadows. "Do you think this gives me pleasure?" he asked. "I am a hunter of men. Sometimes I detest myself so much it surprises me my body does not shrivel—"

Leila said, "Please, my man, do not speak harshly of yourself. You are just. Without doubt facts forced you to detain our neighbor."

"The facts are a key, a certain bulky object, and the evidence of two witnesses. The key was in the bag of Madame Dejani and fitted the door of Miss Shaw's house. Such a key had been given to Mr. Dejani."

"His wife may have found it and kept it, not knowing what it was."

Chafik said harshly, "She used it last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night. I know she took a taxi from the railroad station to Mamoun Avenue, a twenty-five-minute journey. From there it is an average fifteen-minute walk to the house. The place is secluded. There are no neighbors. It can be reached by a path across wasteland. Furthermore, the night was dark until the moon rose and a woman wearing a chuddar would have been as a shadow. But it is established by fact Mrs. Dejani was there. At approximately ten minutes past nine she appeared at the Rafidain Wharf, an easy eighteen-minute walk from Miss Shaw's house. She engaged a boatman, and on the way across the river dropped an object into the water. The boatman, who thought it an accident, offered to have it retrieved, but was refused. He remembered the spot, which is where the current swings. We dredged the thing up."

"What was it?"

CHAFIK raised his clasped hands to his mouth, and looked beyond her with shadowed eyes. "A heavy bronze statue with an inset clock. The base matches the wounds in Miss Shaw's head," he said. "The evidence is damning. We know that Miss Shaw was out until eight twenty. She was seen by a witness. When she returned she found Mrs. Dejani. One can understand the conversation between them was not pleasant—"

"Our neighbor is a calm person."

"When a woman becomes jealous she becomes primitive. Madame Dejani afterward fled from the house concealing the weapon under her robe. We have found stains on the inside of the robe. She left by the back door as the witness who found the body entered by the front. I am afraid she is guilty."

"Surely she did not confess?"

"She said nothing. I begged her to defend herself, but she only shook her head. She has a singularly sweet face and great strength of character. How unlike Mr. Dejani."

"He did go to Basra?"

"We took him off the train at Hilla. He is a very weak man. He admits he saw Miss Shaw yesterday and was given his congé. She had taken another lover. When I confronted him with the weapon and the evidence, he wept. I had a desire to beat him."

The little man rose and began to pace the room. "I have woven a pattern with threads of facts, but two threads remain unused. They are frayed. But they are threads." He rearranged the collection of clay animals from Sulaimaniya on the mantel shelf. "Why," he demanded in a hollow voice, "were the curtains drawn in Miss Shaw's room when the evening air would have refreshed it? Why did she change into a wrapper; how was there time since the two women had to talk, and Madame Dejani to commit her deed of violence? This period is barely twenty minutes."

"Why worry yourself about unimportant details?" Leila gave a sly look.

"No detail is unimportant." Her husband spoke sharply. "You should know me, that I must get everything exact." He looked at her suspiciously. "I think you know me quite well," he said dryly.

"Then I will correct you about Madame Dejani." Leila lighted a gold-tipped Egyptian cigarette. "You see her as a woman so jealous of her husband's mistress that she killed her. Yet there had been other mistresses, and they did not rouse this primitive jealousy of which you so glibly speak."

"Glib—I?" Chafik was shocked.

"I have noted," said his wife, looking down her long thin nose, "that men are more prone to insane jealousy than women. Our weakness is an overwillingness to sacrifice ourselves to our men. It is so with Madame Dejani. She has given everything to her husband. When he gambles away his money, she sells her jewels so that he may gamble again. She treats him as a doting mother treats an erring child."

"Almost you make me believe it is not in character for a woman to kill her husband's mistress."

Leila said, "It is not in the character of Madame Dejani." She walked gracefully to the window and rearranged the curtains to cut off a red-hot spear of sunlight. She said over her shoulder, "Your unused fact about the curtains is peculiar. It was so hot last night that nobody would have left them drawn, even in a house not secluded."

The Inspector lifted a hand for silence. He was now huddled in his chair, and although the temperature of the rooms was over ninety, he shivered. Presently he announced, "It is unsatisfactory. The weave cannot be finished when there are still unused threads."

Leila said nothing.

"If Shuman had not seen Miss Violet—" Chafik began. The sentence was left dangling, and he sat up. His eyes glowed as he fixed them on his wife. "Will you be shameless for a good cause?"

"Shameless?" She was shocked and bewildered.

"I intend to make an experiment." The announcement was made in the voice of a martinet, and Leila thought: Now he is the Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department—

THE river boardwalk leading from Saa'dun Square was a pleasant spot on a hot summer's night. The numerous cafés along the Tigris were strung with lights which twinkled like fireflies among the palms. Boats glided near the walled bank, and the music of flutes and Rababbas was added to the chatter of the young Baghdadis who crowded the walk.

Near the Lido Café, where the crowd was dense, Inspector Chafik walked with Daoud Shuman. The fat young man resembled a sleeper roused from a bad nightmare. "I still cannot believe your news," he said.

Chafik said sympathetically, "It must be a great relief. You were certainly in an unpleasant position. Circumstantial evidence is often damning, and last night I almost arrested you."

"I am sorry that Madame Dejani—"

"Let us forget the unfortunate lady." The Inspector made a sweeping gesture. "How pleasant it is after the heat of the day," he continued. "Baghdad has a certain magic at this hour. Almost one expects to meet Haroun al-Rashid. It was about here where you saw Miss Violet last night?"

"Just across the road—"

"Excuse me if I again ask you if you are certain it was she."

"Inspector, I could not be more certain. I—" Daoud Shuman came to a halt. The color which had returned to his flabby cheeks drained. His mouth opened. He clutched at his companion's arm and stuttered, "The Merciful One defend us! I see her—"

The lights of the near-by café were shaded by the fronds of the palms, which moved in the breeze and sent changing patterns of shadow across the road. A woman, colorful as a butterfly in a dress patterned with blue and orange flowers, came briefly into the light. She wore a bright blue kerchief over her head and walked with a swaying motion of shapely hips. As the shadows flickered, she appeared to dissolve into the darkness.

Shuman shouted, "But she is dead!" He put his hands to his pounding heart, and his fat body wrinkled like the fabric of a collapsing balloon. A man stepped swiftly behind him and gave the timely support of strong arms.

"Bunny! Chateau Rochefort, 1927, the year I was born. I wonder if it's the same month!"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

"Soothe him, my dear Abdullah," said Chafik. "When he recovers from his shock, bring him to my office."

The Inspector parted the gathering crowd with an imperious gesture. A sleek black car slid out of the night; and as he opened the door the woman in the bright, cheap dress scurried across the road. She huddled on the back seat of the car and Chafik heard her sob as he joined her.

"The shame of it!" came the voice of his wife. "Oh, to parade myself in that woman's dress. I feel unclean—"

He took her hand. "May I be forgiven—" he began, humbly.

Leila said, "I am all over blushes. To think I showed myself with face uncovered. The looks of the men made me feel naked." Her imprisoned hand fluttered and then was still. "It was a successful experiment?"

"The new design is complete." Her husband's voice was hard.

THEY brought Dejani's wife into the Inspector's office at C.I.D. headquarters on Al-Rashid Street. Madame Chafik, now decently swathed in a chuddar, went to the woman and led her to a chair. A protesting voice outside the room was heard to say, "I demand a doctor. I am ill," and Mr. Dejani entered. He was a tall man, slightly stooped, with a wide, loose mouth and unstill hands. He did not look at his wife as he sat down.

Daoud Shuman came in propelled by Sergeant Abdullah. The fat young man was still trembling and looked anxiously at the two women, whose faces were hidden by the folds of their robes.

The little man behind the big desk said, "Only the corpse is absent." He saw Shuman glance quickly over his shoulder. "Yes, there are many ghosts in this room," he went on. "But they are all locked in my filing cabinets. Are you still certain it was Miss Violet you saw on the river promenade last night?"

"I am not sure of anything—now."

"With those words you destroy an alibi." Chafik paused. "Tonight you saw a familiar dress. It was worn by my wife. Last night the wearer was Madame Dejani—"

The woman said, "Oh, no, no!"

"In this case," went on Chafik, "I have learned that a devoted woman puts no limit to her sacrifice. Madame Dejani went secretly to the house of Miss Shaw, knowing she would find a corpse. She had a twofold purpose. First, to remove the statuette which was marked with incriminating fingerprints. Secondly, to create an alibi for a worthless man. She knew that the woman, Shaw, habitually walked the river front, so she dressed as that woman and paraded. She is dark as the dead woman was dark, and alike in build. The dusk and her unusual dress made it a good risk. But she did see a friend of Miss Shaw. The shock must have been severe, but she kept her head and avoided Shuman and returned immediately to the house. She arrived at eight thirty. I think she collapsed, for twenty minutes was more than ample time to replace the livid dress in the closet for me to find, and to depart with the incriminating weapon. The witness almost caught her."

MADAME DEJANI made a movement of protest, but the little man looked up and shook his head gently.

"It was intelligently planned. The dress was as distinctive as a uniform; as protective to the identity as a peacock's coloring. We would have found other witnesses than Mr. Shuman to tell us Miss Shaw was seen after the train left for Basra. But he so strengthened the alibi that I accepted it."

Shuman said, "I have been greatly at fault."

"The Inspector was also at fault, but fortunately he had a wife." Chafik made a little bow in the direction of his lady.

"You do yourself injustice," said Madame Chafik. "You were already doubtful; two facts were left over."

"Those threads are now in the design. Miss Shaw, being dead, could not have changed into her wrapper in the presence of Madame Dejani. The curtains were not opened after the heat of the day because she died before the sun went down. She was killed by a man who was jealous because she had taken a richer lover. He acted blindly, without premeditation."

"She was a bad woman," Madame Chafik said.

"One might say he is a bad man. But justice makes allowances for the violence of passion. It is not the killing that disgraces this man, but what comes afterward. He fled in panic to his wife. He told her the sordid story. He hid like a rat while she tried to cover his crime, as she has covered so many other of his transgressions—"

Madame Dejani whispered, "He is sick. Have pity!"

"My pity is only for you." Inspector Chafik let his hands fall heavily to the desk. "I am waiting," he went on in a bitter voice. "I cannot believe this man is so degraded that he will still try to hide behind the noble woman who was ready to shoulder his crime."

Mohammed Dejani stood up with the jerky movements of a puppet. His wife, rising with him, clutched with both hands, as a mother reaches for a child precariously balanced at the edge of a pit. The man said, "I confess—" but the rest of his words were lost in the terrible wailing of the woman.

THE END

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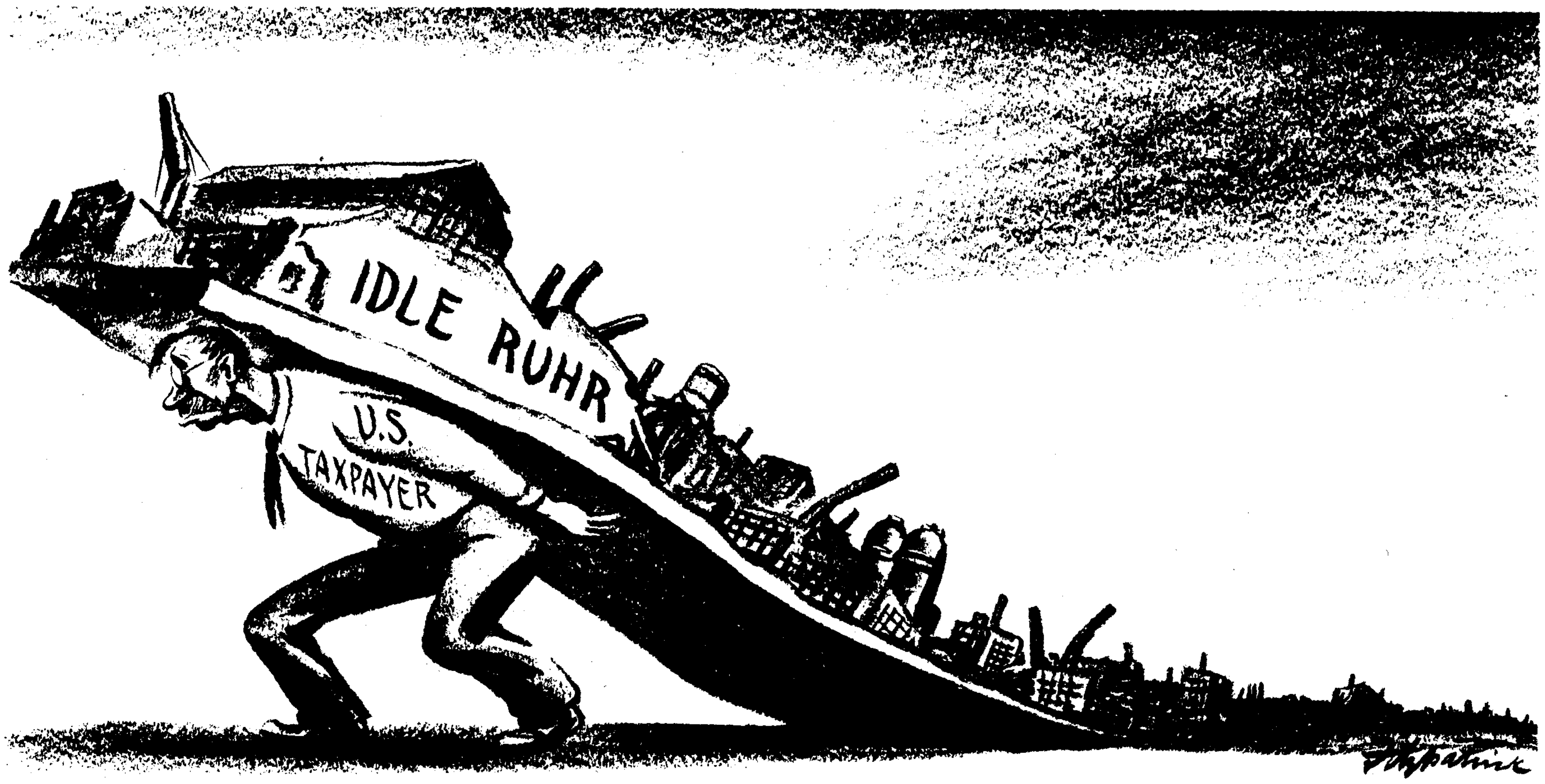

...GERMAN RECOVERY IS A "MUST"

FOLLOWING months of discussion after the crack-up of the Big Four London talks on Germany last winter, six nations recently got together on a plan for western Germany.

The nations: Belgium, Britain, France, Holland, Luxembourg, the United States.

The plan: roughly, to give western Germany a federal government of its own, under close Western Power supervision; to allow the area to recover economically as fast as possible; to tie the iron, coal and steel output of the Ruhr into the Marshall Plan, the Ruhr itself being under joint six-power control with some German participation; to keep adequate occupation forces in the Reich until peace is deemed secured.

Thus the Morgenthau plan to pauperize Germany forever goes out, and a realistic scheme takes its place.

The United States, it seems to us, should insist on the new plan's being carried through over all obstacles. We're well aware of various objections to it, but think the chances must be taken.

It is possible, as the French De Gaulle faction fears, that Germany may revive militarily via a revived Ruhr. Another clear possibility is a great, final clash between the Western Powers and the Iron Curtain countries for control of all Germany.

But what matters most to Americans is something else than these items. What grinds Americans is the fact that for more than three years we have been financing a German poorhouse, to the tune of millions a week. This bids fair to go on indefinitely, unless western Germany is somehow pulled together, braced up and allowed to become again the workshop of Europe.

The six-power plan offers the best hope we know of for achieving that result in the shortest possible time.

We'll just have to take our chances, it seems to us, on Russian stubbornness and Communist villainy, on the nightmarish things seen by French politicians, and on the misgivings of various Americans who are still in vengeful mood regarding Germany. The main thing is to get this Old Man of the Sea off the U.S. taxpayers' back, and to get him off in a hurry.

●

. . . WE DON'T KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH: James A. Farley the other day made what seemed to us a remarkable speech, at a sales executives' convention in New York. The address had to do with American goods as they turn up in other parts of the world, and how they impress the people who see them or use them. Mr. Farley should know about this, of course, since he gets around the map quite a bit as a supersalesman for that soft drink.

What he said in substance was that our products, from tractors and automobiles to beverages, are flowing out over much of the world in enormous quantities . . . that their quality is uniformly high . . . that almost everybody with money to spend in other countries would rather buy American goods than those from any other nation, because (and here is the pay-off line) "American goods abroad everywhere carry with them a feeling of integrity and of good faith."

We take for granted in this country such things as uniform quality at given prices; trade-marks and brand names designating products which will invariably be as advertised, no matter where you buy them; and so on. Few of us realize that those things do not obtain in many other countries. "Let the buyer beware" is still the ruling word in numerous foreign markets, and if you get stung on some purchase it's just your tough luck.

To find that in one country, at least, goods are honestly made, honestly branded and honestly marketed is a tremendous and an exciting discovery to many a foreigner. It is almost certain, too, to make him admire that country, despite the world-wide Communist campaign of anti-U.S. vilification; and here, it seems, is one element in our national strength of which most of us are unaware. Let's become aware of it swiftly—and determine to hang onto it.

●

. . . HERE'S A BOOK THAT SHOULD SELL: We are waiting patiently for a book of memoirs to be written by some big shot in the late war, and containing a number of passages to this effect:

"I realize that more than a few people believe I was a very wise and farseeing character in the great conflict. Matter of fact, I wasn't.

"True, I was able to meet some emergencies with the proper action or almost so; but that was mainly luck. I was shot with luck at my birth—why, I don't know—and in simple honesty I must attribute virtually all of my 'achievements' to that stark, inexplicable fact.

"I didn't win the Battle of the Blowout, historians to the contrary. That classic engagement was won by a combination of my luck and the everlasting courage of the U.S. fighting man.

"When I made mistakes in the heat of the conflict, I didn't have the guts to admit them out loud—though I told myself that I was keeping quiet about them for the sake of the men's morale. The press was very kind in this respect, and covered up for me more than once—on the plausible but, as I see it now, questionable ground that the people on the home front couldn't take the truth when the truth would hurt.

"In short, I was just a human being, struggling along from day to day, and any resemblance between me and Superman is purely coincidental."

As stated, we're waiting patiently for a book written in that vein, and have a hunch the book-buying public would eat it up. But we fear we'll wait a long, weary time, if not forever.

Precious pre-war

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